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THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-FOUR, NUMBER FOUR

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Bayard Rustin

ISRAEL, THE JEWISH COMMUNITY & THE INTELLECTUALS
Robert Alter
Milton Himmelfarb

IS COMMUNISM DEAD?
George Lichtheim

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James Toback

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Michael Harrington

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Commentary

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NUMBER 4
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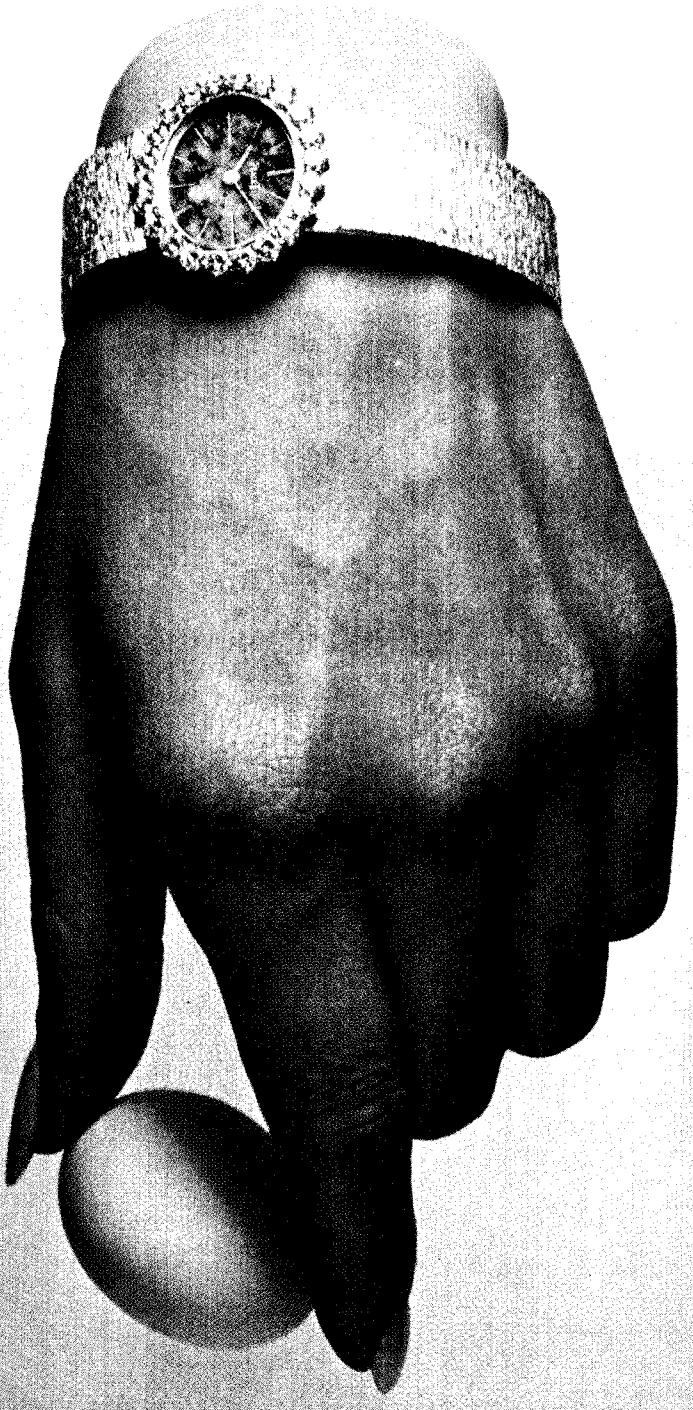

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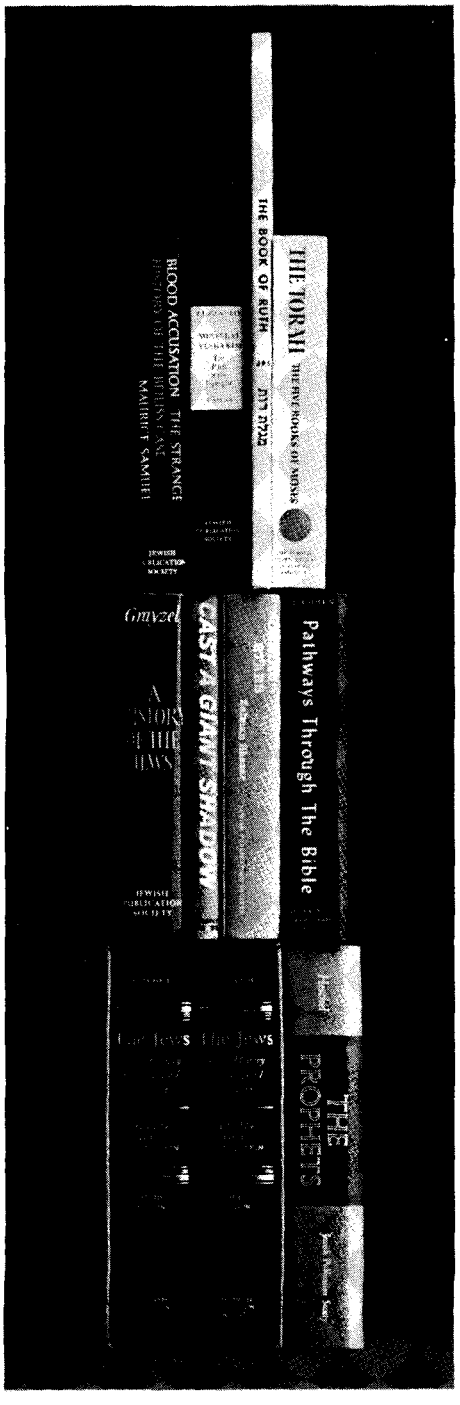

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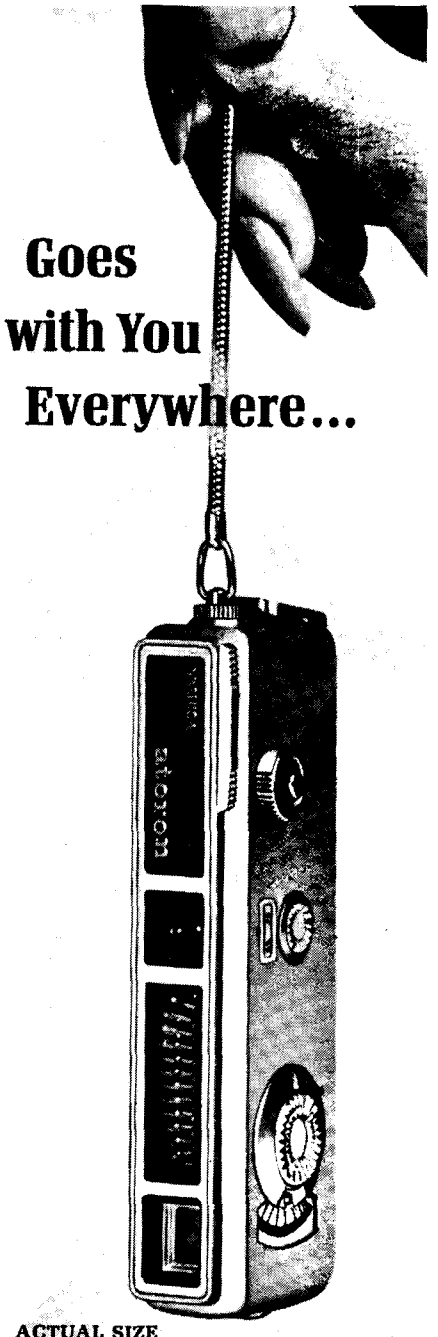

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Going to Market

To the Editor of Commentary:

Ben B. Seligman's article ["The High Cost of Eating," July] was of great interest to me as editor of a national trade publication serving the grocery-supermarket industry.

Mr. Seligman has bent the available facts and information in a way that is becoming all too frequent among the "trade school" professors. They like to imply that they wear the cloaks of both business expertise and campus purity with equal ability and objectivity. Intellectuals—including readers of your publication—can be snowed in this way as easily as the most unsophisticated dupes of the worst yellow journalism. . . .

Mr. Seligman writes as follows:

> Between 1950 and 1965, the Justice Department prosecuted fifty-three anti-trust cases affecting retail food companies, and obtained convictions or consent decrees in thirty-one of them. Only eleven were dismissed and only seven were found not guilty. Some of the more spectacular suits involved Safeway, The National Tea Co., The Borden Co., General Mills, Kroger, Morton Salt, Wards, and even the Teamsters Union and the Kosher Butchers Ass'n.

Just how these suits affected retail food companies Mr. Seligman doesn't tell us, though previously he had no lack of space to trace the entire history of the food business. We suppose that's not too important, because Professor Seligman has the conclusion ready for us:

"That such suits had to be instigated," he goes on, "shows clearly that oldtime competition in the grocery business no longer exists." That is certainly an interesting view of legal justice—instigation itself implies guilt! . . .

I think it is time that members of the intellectual community . . . took a look at modern capitalism and modern marketing with a view to learning something more about the economy than what they learned during the 30's or from professors of the 30's.

Of course, the consumer should have a voice, . . . but she is not going to get it from the group—the 1930's-type liberal economists—that has been doing most of the talking about these problems. . . .

Mr. Seligman, too, sees the current situation like the angry liberals of the 30's—as a matter of congealed capitalism pitted against struggling labor, with the consumer caught somewhere in the middle. This is a silly, distorted view of economic life in America in 1967. And it contributes nothing to serve up more unreality to people who want and need more than the conventional campus wisdom. . . .

Kenneth P. Partch
Editor
Food Topics
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Despite Ben B. Seligman's impressive gloss of learning, there are some basic errors in his article that reflect a misunderstanding of mass-marketing. . . . For example, he damns "trading stamps, games, and other gimmicks," not appreciating that stamps are different from games and other gimmicks, since they are given to all customers on an egalitarian basis. . . .

May I note that the only intensive study of the direct relationship between stamps and food prices (published by the Department of Agriculture, based on research by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, in 1957-58) indicated that stamps had no appreciable effect on food prices. It should be emphasized too that stamps are the only long-term advertising-promotion technique to return the full amount of the dealer's cost to the consumer in the form of premiums. To quote the aforementioned report, "It would appear, *on the average,* in the twenty-one cities studied, consumers who save and redeem stamps can more than recoup the relative price difference between stamp and non-stamp stores." As an academician interested in the field, Mr. Seligman should further have been aware that a BLS study published in 1965 covered seventeen years of stamps and their effect on prices . . . and produced a similar *"no appreciable effect"* verdict.

The notion that if there were no trading stamps the money "saved" would go to the consumer is naive. BLS studies and others have shown that large numbers of retailers say they would invest this money in other advertising and promotion, and few would turn it back in lower price.

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The National Commission on Food Marketing did "hint" strongly, as Seligman says, that trading stamps were a factor in price rises. But its methodology in this is strongly suspect. . . . Though the work of NCFM has the aura of the Sermon on the Mount to some of the mythmakers, much of it is tendentious and squeezes conclusions in a way that must be considered invalid. The work of Professor Ralph Cassady (and to a large measure that of the seven Texas professors who studied prices for Governor Connally in 1966) affirms that average gross margins in a competitive situation may have little to do with individual prices. Thus, a firm that buys cheaper than one of its competitors may have higher gross margins and still undersell the other firm as far as the consumer's price goes. Or a firm that obtains greater volume by merchandising know-how can undersell its competitor. Or a firm that has reserves that enable it to compete for long-term market dominance can consistently undersell the competitor. The issue is not whether operating costs are great, but how productive operating costs are. This, somehow, escapes Seligman.

Pure price-competition is like sin, or nobility of character; no one is quite sure what it means. Its purity is delusive for, as such, it exists nowhere on this wide earth save in the reports of NCFM and its latter-day disciple, Mr. Seligman. For at the very least, the factors of location, good housekeeping, pleasant manners, are also in the picture as non-price competition. It seems to me the greatest gamble one can undertake in food retailing is to insist that an untried system of "pure" price competition be substituted for the highly efficient and competitive system we now use and enjoy. . . .

IT SHOULD further be noted that trading stamps, since they give value back to the consumer, also belong in the category of price competition, though the "value back" is not immediately in dollars and cents. Moreover, if it is claimed that it is impossible for "value back" to be given in trading stamps, then the economic equation would make it equally unlikely that "value back" can be given in any form—in selective pricing or cash discount or what have you, without raising, ultimately, the price level for the consumer.

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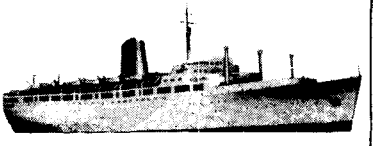

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In short, . . . Seligman's asseverations, combined with NCFM's suspicions and curious double-standards in evaluating sources, constitute a flimsy mythology. For they take a remarkable idea created by the capitalist market and convert it into a dragon. And what do they offer instead?—a theory of "pure" pricing that belongs in Babes-in-Toyland, which neglects to note that prices have been rising notoriously in areas where stamps are not given, that supermarkets spend less proportionately for advertising and promotion than do many sectors of the economy. . . .

IRA KAPLAN
President
King Korn Stamp Company
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Seligman uses the traditional propaganda devices—half-truths, selective omission of facts, and innuendo—to damage the entire food industry, to say nothing of the trading stamp industry. To make matters worse, several newspapers, recognizing the high interest in the subject, published excerpts or condensed versions of the article, . . . picking up the bad arithmetic and logic that characterized Mr. Seligman's piece. . . . Here are some examples of misinformation in Mr. Seligman's discussion of trading stamps:

> A ten-cent purchase entitles the housewife to one stamp, so that a completely filled S&H book, for example, represents a total retail expenditure by the customer of $120. Now, the average value of a book when turned in for redemption is $3. Since the cost to the retailer, who buys the stamps from the redemption company, runs between $2 and $3, the most the customer receives by way of a discount amounts to 8/10 of 1 per cent, and in many cases it is exactly zero.

It is impossible to follow this arithmetic, no matter what assumptions

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or interpretations one grants the author. The only possible assumption, indeed, is that the author lacks an understanding of the basic economics of retailing. Mr. Seligman continues:

> In 1963 the total number of stamps purchased by retailers was 377 billion; of these, some 50 million were not redeemed. Even if we use the figure of $2 per thousand as the cost to the retailer, this would mean that housewives across the nation shelled out $83.3 million for something they never got.

Most of these figures are wrong. Mr. Seligman's selection of data and his arithmetic are such that each unredeemed stamp is given a value of $1.66. Even we would not make such a claim. As for his innuendo regarding unredeemed stamps, any comment we might make would give it merit it does not have. Mr. Seligman goes on to say, "The National Commission on Food Marketing has hinted rather strongly that trading stamps have been a major factor in the higher prices of recent years." This is simply not so. The commission disposes of trading stamps in only thirteen sentences in its 170-page final report. This suggests that stamps are *not* a major force in the relationship btween farm and food prices, food prices in general, or any area of food marketing aside from retail sales promotion.

Mr. Seligman says the U.S. Department of Agriculture found "prices in stamp dispensing stores went up 0.7 per cent in *recent years* while in non-stamp stores, the increase was 0.1 per cent." This is total misrepresentation of data. These "recent years" referred to are the three years covered by a USDA study concluded in 1958. The report found the relative change in prices between stamp and non-stamp stores was only .6 of 1 per cent. (Stamps are worth 2 per cent.) Surely Mr. Seligman knows that prices have risen more than 0.7 per cent in recent years. That is supposed to be the point of his article. He neglects to mention a more recent study (May 1965) by the Department of Labor, covering the possible effect trading stamps might have had on the Consumer Price Index over a fifteen-year period. It concluded that any effect was so inconsequential as not to merit their inclusion in the Index's consideration.

In conclusion Mr. Seligman says, wistfully, "The housewife is no

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The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

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John Lennon as a Master of Prose

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The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L.A. **Free Press**, N.Y. **East Village Other**, and Berkeley **Barb**.

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A Portfolio.

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longer confronted by a white-aproned neighborhood grocer ready to serve her, but rather by huge impersonal aggregations of capital whose sole objective is to separate her from the household budget."

If she wishes, any housewife can patronize a food store where she will be served by a "white-aproned grocer ready to serve her." She will, of course, probably pay higher prices, possibly get slower service, choose from a smaller variety of items, carry them out herself to her car, which will probably be parked at a meter. These stores still exist for those who prefer highly personal service. Obviously, however, most shoppers prefer the mix of services provided by the modern supermarket.

EUGENE R. BEEM
Vice President, Corporate Research
The Sperry and Hutchinson Company
New York City

MR. SELIGMAN writes:

I am not surprised that such anguished cries of pain should come from the members of the supermarket fraternity (I count stamp companies as siblings). The years I spent in Washington with the Retail Clerks Union gave me some insight into the curious world of retailing. It's one in which fantasy and reality are mixed in uneven proportions with major weight on the former. In matters of minimum wage regulation, for example, one could always be certain that management would reach for its ample supply of executive towels to weep over the parlous condition of its enterprises. Of course, the facts were invariably other than what retail managements had to say publicly. Mr. Partch writes in this tradition, which is to say, that he talks excited nonsense. To be sure, the problems of the 1930's were quite different from today's problems: that was the point of the article. Retailing today isn't what it used to be.

It comes as no shock to me or anyone that Mr. Beem and Mr. Kaplan would frantically defend their industry: in a pluralistic and democratic society that is their privilege. But Mr. Kaplan ought to quote me correctly. I said nothing about games nor did I "damn" trading stamps. I merely described what they do to the housewife's pocketbook. Mr. Kaplan holds the report of the National Commission on Food Marketing suspect because

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it was so critical of his business. But the staff of the NCFM was comprised of competent, careful economists: it's too bad Mr. Kaplan doesn't like their conclusions. Such a reaction would have been entirely predictable. And Mr. Beem should have read not only the final 170-page NCFM report, but the several supporting volumes as well, in which there was a good deal more than the thirteen pages to which he refers. His blood pressure would have mounted even higher than it does in his letter.

Evidently, Mr. Beem's knowledge of arithmetic is as extensive as his reading of the Commission's report. I have neither the patience nor the space to offer lessons in elementary mathematics to people who suffer from hebetude. Suffice it to say that the data I used were drawn from the NCFM study. Your correspondents seem to suggest that they are blessed with a spirit of philanthropy for the housewife. That is a curious piece of self-delusion I came across often in my Washington days. No one takes it seriously. As for the BLS-Department of Agriculture report, that one is really suspect. For years now the poor research and extension people in the Department of Agriculture have been glorifying the supermarket industry for want of anything else to do. Come boys, your oxen are bleeding!

Censorship

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In her review of Pamela Hansford Johnson's *On Iniquity* [May] Mary Ellmann did not even bother to drag out the standard "liberal" clichés on tolerance and free speech to rebut the book's argument. . . . She chose rather to play frivolously with certain excesses in Miss Johnson's style and then to propose that the author harbors . . . an infantile theory of criminal causation. The real . . . problems posed by *On Iniquity* deserve more sophisticated discussion.

Perhaps Miss Johnson is wrong in her implicit assumption that total tolerance will lead to moral decay. John Stuart Mill to the contrary notwithstanding, I am not yet convinced that such a suggestion is intellectually disreputable. Unfortunately, the reviewer dwells incessantly on this question and ignores entirely the *real* problem of the effect of "hard-core" pornography on some of its readers. It may be that the reader of sado-

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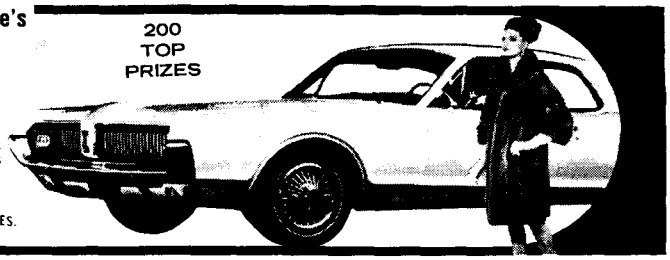

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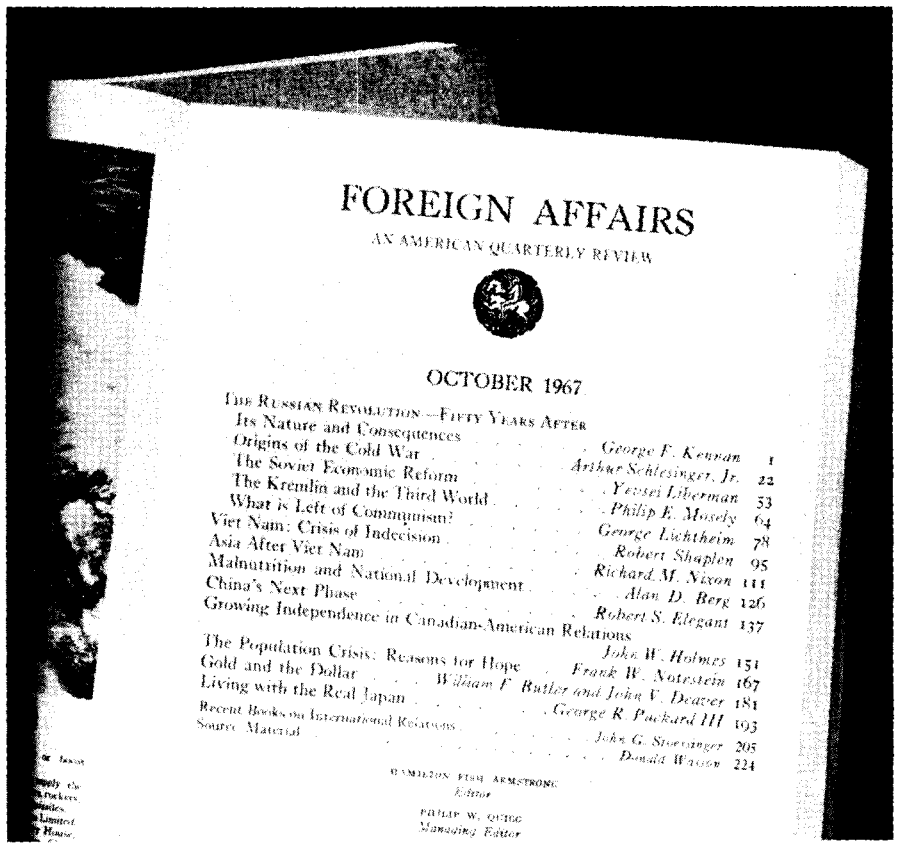

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masochistic fantasies acts out such desires by the process of reading alone, but Mrs. Ellmann does not bother even to discuss the problem. . . .

MARSHALL J. BREGER
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MRS. ELLMANN writes:

To convince others that censorship should be increased, Pamela Hansford Johnson had either to prove a connection between reading pornography and taking criminal action, or fail. She failed: *On Iniquity* does not contain this essential proof.

Having determined so much, the reviewer is free (1) to contribute his own refutable opinions on the subject, or (2) to summarize the refutable opinions of many others, or (3) to continue the discussion of the book under review. I chose to do the narrow third.

The issue to which Miss Johnson applies herself has not yet been solved, and until it is solved, we are reduced to argument. But at least, in this strait, we can distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate methods of argument. It seemed to me important to indicate the illegitimate methods to which Miss Johnson resorts, if only to reduce by one the vast number of pieces on this subject which conscience persuades us to read.

Marranos

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read "The Last Marranos," by Anita Novinsky and Amilcar Paulo [May], with great interest. Having served a congregation of Portuguese descent in Curacao for several years, I am acquainted with variations in some of the curious customs of the Belmonte Neo-Christians, some of which, it must be admitted, are Christian syncretisms, but others of which are obviously variations of authentic Sephardi Jewish customs dating back to the Golden Age of Iberian Jewry. It is unfortunate that Novinsky and Paulo are not more familiar with Jewish and specifically Sephardi liturgical customs. If they were, their ears would have been more sensitive to familiar prayer formulae and they would be more competent to distinguish between syncretistic rites and those of clearly Jewish origin which have been emended by centuries of performance and recitation without comprehension.

The authors, for example, describe the reverence of the Bel-

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monte Neo-Christians for *matza* and the strange custom of the bride keeping a piece of "holy bread" in a little box. The Sephardim of Curacao—and presumably those of other communities which have been isolated since the 15th- and 16th-century expulsions—are very careful to preserve a piece of *simurim* (this designation for the *aphikoman* is based upon the *lel shimurim* of Exodus 12:42) to guard them from accidents while traveling. Other Sephardi communities observe the custom of boring a hole in a piece of the *aphikoman* and hanging it near the entrance of their homes to protect the family from evil. And so one must recognize that the reverence of the Belmonte Neo-Christians for the "holy bread" is by no means unique and without parallel in normative Jewish communities.

The authors also noted that they found pictures of a "guardian angel" in some homes—"decidedly a sign of Christian influence"—and they prefaced a prayer addressed to the "Holy Angel of the Lord" by the comment that it is "based on the Catholic cult." But one has only to walk into any of a hundred Sephardi-operated antique shops in Jerusalem today to see bronze and silver angels' hands sold as amulets to protect homes from evil. As for the "Catholic cult" prayer, I refer the authors to Psalm 91, verses 2-4 and 9-11, to Psalm 27, verse 1 and 5, and to the uncomfortable but undeniable fact that prayers to and through angels are not uncommon in the Jewish liturgy . . . especially in prayers of Kabbalistic origin. It should, of course, be recalled that the *Zohar*, with all its angelology, is a product of 13th-century Sephardi Jewry.

HOWEVER, the main purpose of this letter is to clear up the mystery of the strange "Psalm of David" as recited by the Belmonte New-Christians with its "passages which are unintelligible even in Portuguese." One need only glance over the text of this thirty-one-line "Psalm" as rendered by the authors to recognize it as a melange of verses from the traditional Sabbath Eve liturgy. And if one is familiar with the love of Sephardi congregations for the enthusiastic unison chanting of Psalm 29 and the hymn *L'kha Dodi*, the mystery of the "unintelligible" passages is quickly dispelled. Once one recognizes lines 1-6 and 20 as coming from Psalm 29, the origin of the

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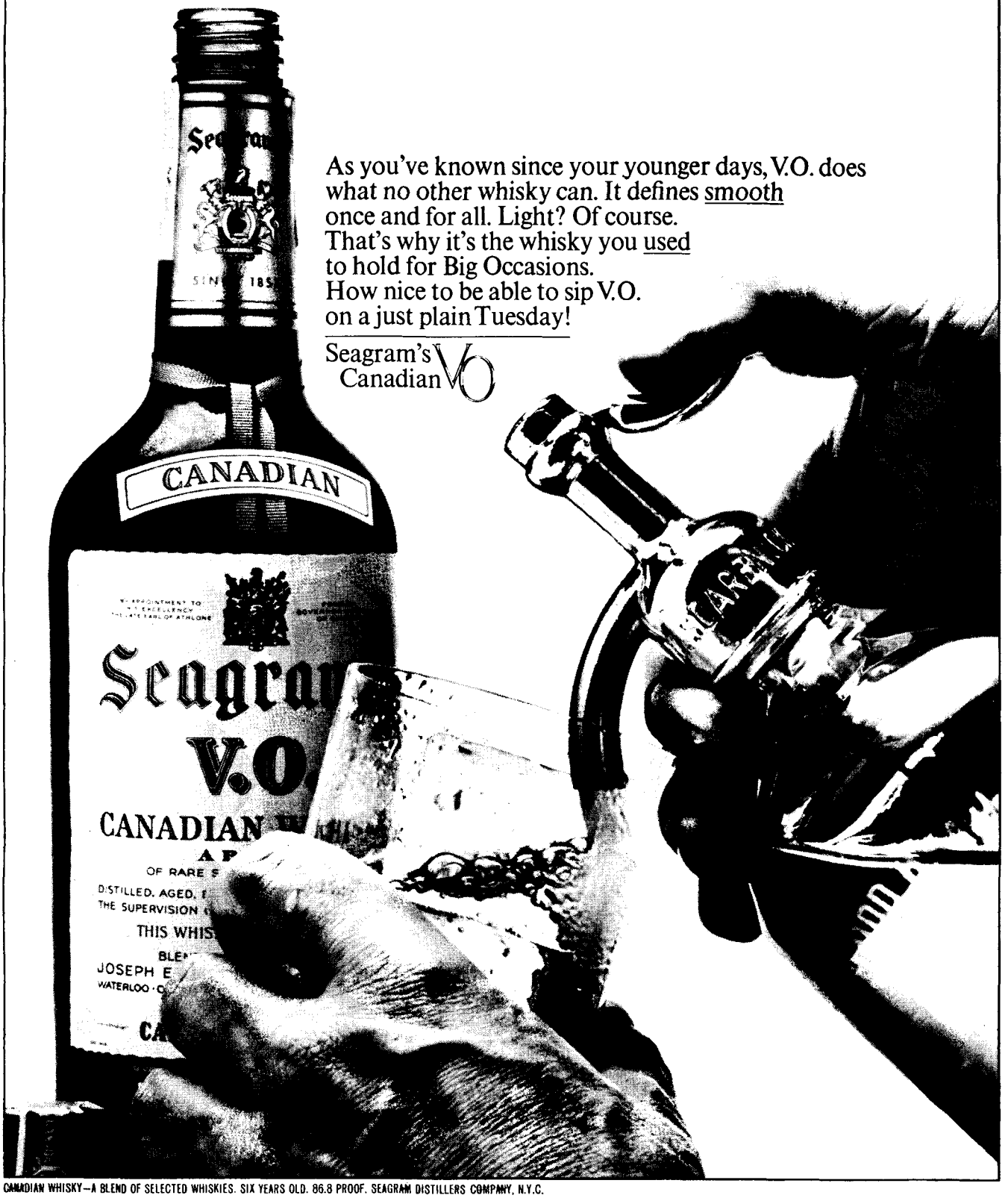

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strange words *liorne* and *ceriones* becomes obvious. These are mispronunciations of the proper names *Lebanon* and *Sirion* . . . .

I have been able to relate every line of the "psalm" as rendered by Novinsky-Paulo to familiar verses out of the Sabbath Eve liturgy. . . .

The Novinsky-Paulo study is a valuable one, as are all studies which serve to increase our very spotty knowledge of the remnants of Marrano Jewry, but it would have been of greater value if the team had included an authority on Jewish customs and liturgy.

[Rabbi] SIMEON J. MASLIN
K.A.M. Temple
Chicago, Illinois

On the Couch

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one labors through the tortured pomposities of Robert L. Zimmerman's discussion of "Freudianism" [June], "one's feeling" (to quote him) "of confronting a serious enterprise slowly evaporates." It is difficult to take seriously a critic who is innocent of direct familiarity with the material under criticism. And Mr. Zimmerman makes it clear that he has only the sketchiest knowledge of psychoanalytic theory as it is currently understood—let alone of the work of Freud himself.

Zimmerman seems to be distressed that psychoanalysis . . . has not remained a consistent, unchanging body of theory since Freud's first formulations appeared over seventy years ago. Though he draws over himself the cloak of positivism, it seems clear that he shivers in the absence of metaphysical certainty, and that the chill air of science is not the environment for him. Further, he seems unable to distinguish between the main thrust of psychoanalytic development and its dead-end offshoots. To criticize psychoanalysis because of the trivialities of Horney and the delusional absurdities of Wilhelm Reich is akin to attacking genetics on the ground of Lysenkoism. Every science has had its cranks, its partisans of the half-truth, and its bastardizers. To dismiss serious students of human behavior as "myth-makers" who "pump the patient" and are "engaged in a compulsive search for novelty" . . . exposes only Zimmerman's abysmal ignorance of psychoanalytic research and his desperate longing for the sureties of an established system.

Freud did not, as Zimmerman (and his self-designated, psychoanalyst-author Dieter Wyss) alleges, establish an antithesis between the pleasure principle and the reality principle. A cursory look at Freud's paper, "Formulations on the Two Principles of Mental Functioning," would have shown him that Freud conceived adherence to the reality principle as the means through which pleasure could be assured in the face of obstacles imposed by reality—i.e., that the two principles operated synergistically, not antagonistically. Freud was fully aware that reality could be and is a source of pleasure. Does Zimmerman contend that it cannot also be a source of frustration and pain? Zimmerman does not, and apparently is not able to, distinguish between Freud's ideas about *reality* and his conception of the *reality principle* as an organizing aspect of human behavior. But this is typical of his superficiality.

So, too, his excursus into analogy when he discusses Freud's "hedonism." He seems incapable of conceiving of an affective state as a real event, even if not a concrete entity. Thus he (like Wyss) dismisses pleasure and pain as "abstractions," and maintains that men act only in terms of concrete things. But surely Zimmerman knows that ideology, patriotism, and religion are "abstractions," too, for which men act, live, and, at times, die—or rather, for the feelings associated

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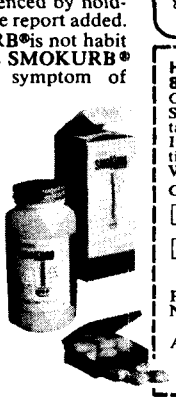

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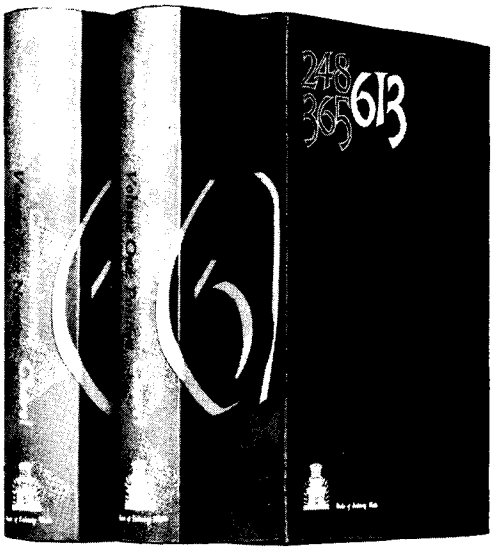

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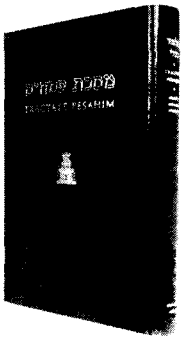

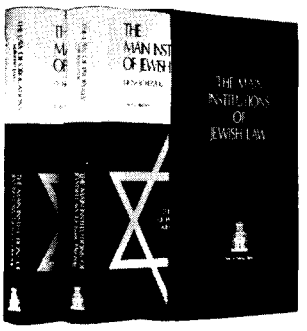

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with which they act, live, and die. To say that men seek pleasure, then, says something real about human aims, though it may not exhaust the catalogue of human aims. And to say that men seek pleasure is not equivalent to saying, "Every color is red." It is rather like saying, "There is a phenomenon (or an abstraction) called color, of which there are several varieties, and which inheres in concrete objects. . . ."

But this is only one instance of Zimmerman's difficulty in keeping his categories straight—surely an aptitude one would expect of a philosopher. In his zeal to throw out the baby of Freudianism, he wishes to dispense with the bathwater of clinical evidence. Now, this would astonish the practitioners of any scientific discipline, who are used to utilizing observational data as evidence in support of, or in refutation of, their hypotheses. One could agree if he had said that the *interpretation* of these data cannot be used as evidence (which, admittedly, it sometimes is in psychoanalytic theorizing). But Zimmerman shows us here again that he prefers the pure climate of metaphysics, where propositions can be bandied about without the necessity of deriving them from, or checking them against, observational data. On the other hand, if his objection to the evidential use of clinical data really does stem from their susceptibility to multiple interpretation, one might expect that he would argue for more refined ways of assessing these data in the service of validation or refutation of hypotheses. But Zimmerman finds it more congenial, apparently, simply to discard data entirely and return to pre-Freudian (i.e., pre-scientific) psychology. . . .

But why go on? Clearly a critic of psychoanalysis who is unfamiliar with the work of Hartmann and Rapaport . . . , and who cites Erikson as a revisionist on a par with Horney and Sullivan . . . is out of his depth. It is regrettable that COMMENTARY does not exercise the same editorial judgment . . . in this area that it does in those where the intellectual distinction of its contributions is evident.

[Dr.] AARON H. ESMAN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is reassuring to discover through Mr. Zimmerman's review of Dr. Wyss's book that Freud was completely mistaken (if not fraudulent) in his views. How nice it is to be rid of such notions as repression, infantile sexuality, anality, the unconscious. . . .

Edward Glover wrote: "It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the discovery of the unconscious may yet be lost." The joke was on him. For how can that be lost which was never found?

GERALD J. CAVANAUGH
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . You certainly knew that Freud was not a philosopher but a psychiatrist, and I am sure you have access to the psychiatric departments of various universities. . . . Wouldn't it have been a good idea to send Mr. Zimmerman's article to one of these places for an opinion before disgracing your journal with this quality of criticism? . . . Professor Zimmerman quotes a number of psychiatrists who, according to him, "put down the master." Unfortunately, most of them are dead by now, but one of them, [Erik] Erikson, is alive and a professor at Harvard. Wouldn't it have been easy to make a telephone call to Cambridge to ask Professor Erikson whether he really did "put down the master," Freud?

[Dr.] FRITZ SCHMIDL
Seattle, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Zimmerman's consternation at the number and diversity of psychological theories is understandable in the context in which he discusses Freudianism. He avoids the two basic philosophical questions that have always pervaded the study of human behavior. Each theorist answers the question, "What is the nature of the beast?" For Freud and his adherents, the nature of the beast is man's innate regressive nature. Man is seen as constantly attempting a return to the *status quo ante*. It is this philosophical assumption that underlies Freud's basic ideas. Other theorists, such as Fromm, view man's nature as progressive. Instead of attempting a return to the *status quo ante*, man attempts to grow, to actualize his potentials. The basic differences in approach are underscored by their views of the child. For Freud, the child has the potential to sublimate. For Fromm, the child has the potential to actualize.

This leads us to the second philosophical question: "Knowing man's nature, should one oppose or accept it?" For Freud, man must

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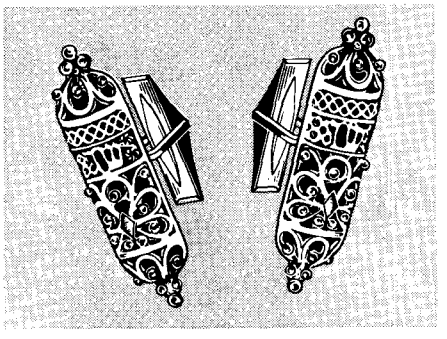

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oppose his regressive nature. According to Fromm, one should accept and attempt to fulfill one's nature. From these two different views of man, there derive two sets of systems. . . .

In spite of the differences in philosophical assumptions and the differences within these two sets of views, there are certain basic agreements. First of all, it is agreed that the early years of life are determiners of our future functioning. Secondly, that man is unaware of the reasons for some of his actions or unaware of some of his actions althogether. In the area of psychotherapy, the theorists agree that the goal is self-awareness. . . .

MYRON BASSMAN

New York City

MR. ZIMMERMAN writes:

Dr. Esman *says* that psychoanalysis is a science; he doesn't *show* it. But then psychoanalysts hardly ever demonstrate the truth of what they say. In fact, that is, in part, what my article was about. Dr. Esman merely illustrates my point. He does it again when he distinguishes the "cranks and bastardizers" from the "serious students of human behavior." What is his standard? Why is Reich a crank? Why are Horney's theories trivial? Why isn't Erikson a crank? Why are Hartmann's theories significant? I know of no objective standard whereby a psychoanalytic theory can be judged as crankish or non-crankish, or, for that matter, as true or false. Does Dr. Esman?

In any legitimate science there are such standards. This surely says something about the pseudo-scientific status of psychoanalysis. In rejecting Reich as a crank, Dr. Esman is merely indulging his prejudices; he is merely exhibiting the fact that he has rejected the mythology of Reich and accepted the mythology of someone else. I, on the other hand, with equal justification, could, and am inclined to, accept the mythology of Reich. How could I be proven wrong? What do right and wrong, true and false, evidence, testing, verification, etc., mean in this area? It is not that I shiver in the chill air of psychoanalysis; I am rather holding my breath until a fresh breeze blows away all the hot air that has been generated by psychoanalytic theories.

Nor do I desperately long for the sureties of an established system; I merely would like to know what it would be like to *establish* a theory in this alleged science. Did Freud establish anything? Did Jung? Binswanger? Erikson? If so, why, as in all the other sciences, hasn't this theory been universally, or nearly universally, accepted? Dr. Esman explains this by begging the question. Those who do not recognize the truths of the "main thrust of psychoanalytic development"—I take it he means the views of Erikson and Hartmann—are cranks and bastardizers who utter trivialities and are beset by delusional absurdities; they are "outside" the main thrust of psychoanalytic development. His name-calling is silly and dishonest; it is certainly unscientific. Moreover, it won't work since virtually every major psychoanalytic theorist has explained away his critics in the same way. It seems that once one has one's truth, other people's truths don't matter: those who have the light don't see more clearly; they go blind!

My discussion of Freud's undialectical conception of the reality principle and the pleasure principle could have been clearer and more precise. What I meant to suggest is that Freud's notion of the fundamental separateness of person and world is simplistic. One cannot, it seems to me, conceive of a human drive or interest except as defined and constituted by some object in the world; and one cannot conceive of the world except as defined and constituted by some human interest drive. Insofar as Freud seemed to conceptualize human interests and drives and structures of the world as being independent. I argued that his view was inaccurate.

As far as Dr. Esman's discussion of abstractions and their role in human behavior is concerned, I remain unconvinced. Ideology, patriotism, and religion are *not* what people die for. They die for a way of life, a way of worship, a form of government, etc. And these are concrete things. Ideology, patriotism, and religion are concepts we use to *think* or *talk* about what a person might die for; they are not however *what* a person dies for.

Since Dr. Esman either misunderstands or misrepresents my remarks about evidence—I never said that one should dispense with evidence in the formulation of theories—I won't comment on his discussion of my view.

Dr. Esman's intemperate tone ill becomes a healer of men. But that, I suppose, unfortunately, is neither here nor there.

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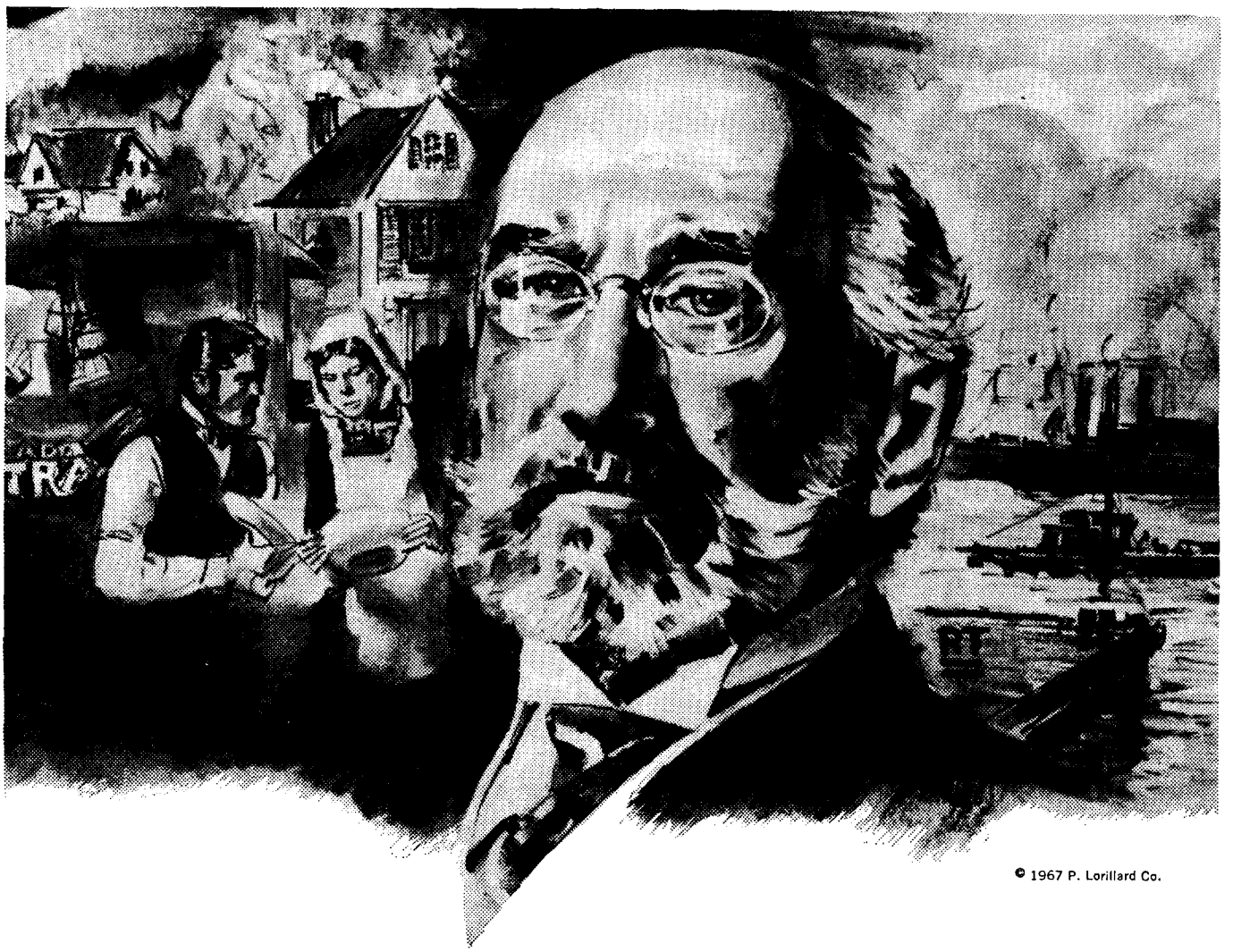

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The Merchant King

Talbotton, Georgia—1862.

The Civil War was on. Isidor Straus, 17-year-old son of an education-minded store owner, was sent off to college. Exactly two weeks later, young Isidor was back home—with $1,200 earned from selling grain delivery contracts. The imaginative and brilliantly successful business career of Isidor Straus had begun.

Thus it was that the year 1864 saw a 19-year-old boy engaged in vital assignments for an English firm running ships through the Union Blockade. From New York to Halifax, to Cuba, to Cologne young Isidor carried out important trade missions. By the end of the Civil War, and in spite of an unfortunate stock investment, Isidor had amassed $12,000 in gold.

Ten years later, Isidor, his father, Lazarus, and his brother, Nathan, were in partnership selling glassware and china in New York. They had arranged with a man named Roland Macy to lease space in the basement of his store. By 1896, Isidor and his brother were the sole partners of R. H. Macy & Company. Today, thanks largely to the enterprise and integrity of Isidor Straus, Macy's is—as its slogan proudly reminds customers everywhere—the World's Largest Store.

Isidor's talents and accomplishments, however, were not confined to his store. He was active in politics and deeply involved in public service. In 1892 he was elected to Congress. His concern for his fellow man showed clearly in the responsibilities he accepted; Vice President of J. Hood Wright Memorial Hospital; Trustee of the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids; founder of the American Jewish Committee.

In 1893 Isidor Straus helped organize the Educational Alliance, the famous East Broadway institution founded to aid the Americanization of Jewish immigrants. In fact, he was its forceful and inspiring president from the day it was founded until the day in 1912, when he stood with Ida, his wife, on the disappearing deck of the SS Titanic.

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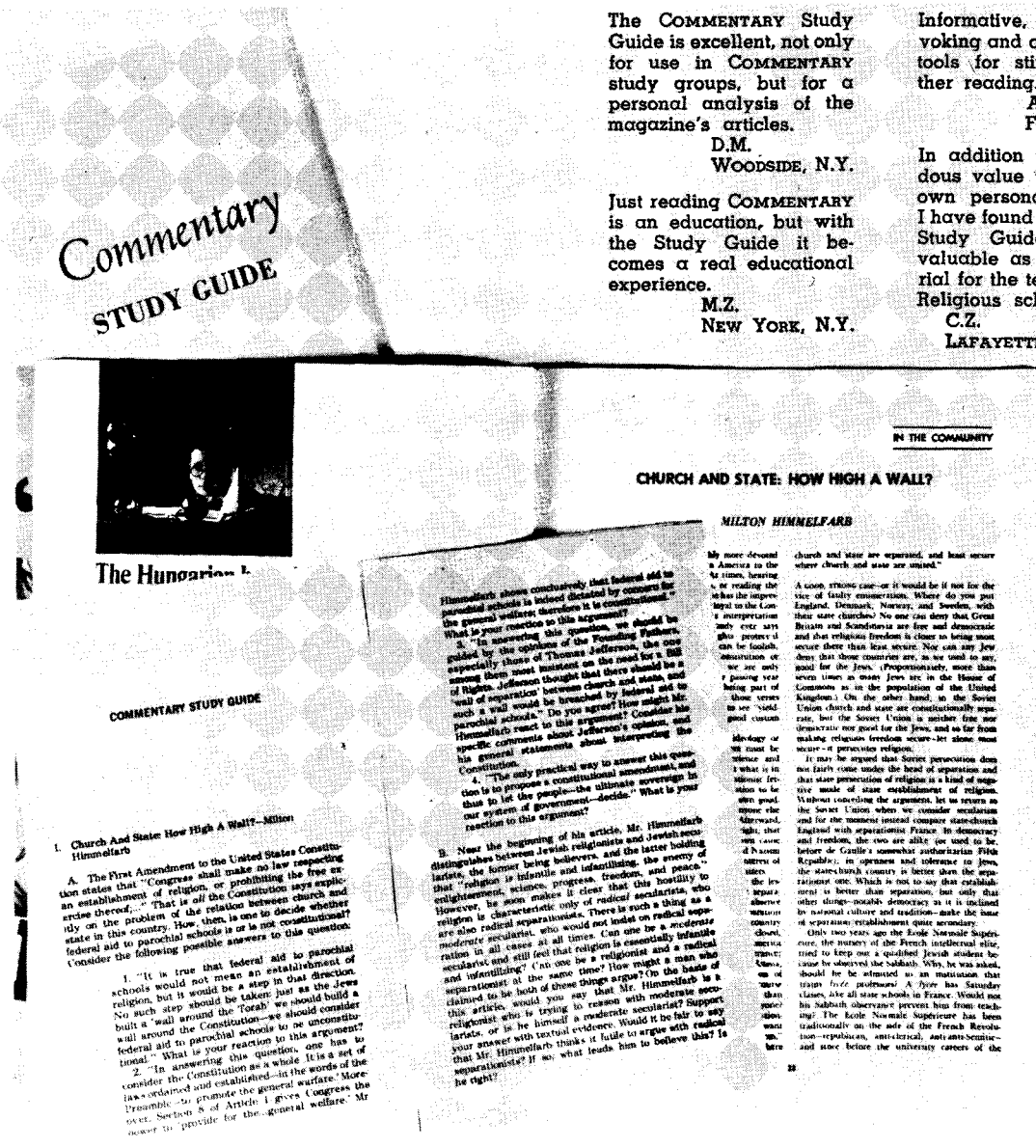
Commentary
STUDY GUIDE
The Hungarian I.
COMMENTARY STUDY GUIDE
1. Church And State: How High A Wall?--Milton Himmelfarb
A. The First Amendment to the United States Constitution states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;..." That is all the Constitution says explicitly on the problem of the relation between church and state in this country. How, then, is one to decide whether federal aid to parochial schools is or is not constitutional? Consider the following possible answers to this question:
1. "It is true that federal aid to parochial schools would not mean an establishment of religion, but it would be a step in that direction. No such step should be taken: just as the Jews built a 'wall around the Torah' we should build a wall around the Constitution—we should consider federal aid to parochial schools to be unconstitutional." What is your reaction to this argument?
2. "In answering this question, one has to consider the Constitution as a whole. It is a set of laws ordained and established—in the words of the Preamble—'to promote the general welfare.' Moreover, Section 8 of Article 1 gives Congress the power 'to provide for the general welfare.' Mr
IN THE COMMUNITY
CHURCH AND STATE: HOW HIGH A WALL?
MILTON HIMMELFARB
Himmelfarb shows conclusively that federal aid to parochial schools is indeed dictated by concern for the general welfare; therefore it is constitutional." What is your reaction to this argument?
3. "In answering this question, we should be guided by the opinions of the Founding Fathers, especially those of Thomas Jefferson, the one among them most insistent on the need for a Bill of Rights. Jefferson thought that there should be a 'wall of separation' between church and state, and such a wall would be breached by federal aid to parochial schools." Do you agree? How might Mr. Himmelfarb react to this argument? Consider his specific comments about Jefferson's opinion, and his general statements about interpreting the Constitution.
4. "The only practical way to answer this question is to propose a constitutional amendment, and thus to let the people—the ultimate sovereign in our system of government—decide." What is your reaction to this argument?
B. Near the beginning of his article, Mr. Himmelfarb distinguishes between Jewish religionists and Jewish secularists, the former being believers, and the latter holding that "religion is infantile and infantilising, the enemy of enlightenment, science, progress, freedom, and peace." However, he soon makes it clear that this hostility to religion is characteristic only of radical secularists, who are also radical separationists. There is such a thing as a moderate secularist, who would not insist on radical separation in all cases at all times. Can one be a moderate secularist and still feel that religion is essentially infantile and infantilizing? Can one be a religionist and a radical separationist at the same time? How might a man who claimed to be both of these things argue? On the basis of this article, would you say that Mr. Himmelfarb is a religionist who is trying to reason with moderate secularists, or is he himself a moderate secularist? Support your answer with textual evidence. Would it be fair to say that Mr. Himmelfarb thinks it futile to argue with radical separationists? If so, what leads him to believe this? Is he right?
church and state are separated, and least secure where church and state are united."
A good, strong case—or it would be if not for the vice of faulty enumeration. Where do you put England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, with their state churches? No one can deny that Great Britain and Scandinavia are free and democratic and that religious freedom is closer to being most secure there than least secure. Nor can any Jew deny that those countries are, as we used to say, good for the Jews. (Proportionately, more than seven times as many Jews are in the House of Commons as in the population of the United Kingdom.) On the other hand, in the Soviet Union church and state are constitutionally separate, but the Soviet Union is neither free nor democratic nor good for the Jews, and so far from making religious freedom secure—let alone most secure—it persecutes religion.
It may be argued that Soviet persecution does not fairly come under the head of separation and that state persecution of religion is a kind of negative mode of state establishment of religion. Without conceding the argument, let us return to the Soviet Union when we consider secularism and for the moment instead compare state-church England with separationist France. In democracy and freedom, the two are alike (or used to be, before de Gaulle's somewhat authoritarian Fifth Republic); in openness and tolerance to Jews, the state-church country is better than the separationist one. Which is not to say that establishment is better than separation, but only that other things—notably democracy as it is inclined by national culture and tradition—make the issue of separation/establishment quite secondary.
Only two years ago the École Normale Supérieure, the nursery of the French intellectual elite, tried to keep out a qualified Jewish student because he observed the Sabbath. Why, he was asked, should he be admitted as an institution that trains lycée professors? A lycée has Saturday classes, like all state schools in France. Would not his Sabbath observance prevent him from teaching? The École Normale Supérieure has been traditionally on the side of the French Revolution—republican, anti-clerical, anti-anti-Semitic—and since before the university careers of the

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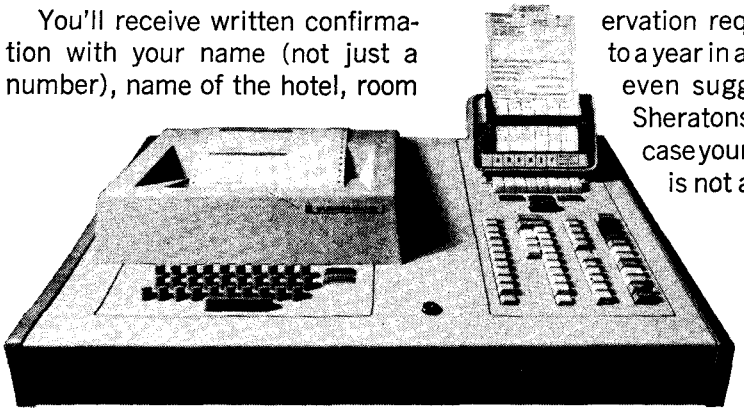

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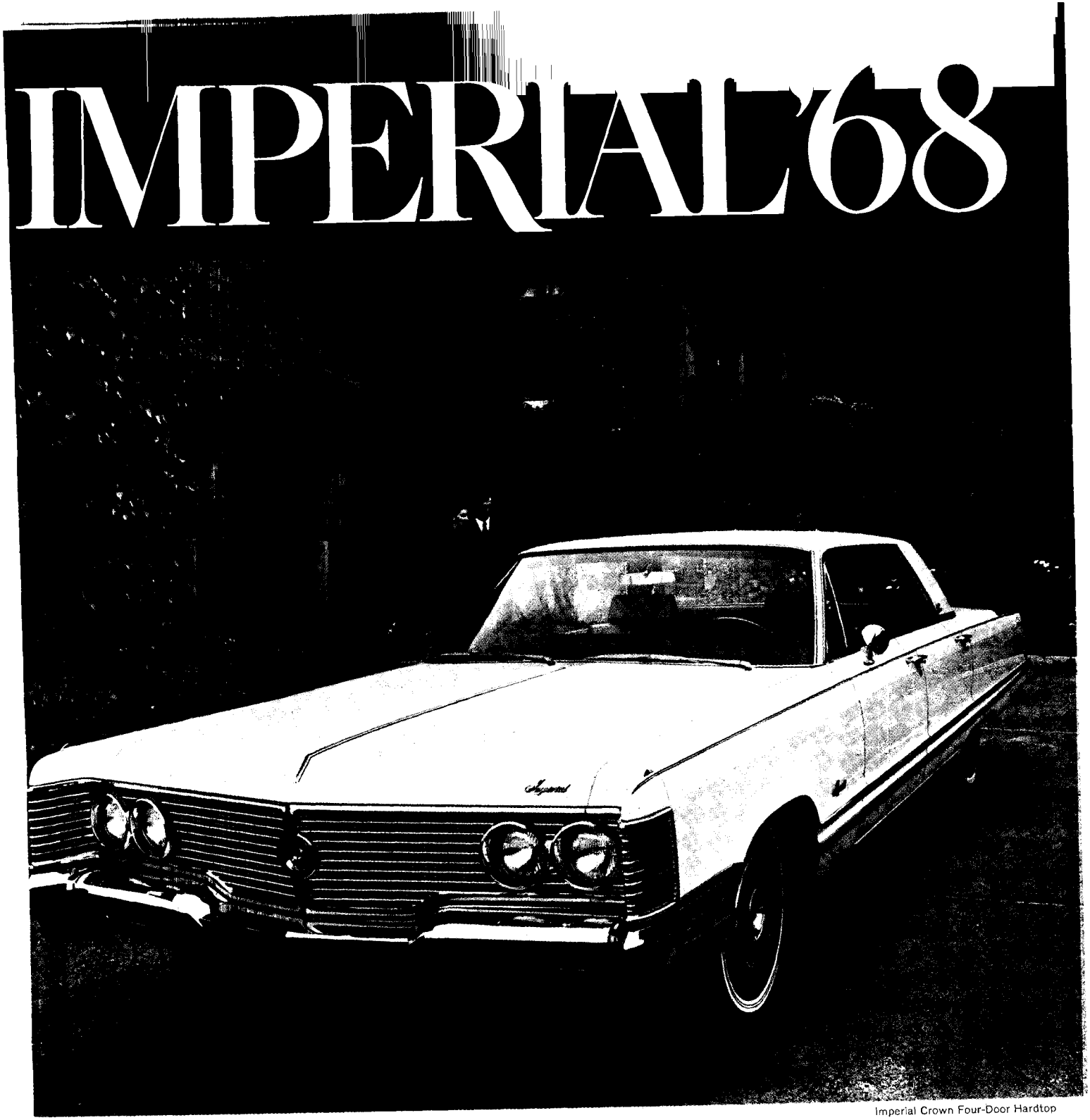

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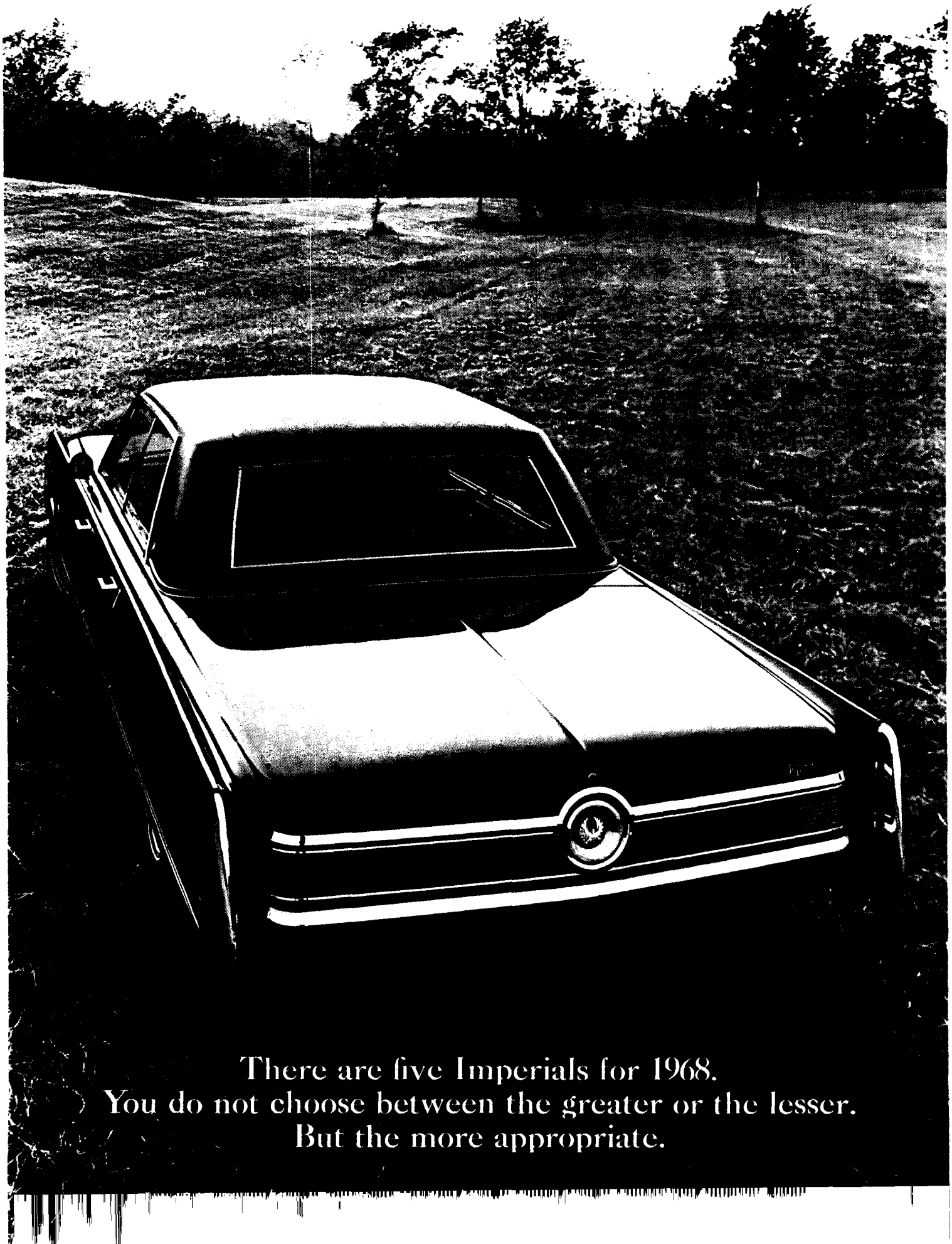

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THE LESSONS OF THE LONG HOT SUMMER

BAYARD RUSTIN

TOWARD THE END of the long hot summer of 1967—a summer which saw riots in more than thirty-two cities and the death of nearly one hundred Negroes—Vice-President Humphrey was asked to comment on the assertion that the United States had spent $904 billion (or 57 per cent of the nation's budget) on military power since 1946, while spending only $96 billion (or six per cent) on social programs in the same period. "The fact is," he said "there has been a 'sickness' in the world in these post-World War II years which we have not had the luxury of ignoring." Apparently, however, we *have* had the luxury of ignoring the sickness created by the simultaneous growth and decay of our central cities. The question posed for us by the events of this past summer is whether we can now afford the price.

In 1910, a large majority of our population lived in rural areas; today, about three-fourths of our population lives in urban areas (and since 1950, 1.5 million Negroes have moved to Northern ghettos). Yet the United States Congress remains a basically rural body. In the House, 225 out of 435 members come from towns with populations of 50,000 or less, and in the Senate the ratio is 56 to 44. It is, therefore, no great cause for wonder that the needs of our cities should simultaneously have increased and been neglected. Until recently, indeed, we did not even possess a precise inventory of those needs. Largely through the efforts of the AFL-CIO, however, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress has now drawn up such an inventory, projected to 1975.

The study, entitled "State and Local Public Facility Needs and Financing," is not the product of academics removed from reality, utopian civil-rights activists, or labor leaders with a vested interest in higher wages; it represents the findings of experts in the various fields surveyed. The projected costs it estimates do not include the cost of the additional teachers, doctors, policemen, etc., who will have to staff the new facilities once they are built. Nevertheless, these estimates do give us a rough idea of our unmet needs, some notion of what it will take to meet them, and the benefits, in terms of long-range employment opportunities, of doing so.

To begin with education: based on the U.S. Office of Education's figure of 27 pupils per classroom, 107,000 new classrooms are needed to handle present overcrowding, and another 200,000 to replace existing facilities that ought to be abandoned because they are unfit. Altogether, 750,000 new classrooms will have to be built over the next ten years if we are to cope with the present backlog, future deterioration, and expected increase in enrollment. This means an expenditure by 1975 of $5.3 billion, as compared with $3.7 billion in 1965—and for elementary education alone, the cost over the entire ten years totals $42 billion. So far as higher educational opportunities are concerned, if the growing demand for them is to be met, state and local governments will have to spend $13.9 billion for academic facilities during the next decade, and another $6.1 billion to provide housing and related facilities for the students. Thus outlays in this area will have to climb from approximately $1.2 billion in 1964 to nearly $2.5 billion in 1975.

Then there is housing. The federal government's major vehicle for providing multi-family moderate income housing is Sec. 221 (d) (3) of the National Housing Act. Under this program non-profit sponsors receive 100 per cent mortgages at low interest rates, and yet in the six years since the passage of that bill only 40,000 units have flowed from it. If we were to build 40,000 units per year in New York City alone, it would take more than twenty years to reach the number of deteriorating buildings occupied at this moment.

Next, transportation. Congress finally recognized the problems created by mass transportation in 1964, when it adopted the Mass Transportation Act. As a result, grants are now available to state and local governments in connection with capital outlays for mass transit facilities. But in order to meet the needs estimated for 1975, spending for highways, roads, streets, bridges, tunnels, airports, marine facilities, mass transit, etc., will have to climb to nearly $18 billion in that year.

Similarly with health facilities. In 1965 we spent $500 million on them; in the next decade $13 billion will be required if the health needs of our people are to be adequately managed. Moreover, in such public-health areas as sewage and waste disposal, capital outlays will have to rise from $385 million and $625 million respectively in 1965 to $1.1 billion and $1.2 billion respective-

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BAYARD RUSTIN's previous contributions to COMMENTARY include "From Protest to Politics" (February 1965), "The Watts 'Manifesto' & the McCone Report" (March 1966), and "Black Power and Coalition Politics" (September 1966). *Mr. Rustin is executive director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute.*

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ly in 1975. So too with public water supply systems. In 1965, state and local governments spent just over a billion dollars in capital outlays on such systems. The needs estimated for 1975 will require $2.25 billion.

Writing in the March 1967 issue of *The Federationist,* AFL-CIO economist Nathaniel Goldfinger cogently sums up the significance of this inventory of American needs. Pointing out that the labor force will increase at the rate of 1.5 million per year in the next decade, Goldfinger goes on:

> A logical policy would be to see to it that these two needs—the growing need for jobs and the pressing need for public facilities—are brought together in a planned program.
>
> The employment impact of these construction activities is substantial. The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics has estimated that each million dollars spent in this way creates approximately one hundred jobs for the year—about forty jobs at the construction site and about sixty jobs in industries supplying building material, equipment and services, including unskilled and semi-skilled jobs badly needed in an automated economy.
>
> Moreover, to this must be added the indirect impact—that is, the impact felt as the result of the wages and salaries paid to these workers. As these wages and salaries are spent, retail sales are increased and still more jobs are created—in stores and warehouses and in companies producing consumer goods. This adds another 50 to 100 full-time jobs.
>
> *This would mean that a billion dollars spent on public facility construction is worth 100,000 jobs directly created on the construction site and in the production and distribution of equipment and material, plus somewhere between 50,000 to 100,000 more jobs as the result of increased sales to consumers.* [Italics mine—B.R.]

Here, then, is what the AFL-CIO rightly calls "the foundation for a nationwide program . . . based on federal financial and technical assistance to the state and local governments, including federal grants-in-aid and guaranteed loans, as well as direct federal aids."

Not the least important consequence of such a program would be to make jobs available to the unemployed poor. Thanks largely to the agitation of the civil-rights movement and a book by Michael Harrington called *The Other America,* this nation instituted a War on Poverty several years ago. It would only seem reasonable that the first task of an assault on poverty would be to create jobs for all those who are able to work. This apparently self-evident proposition was not, however, one of the assumptions behind the Johnson War on Poverty. *That* war was implicitly based on the notion that poor people are poor because there is something wrong with them, and it has accordingly proceeded to set up a bedlam of community-action programs under the delusion that the poor can be helped to organize themselves out of poverty. (Even if this were possible, it is hard to see how it could be accomplished at an expenditure of fifty dollars per poor person—which is all the Office of Economic Opportunity has been allotted by Congress after administrative costs are subtracted.)

To be sure, community-action programs have their value, but they do not employ the unemployed; nor do job-training camps do any good when they train young people for jobs which simply do not exist. On top of all this, the War on Poverty as presently conceived involves no strategy for lifting the *employed* poor out of poverty—those, that is, who are so underpaid that they live in poverty even while working; nor can it help the 13 per cent of the poor who live in families headed by women who should not work, or the 25 per cent of the poor who, being over sixty-five, cannot work. Only a high minimum wage and some form of guaranteed income can help people in those three categories.

Let me emphasize that I am not here suggesting that the War on Poverty be scrapped, but that it be widened and intensified so that it may more adequately attack the problems it now claims to be attacking. And I want to stress the problems of Negroes, for it is no secret that the inadequacy of our programs for dealing with the needs of our urban population, and of the poor among them in particular, places a special burden on the American Negro. One grows weary of citing the same hideous figures time and time again—figures which show that life in the ghetto has been getting worse rather than better in the last ten years, that housing is worse, that schooling is worse, that the job situation is worse. I will try on this occasion to bring it all home through a less familiar set of horrifying statistics.

In 1930, according to analyses made by Drs. Paul M. Vincent and James D. Haughton of the New York City Board of Health, pregnant Negro women were twice as likely to die in childbirth as pregnant white women. In 1964 the mortality rate of Negro women in childbirth was *more than three times* that of white women.

In 1940, fourteen times as many non-white mothers had their babies delivered by midwives as white mothers. In 1960 the figure was *twenty-three times* as many.

In 1950, the infant mortality rate for non-whites was 66 per cent higher than for whites, but in 1964 it was *90 per cent* higher.

II

THUS WE ARE confronted in 1967 by a nation which has neglected to meet the basic needs of its entire population and which has most grievously failed in providing for the needs of Negroes. It is beyond the resources neither of human ingenuity nor of the national treasury to formulate and act upon a plan for doing what is necessary. It remains to be seen whether it is beyond the resources of the national will.

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The goals are clear. First: full employment. Second: a $2 minimum wage. Third: a guaranteed annual income for those now dependent, through no fault of their own, on welfare.

Everyone pays lip service to the goal of full employment, but the fact is that there is much resistance to it in Washington. Oscar Gass has succinctly described the thinking behind that resistance:*

> American public men are quite united in concern to avoid a depression of 10 to 15 million unemployed. But they are almost equally united in sharing a leery attitude toward full employment. . . . Under full employment, wages are pushed up; prices are pushed up; the value of fixed income declines; profits come easily; businessmen lose their sobriety; innovation is neglected; the international competitive position is weakened. . . . Consequently, . . . men of authority in Washington take only a limited interest in the reduction of unemployment below the present 4½ per cent. They are more concerned with the danger of "overheating" the economy.

The problem of changing such attitudes poses an enormously important challenge to economists who disagree with that line of reasoning. A non-economist may, however, be permitted to observe that if the long hot summer of 1967 proves anything, it is that "the danger of 'overheating' the economy" may turn out to be as nothing compared with the dangers of our present employment policies. For those latter dangers include not only violence but an answering repressiveness that could end by threatening the very fabric of American liberties.

A series of federally financed public-works programs for the creation of the physical facilities detailed by the Joint Economic Committee would be an obvious step in the direction of full employment. In helping to build these facilities, the poor would be working at something that would enlist their seriousness and their hope; the young would be trained for jobs that actually existed, and they would know they had a chance to grow and improve with those jobs. (Another step toward full employment would be the creation of a whole new hierarchy of non-professional workers to help the professional perform some of the services he now performs by himself. Social-work aides could, for example, act as companions to older people, and could interpret the need for family planning to overburdened mothers.)

The immediate passage of a $2 minimum wage would do as much as the entire poverty program in helping the poor to rehabilitate themselves. Yet even a $2 minimum wage would only guarantee an income of $4,160 for a year's work—roughly $2000 less than what the government has computed to be a "modest but adequate" urban family budget. We should not be satisfied until every American family has at least that "modest but adequate" income. For now, however, increasing the minimum wage to $2 an hour would be a responsible and reasonable step in the right direction. There are those who say that doing so would result in the elimination of precisely those jobs which now provide at least some opportunity for unskilled Negroes, young people, and others who are not qualified to compete in an automated economy. This is true, and it explains why the proposal makes sense only within the framework of a national commitment to generate a large number of new jobs.

In our culture, a man's judgment of himself is inevitably related to his role in the production of goods and services. He is someone because he does something on which society sets a value. So the idea of a guaranteed annual income is a good one only for people who are incapacitated from working either by age or physical disability. Full employment is the answer for everyone else.

In the meantime, there are the burnt-out neighborhoods of Detroit and Newark to be dealt with. In a recent article in *Newsday*, Daniel Patrick Moynihan calls for the immediate rebuilding of those neighborhoods—an action that in my view should be taken by means of a National Emergency Public Works and Reconstruction Act which would not only be a good thing in itself but would create employment for unskilled and semi-skilled workers living in the riot-torn ghettos.

III

THE FREEDOM BUDGET for All Americans proposed last year by A. Philip Randolph is, I believe, more advanced than other anti-poverty and full-employment proposals in that it sets priorities and timetables, and indicates how the necessary money can be made available. To many of us the really galling and ironic fact is that we could abolish poverty and attain full employment while still maintaining the present proportion of military expenditures to social programs. In any event, the Freedom Budget is based on the assumption that an expenditure of only 6 per cent of the national budget would suffice to realize specified goals.† The key to this projection is an economic growth rate of 4½ to 5 per cent. According to Woodrow L. Ginsberg, the research head of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO, such a growth rate is "highly

*"The Political Economy of the Great Society," COMMENTARY, October 1965.

† One item not included in the Freedom Budget, but which should become part of all our future proposals, is the family allowance advocated by Moynihan in his *Newsday* article. Moynihan points out that the United States is the only industrial democracy in the world that does not have such a system of automatic payments for families who are raising minor children. He suggests a monthly "payment of $8 per child under six, and $12 for those between six and seventeen." Everyone would receive these allowances, "not just a special segment artificially defined as below a certain income line or across a certain racial line." Moynihan estimates that this program would cost the United States $9 billion a year.

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feasible," given a burgeoning population, an improvement in output per man hour, and the will to utilize all our manpower. "It would not," says Ginsberg, "strain our productive capacities and is reasonable in the light of early postwar experience as well as in most recent years."

As to financing, the economists who drew up the Freedom Budget (men like Leon Keyserling and Vivian Henderson) estimated that if its provisions were enacted, the federal government would receive an additional eight to ten billion dollars a year on the average during the next decade even without raising the rates which existed in October 1966. This sum, amounting to some 400 to 500 billion dollars more for the decade as a whole, would more than cover the cost of the increased federal outlays called for by the program.

But would the program, or another like it, be inflationary? A look at our economic history may be helpful here. The two periods of serious inflation in recent times were World War II and its reconversion aftermath, and the Korean war era (1950-51 specifically). Those inflationary movements could have been checked much more effectively by higher taxes during World War II, a less precipitate ending of controls following the war, and by a prompter imposition of controls during the Korean war. But let us leave these matters aside. Nobody said during those wars that we should cut back on our military expenditures because they were causing inflation. What we did during World War II and the Korean war was to concentrate on what we needed most and cut back on what we needed least. Today the President is attempting to raise taxes to pay for the war in Vietnam while cutting back on the war against poverty. It is a question of priorities, not of inflation, and in the present case the priorities are being set in an immoral and costly fashion.

Even before the Vietnamese war our national economic policies and our campaign against inflation served to redistribute income in the wrong direction—to hurt those who needed help the most, and to help those most who did not need our help at all. Then, in the period 1962 through 1965, instead of investing in massive social programs, we cut taxes to stimulate the economy. Yet by 1966 there had emerged a growing recognition that the investment boom in plants and equipment had become excessive and now constituted the main inflationary danger. And so taxes were raised. No doubt a large part of our increased output and job opportunities resulted from the tax cut, but we could have been better served had a different balance between tax cuts and increased federal spending been achieved. If it should prove impossible to carry forward the priorities of the Freedom Budget without tax increases, we should increase taxes by whatever amount may be necessary. But the burden must be placed where it can easily be borne instead of being hung on the necks of the downtrodden.

IV

WE DO, THEN, have a fairly good idea of what our national needs are; we have the makings of a viable program for dealing with them; and we have the financial resources. But do we have the final, and indispensable, element—the political will?

The administration proclaims that we can continue to pursue the war in Vietnam and still make progress at home. Yet the President asks for an across-the-board tax increase of 10 per cent to pay for the Vietnam war—an increase which will exacerbate the injustices of an already regressive tax structure, and which bespeaks a twisted idea of our national priorities. Reporting on the atmosphere in Washington in the aftermath of the Detroit and Newark riots, Daniel Patrick Moynihan writes:

> The mood of the administration in Washington is one of paralysis. There is no political will for the Executive Branch to move in any direction and nothing but fear as to what direction Congress will take if it should seize the initiative. . . . The result has been a curious process of backward reasoning. First: "We can't do anything [for lack of money]." Second: "We don't do anything." Third: "We shouldn't do anything."

And Moynihan adds: "We cannot do anything without the President, and the President seems determined to do nothing. Worse, he is denying it."

The surprising fact of the matter, however, is that the President's paralysis and the Congressional backlash do not seem to represent the prevailing national mood. The August Harris Poll on post-riot attitudes found that while a few more white people (between 5 and 8 per cent) were resorting to racial stereotypes than in 1966, a large majority (more than 60 per cent) of whites supported federal programs to tear down the urban ghettos (84 per cent of the Negroes favored this) and wanted large-scale government works projects to provide jobs for all the unemployed (91 per cent of the Negroes favored this proposal).

But even if the political support is there, only political organization can activate and make it effective. The Negroes are the only group in our population that is presently in significant motion. This poses serious problems because Negroes by themselves do not have sufficient political power to bring about a social revolution. As a minority, they can participate in it as a powerful and stimulating force; or they can provoke a counter-revolution. In either case the decisive factor will be the political direction in which the majority decides to move. Thus, as I have argued many times before, Negroes have no constructive alternative to acting in concert with other minority groups, with liberals, with intellectuals, and with the labor movement. In other words, there is no alternative to coalition politics.

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"Twice in this generation," William V. Shannon recently observed in the New York *Times*,

> the leaders of American life outside Washington reached agreement on a major issue and forced the federal government to act. In 1947-48 the issue was the Marshall Plan. Business and civic leaders rallied to support the rebuilding of Western Europe submitted by a Democratic President to a conservative and potentially balky Republican Congress. In 1963-64, religious leaders of all faiths powerfully reinforced the civil-rights movement and compelled President Kennedy [and Johnson] to ask for a far-reaching civil-rights bill and Congress to enact it.

The catalyst behind the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was, of course, the civil-rights movement. That movement, despite the malaise and shenanigans of the past year, remains the prime force for democratic social change in this country. It is true that we have not recently been witnessing the kind of excitement stirring within it that we were accustomed to for almost ten years. What we have been witnessing instead are rioting and demogogic ranting. But we tend to see only what the mass media permit us to see, and the mass media consistently tend to a preference for the dramatic over the real.

They do not, for example, stress the fact that in almost every city across the country scores of community groups are working on the problems of housing, schools, jobs, health, and police relations (in New York City alone over three hundred such groups are now active). From New York to Los Angeles, vigorous and often successful work is being done to get Negro youngsters into the building trades. And the South is honeycombed with voter-registration groups that have emerged—largely under the leadership of the Southern Regional Council and the NAACP—since the passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act.

While a number of organizations that were concerned between 1955 and 1965 with direct mass action now show evidence of decline, the two oldest members of the civil-rights movements, the NAACP and the National Urban League, have been growing steadily since 1965. The NAACP has just had one of the largest national conventions in its history. Last year it raised $686,786 in new life memberships, a considerable increase over 1965; in the last two years, it has added eighty-seven new branches and sixty youth councils; and its membership in Mississippi alone has doubled. In the last three years, similarly, the National Urban League has added to its affiliates by a third, doubled its budget, and greatly increased its staff. The Scholarship Defense Fund, formerly affiliated with CORE, conducts workshops throughout the South. The Legal Defense Fund of the NAACP has opened new offices and expanded its services. In Mississippi the NAACP, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, and former SNCC activists like Fannie Lou Hamer have banded together to elect at least sixteen Negro local officials.

But if the civil-rights movement is far from dead, it most certainly is in a crisis. Having come to the end of one historical phase of activity, it must readapt its tactics to confront a new one, and the crisis is a reflection of the uncertainties of the transition.

LET ME TRY to compare some of the new problems with those of the preceding period.

(1) From 1955 to 1965 the objectives of the movement were chiefly to secure the Negro's right to vote and to integrate public accommodations. Those issues affected Negroes almost exclusively and could be attacked simply as civil-rights problems. Secondly, because they were matters of simple dignity, of getting what the Constitution clearly said everybody ought to have, and because they yielded spectacular and emotional victories, they could sustain the interest of people who were becoming attracted to the movement. In the present period we confront the more complex problems of housing, education, and jobs, which affect not only Negroes but also whites. And, in attacking them, we are not merely raising questions about the Constitution; we are also stimulating a great national debate over economics, priorities, and planning.

(2) In the previous period the unity of the Negro community cut across class lines. Most Negroes, regardless of their economic or social station, were subject to the same discrimination in public places. Ralph Bunche was as likely to be refused service in a restaurant or a hotel as any illiterate sharecropper in Mississippi. This common bond prevented latent class differences and resentments from being openly expressed. But the people who have benefited most from the Negro revolution are middle-class Negroes (whose sons and daughters actually created and led the sit-in movement). The economic status of the black middle class now makes it possible for them to utilize integrated public accommodations, and American industry has stimulated middle-class progress by upgrading the educated Negro—a fact which is simultaneously appreciated, scorned, and exaggerated by unemployed Negroes. The resentment felt by this new underclass of Negroes is likely to show itself in frustration behavior—such as riots—and in other forms of hostility, not only toward whites who "have it" but also toward Negroes who have "made it."

(3) In the previous period, the only expenditure the federal government was called upon to make involved the cost of police protection and enforcement. It is much easier to issue moral proclamations when there is no need to back them up with congressional appropriations. Many white Americans who joined the March on Washington and applauded Martin Luther King's dream of freedom seem far less enthusiastic about

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helping us realize that dream when it means altering our economic structure.

(4) In the 1955-65 period, though it was the quest for voting rights and desegregation that constituted the main objectives, the dynamic around the campaign to secure them was provided by racist brutality. Nothing that any Negro leader did or said stiffened the will of the mass movement quite so much as Bull Connor's policemen, dogs, firehoses, and cattle prods, or the bombing of churches, and the murder of children and civil-rights workers. All this both strengthened the Negro will and created a consensus of conscience in the white community. When Mayor Daley failed to respond creatively to some of Martin Luther King's demands in Chicago last year, he proved that the dynamic of the fight for the objectives of the new period—better housing, jobs, and education—is political, not moral.

(5) Because of the drama of the previous period, the movement received a great deal of help from the mass media; almost every day for ten years newspapers all across the nation carried news of civil-rights activity on their front pages. In the present period, however, the slow, irksome, and unspectacular work being done does not draw headlines. Much of our present activity is either ignored or relegated to small items on back pages. Perhaps this is why so many people consider the movement dead. In any case, this adds to our problem of developing and sustaining momentum.

(6) In the previous period, most people, if asked to identify the nation's most compelling social problem, would have said "civil rights." Today the answer is more likely to be "Vietnam." This means that whereas before we were being carried along by a forward psychological thrust, we are now trying to progress against a stream of psychological withdrawal. The Vietnam war has created disunity in the civil-rights movement; it has caused many liberals to abandon the movement and concentrate their energies in anti-war activities; it has permitted reactionaries, in the guise of super-patriots, to cut back funds urgently needed for social change on the home front.

(7) In the 1955-65 period, a young civil-rights worker needed only two qualities to function effectively: bravery and perseverance. With those qualities alone, he could sit-in at hostile lunch counters, throw his body across the streets, integrate buses and bus terminals, and march in the teeth of police brutality and power. The questions he raised were questions of clear principle—the right to vote, free access to public accommodations, etc. Today the young civil-rights worker needs more than just courage and perseverance. The strategies of social reconstruction, of reordering national priorities, and of broad social planning require more than "soul." They require an ability to organize, an understanding of political power and action, and an insight into the processes of social change.

(8) Because the chief strategy in the period just past centered on non-violent mass action, the movement tended to congeal. While there was some debate surrounding strategy and tactics, it was limited solely to the areas of public accommodations and voting. But once the questions become, as they now have, questions of economics, a wider dialogue also becomes inevitable; and there can be no meaningful discussion of such matters without basic philosophical differences emerging.

(9) The previous period was one of non-violence. Even those Negroes who were not persuaded of non-violence as a moral principle practiced it as a viable tactic. Today, many younger Negroes are convinced that a violent confrontation is both necessary and inevitable. While I myself do not believe that violence can play a constructive role in solving the problems that face Negroes, society keeps providing the ghetto communities with evidence that unless they riot, they will get nothing. Yet there is also the danger that rioting will produce repressive action. This is in the nature of the very reluctant and token concessions that are being made to the Negro. Beyond a certain point there will be no token concessions left to be made, and since the larger and more basic victories will not have been won through violence, rioting will almost certainly come to reap only resistance and repression. On the other side, very little short of constructive programs for better jobs, housing, and education will prevent Negroes from expressing the rage that has been repressed for so long.

(10) We are no longer in a period of civil-rights revolt as such. We are now in the midst of a struggle to wrest human and economic rights out of the basic contradictions of American society. I am convinced that unless we establish social and economic priorities and organize politically in their behalf, nothing will happen. Protest demonstrations alone will not arouse the financial or moral commitment to solve the problems of poverty. To get the necessary money out of Congress for the necessary programs, we must organize within the broad coalition of American need and American social and political concern.

In sum, to reiterate a point I have made in these pages on more than one occasion in the past, the previous period was a period of protest; the present period must be one of politics.

V

ALTHOUGH THE civil-rights movement cannot by itself activate the American political will, it can, if it succeeds in readjusting itself to the realities of the new period, take the lead in stirring us all into motion. To that end it will have to concentrate on three major objectives: (1) the implementation of existing laws; (2) voter registration and education; and (3) the development of an economic strategy that will unite blacks and whites in a new majority.

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The segregationists have taught us a bitter lesson in the importance of the way laws are applied. For several years now, Negroes have been winning legislative victories, while racists have been subverting these victories by their relentless pressure on the bureaucracy in Washington. Thus the black man who, first, was forced to master the secrets of the judicial and then the legislative process in America, is now being forced to learn how to deal with the bureaucratic apparatus and get it to enforce existing laws.

The movement has made enormous strides in securing the Negro's right to vote in the South. By taking full advantage of opportunities won at great cost, the movement can now help to change, not simply the plight of the Southern Negro, but the shape of American politics as well. Only half the eligible black voters below the Mason-Dixon line are registered. However, they have already begun to exercise an impact on their region, as Negroes sit in state legislatures and city councils for the first time since Reconstruction. An increase in Negro registrants will inevitably mean a growth of Negro political power.

But voter education is no less essential than registration. In Alabama last year it might have been possible to defeat the Wallaces if there had been unity between Negroes and the liberal-labor bloc. In the absence of such unity, black voting strength was dissipated and a racist Presidential candidacy was furthered. To avert any recurrence of such a situation, Southern Negroes, once they have registered and organized themselves politically, will have to seek out allies with whom they can form a new majority. This tactic has already borne some fruit in states like Tennessee, Texas, and Florida. Now it must be applied to the racist heartland itself.

THE consequences of such an integrated political coalition would extend far beyond the South. There are, as James MacGregor Burns has shown, four parties in the United States: liberal Presidential Democrats, moderate Presidential Republicans, conservative congressional Democrats, and Republicans. It was, of course, the cooperation between the congressional Democrats and the Republicans which frustrated any basic social change from 1938 until the Johnson landslide in 1964. And one of the main bulwarks of this reactionary alliance was the one-party South, which provided a bloc of safe conservative seats and through the seniority system guaranteed the Southern caucus disproportionate power on congressional committees.

In 1964, Barry Goldwater forced a temporary realignment from the Right, and following the Johnson landslide, Congress passed more social legislation than at any time since the New Deal. But the defeat of many liberal freshmen in 1966 changed all that. The ruling alliance of the conservative congressional Democrats and Republicans was reconstituted, albeit circumspectly. It is a fairly good bet that the practical reactionaries will not again follow a Goldwater tactic in this generation. That could mean a new "deadlock of democracy," to use Professor Burns's phrase. Negroes would suffer, of course, since they are the first and worst victims of every social problem in this country. But so would whites. There would be no political dynamic capable of responding to the challenge of the city, of transportation, of air pollution, and so on.

If, however, Southern Negroes were to register, organize themselves, and enter into alliance with the white liberal and labor movements of the region, there could be a realignment from the democratic Left rather than from the Goldwater Right. The effect of such a strategy would be the creation of a two-party South and a consequent erosion of one of the main sources of conservative strength in the United States. Viewed in this perspective, a dynamic Negro political movement in the old Confederacy would make an enormous contribution to solving the problems of the black ghettos of the North and, indeed, of the entire society.

This leads directly to my third point: the importance of an economic program. As long as white workers think that the Negro demand for employment is an attempt to steal their jobs, or that the Negro insistence upon decent housing is a conspiracy to destroy the property values so laboriously accumulated by the white lower-middle class, just so long will there be no progress in these areas. In each case, the posing of the issue inevitably divides people who could, under other circumstances, act as allies. Put more generally, there can be no such thing as an exclusively Negro economic program, for that would counterpose the interests of a little more than 10 per cent of the society to those of the overwhelming majority. The action urged by the civil-rights movement will either be integrated or else it will be a failure. Black people must indeed organize black people, and assert their rightful power. But this power will avail them little in the absence of a political strategy and a viable social and economic program.

I do not see the civil-rights movement in the period immediately ahead scoring dramatic victories, such as those scored in the struggle to end segregation in public accommodations and to get Negroes into the voting booths. Rather, I see a process of reorganization and regrouping which may well appear tedious and gradualist but which is even more revolutionary in its implications than the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955, the sit-ins of 1960, or the March on Washington of 1963. For the movement is now faced with the task of challenging not just the prejudices of the white community, but some of the basic injustices and contradictions woven into the political and economic fabric of American society.

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Israel & the Intellectuals

ROBERT ALTER

Even our "friends" are not likely to forgive that we were victorious—we have suddenly stripped them of the chance to pity us or even help us.
—Elie Wiesel

THREE MONTHS AFTER the war in the Middle East, it is becoming increasingly apparent that Israel's stunning victory, whatever its final effect in altering political maps, has knocked askew a whole row of stereotypes of the Jew in his relation to history, his location in existence. I suppose we are much too close to the events even to guess whether they will have any permanent significance as a kind of watershed in the course of Jewish history, but making history nowadays is a considerably more complicated and ambiguous affair than it once was because, through the intervention of modern communications media, it has become so entangled with making images. One could argue that there have been many more important moments in Jewish history, but it is altogether incontestable that never before in history have the Jews been given such an overwhelming amount of public exposure in such a limited period of time. A good deal of serious consideration has been directed in recent years to the ways in which images of the Jew in the Western mind—especially as a demonic, inhuman, or subhuman figure—are the cumulative result of a long process of cultural indoctrination. What the saturation coverage of the Israeli military success did in effect was to offer to millions, at least in North America and Western Europe, a crash course in corrective reindoctrination, with results that are as yet incalculable but which could prove to be profound.

Some of the elements, to be sure, that the popular news media chose to stress in this reindoctrination bore an unsettling resemblance to certain stereotypes of the Israeli—chiefly products of the American subliterary imagination—that have long distressed sensitive observers both here and in Israel. Thus Moshe Dayan, with his fiercely photogenic eyepatch, on the cover of *Life, Time, Look, Newsweek,* and one flinches to think where else, had altogether too much the look of that recent fantasy figure, the Jew as modern buccaneer-adventurer, the pitiless, tough-as-nails Jewish fighter, or, to invoke the by now familiar paradox, the Jew as *goy*. For the most part, however, coverage of the actual fighting men of Israel was extensive enough to reveal them as more varied, more reassuringly human and familiarly Jewish, than anything dreamt of in the overwrought imagination of a Leon Uris. The outpouring of frontline reportage, journals, diaries, and the like with which we have been inundated shows Israel's citizen-army as a force at once heroic and *heimish,* incredibly efficient yet engagingly makeshift, thoroughly adept at the implementation of destruction yet with scarcely a trace of the sentimental mystique of destructiveness that has poisoned the minds of such vast numbers in our century.

We proverbially admire the underdog, but especially when he proves in the outcome to be spectacularly successful, and the perfect match of sure conception and swift execution in the Israeli campaign against the poised armies of three surrounding nations captured imaginations everywhere. "In a single Blitzkrieg," began a lead-article in *Der Spiegel* of June 12, "the Israelis have conquered . . . the Sinai Peninsula and the entire Federal Republic. With a single exemplary display of tough soldierly skill . . . they have entered into the hearts of the people in whose name once all Jews were to be exterminated." (In general, the enthusiastic support for Israel in Germany during the recent crisis is a phenomenon that requires further pondering, and not necessarily with an eye to sinister implications. Not only the popular press but observers as acute as Günter Grass were deeply impressed by the new respect that Jews had won in the eyes of Germans.) In other Western countries, the ironic contrast of remembered horrors was of course not so pointed, but apart from that, response to the Israeli victory elsewhere seems to have been much the same as in Germany.

It is obviously true, as many intellectuals have been quick to point out, that this glamorous appeal of victory has its special moral perils. It is easily associated with an admiration of armed power, efficiency, and success as ultimate goods in themselves, and it may lead, as one can assume it did in the case of many Jews, to a simpleminded *Schadenfreude,* a closing of the imagination to

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the human suffering of the vanquished and the moral complications of the victory. But there is, I would contend, no attitude toward politics and history, however "ethical" it purports to be, that does not have its own lurking moral perils, and the positive didactic effect of the Israeli victory is hardly invalidated by the possible misuse to which the idea of the victory can be put. I may squirm at sharing even half an opinion with *The Voice of Americanism*, but I see no reason to disapprove of the Israeli military success simply because the radical Right gloats over it with bared cold-warrior fangs.

To the extent that the Jews have been thought of in recent years as implicated in history, not merely floating through the Chagallesque heavens of a recollected world of folklore, the image they have presented has been, necessarily, a grim one: endless lines of wan, gaunt figures trudging off to the factories of death. Against this terrible background, there is an inescapable sharpness in the counter-image of Jews in armored columns rolling across the Sinai to crush the massed army that had intended their destruction. The significance of this antithesis, perhaps because of its simple graphic boldness, does not seem to have been lost on the common man.

Goronwy Rees, writing in the August issue of *Encounter*, describes a popular English attitude toward the victorious Israelis which seems virtually identical with popular feeling in this country, at least as near as I can gauge it from the press and from personal observation. Among British intellectuals, Rees observes, the response to the victory was cautious, even ambiguous, and here and there in the British press one could actually detect an anti-Semitic sneer. The reaction of the British populace, on the other hand, seems to have been unequivocal and Rees's assessment of its significance deserves careful attention:

> The ordinary man's response was in itself a reflection of one of the most remarkable achievements of the state of Israel; that is to say, to transform the popular image of the Jew, so that it has come to represent something which the great majority regard with respect and admiration, and this is itself only the counterpart of the feelings of pride, of confidence and self-respect which Jews all over the world have acquired as a result of the foundation of Israel. . . . It was this, just as much as any political issue, which was at stake in the Middle East. When General Dayan said that Israel did not need British boys to die for her, he was saying something which expressed the total transformation that has taken place in the relations between the Jew and his fellow men.

THIS GENERAL view, to be sure, is one that has long been urged, at times with defensive insistency, in Zionist circles, but it takes on a new credibility coming from an intelligent outside observer, in the wake of the recent events. Now, apart from those who are clearly committed to the Arab world, whether for reasons of political expedience or cultural sympathy, there is one significant group of people in this country that stubbornly resists the idea of any such transformation, either of Jewish image or relations, whatever the accomplished facts of history. The group I have in mind is made up of the more self-consciously assimilated and militantly "progressive" segments of the American Jewish intelligentsia, whose members, by and large, prove to have such an immense vested interest in one notion or another of Jewish identity that they feel vitally threatened by the proposed validity of other notions.

It is becoming increasingly clear that for a good many Jewish intellectuals Israel's victory was a profoundly unsettling experience. That notoriously tough-minded variety of the American Jewish intellectual, who knows the truth about the destruction of European Jewry according to the gospel of Raul Hilberg and Hannah Arendt, must surely have felt an uneasy stirring in his preconceptions at the sight of those Israeli Mystères flashing wing upon wing across his television screen, and at the voices of the professional analysts describing the Israeli campaign as the most perfectly executed operation in modern military history. From the growing reaction in print against Israel, it is apparent that many of these intellectuals are attempting to resolve their own uneasiness by directing at least a qualified hostility toward Israel, hastening to dissociate themselves from this use of naked power by Jews. It escapes me how any Jew can so smugly expect to have it both ways: on the one hand, to pass judgment on European Jewry for acquiescing in its own destruction; on the other hand, to look askance at Israel for its thorough and efficient use of force when the alternative was annihilation. Thus, Jews who fail to save themselves are victims of their own "ghetto mentality," and those who are resourceful enough to rout their would-be murderers are lumped together, in a phrase that seems to be gaining currency at an alarming rate, as the "Prussia of the Middle East."

In the aftermath of the third Israeli-Arab war, one begins to suspect that intellectuals may be more thoroughly enslaved by stereotypes than other kinds of people, perhaps because they are always so sure they can produce reasoned justifications for the particular stereotypes to which they cling. At any rate, some Jewish intellectuals have been exhibiting an impressive capacity to alter either the facts, or the terminology defining the facts, in order to keep their own cherished preconceptions intact. One simple way out of the quandary of discovering Israelis not behaving as Jews are supposed to behave is a flat insistence that Israelis are no longer Jews. A revealing instance of this particular approach is the review-essay on J. F. Steiner's *Treblinka* by Bruno Bettel-

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heim in *The New Republic* of July 1. Bettelheim makes no direct allusion to the latest war in the Middle East, and it is at least possible that he completed the review before the fighting broke out, but the relevance of his argument to the recent events is inescapable.

Bettelheim objects to Steiner's account of the Treblinka uprising because it fails to make clear that everywhere in Europe those who tried to fight back were a pitifully minuscule minority, while the vast majority of victims submitted meekly to their own destruction because they were "ghetto Jews" trained by the centuries in the ways of submission. The only ones who resisted were those who had broken decisively with the ghetto culture. Bettelheim does not even try to explain how he proposes to attach the "ghetto" label to the masses of highly acculturated Jews from Germany, France, Holland, and the larger cities of Eastern Europe, who were murdered by the Nazis, and every step of his analysis is based on a thoroughly unexamined notion of ghetto Jewry as a fixed quantity in a crude historical calculus. As a kind of counter-refrain to the time-honored chant, "the people of Israel lives," Bettelheim insists again and again in his essay that "though Israel is alive, the Jewish ghetto people . . . was murdered." Which is to say, the connection between the people we call "Jews" in Israel and the real, ghetto Jews of Europe is merely a connection of homonyms—the same name for two completely different things. "Israel lives because long before the holocaust the active elements of ancient Jewry [in Bettelheim's shaky historical vocabulary, apparently a synonym for ghetto Jewry] had broken with a medieval culture to create a new and entirely different nation." As for those several million anomalies of today's world who are by no means ghetto Jews but in whom a stubborn sense of Jewish identity persists, Bettelheim writes these off as "intermediary Jews—who I am convinced will pass away, either by becoming . . . citizen[s] of Israel, or by assimilation through intermarriage."

Bettelheim's uncompromising division between Israeli and Jew is identical with the one made by Georges Friedmann in *The End of the Jewish People?*, and since I have already debated Friedmann's thesis at length in these pages,* I will only observe here that Bettelheim, like Friedmann, reasons from an enormously inadequate and inaccurate conception of the Jewish people through the ages as a monolithic entity—in all times and places, pale, cringing ghetto-dwellers—and like Friedmann he shows himself quite out of touch with certain essential facts of consciousness shared by large numbers of Jews both in Israel and America. What is especially ironic about this restatement of the familiar thesis that the Israelis and the Jews are two different peoples is that it should be put forward now, at the very moment when an unguessed depth of solidarity between the Jews of the diaspora and the Jews of Israel has been so dramatically revealed. In the recent crisis, the mass of "intermediary Jews" in America and Europe shared with the "post-Jewish" Israeli nationals a profound sense of participation in a fatal juncture of Jewish history, and the very urgency of national feeling flowed from a common awareness that Jewish history had not ended at Auschwitz and could not be allowed to end in modern Israel.

* "The Question of Survival," March 1967.

An opposite strategy of the Jewish intellectual for exorcising this new, unwanted image of a tough, self-reliant Jewish nation is simply to deny the facts. In its pure form, this response seems to be pretty well limited to the more wall-eyed adherents of the doctrinaire Left, but subtler, more restrained versions of the same tactic are detectable in the comments on Israel even of many moderate leftists. One extreme example may be instructive, simply as an illustration of the power of the mind to evade reality. In a letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle* on June 20, Alvah Bessie, an old-time Marxist who was once drama critic for *New Masses,* and is now active in Bay Area left-wing politics, identifies himself to readers as an American Jew moved by conscience to express his moral horror over Israel's actions. The letter, predictably, hews close to the Moscow and Peking lines on the Middle East: Israel was created by Western imperialism to be a "buffer and irritant"; the Israeli attack on the Arabs was a "Pearl Harbor"; Israel's stand on occupied territory is sheer "arrogance"; and so forth. Serenely turning his back on history, Bessie, as an American Jew, "does not feel it possible to reverse the diaspora," and were it possible, he would be opposed in principle. What is most interesting, however, as an illustration of how a supposed intellectual can be the captive of the most primitive mental stereotypes, is Bessie's logical demonstration of why Israel must have had American help or collusion in the fighting:

> Have the Arabs, whose fighting tradition is fierce, courageous, and historically conditioned, become cowards overnight, military imbeciles, or just plain stupid? Are the Israelis military geniuses or did they move with the tacit assurance that they had support in high places?

Bessie's knowledge of Arab history and military skill would seem to be drawn exclusively from old Hollywood movies—technicolor visions of fiercely noble figures galloping across the desert with upraised scimitars, their white robes flapping in the wind. It has been a thousand years since the "historically conditioned" Arab warriors have won a war, and their military imbecility in the recent fighting—digging their tanks into the sand, following Russian manuals designed for other terrains and conditions—is a matter of public record. The very idea, on the other hand, of Israeli military

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genius is patently absurd, according to Bessie (despite the overwhelming evidence that it exists), because Jews, as we all have always known, are not fighters.

Less doctrinaire figures of the American Left, with a greater appearance of intellectual respectability, have been shifting the facts rather less violently, and in the opposite direction. The more reasonable among them appear to concede that Israel's existence was actually threatened by the Arabs, but now that Israel has succeeded in warding off the threat so decisively, the Jewish state is exposed for them as a breeding-ground of chauvinism and brutal militarism, a callous victimizer of its vulnerable neighbors—which is pretty much what really "enlightened" intellectuals of Jewish descent had secretly suspected all along. This image of a bellicose Israel is all the more readily acceptable because it fits so neatly into a popular New Left mythology of world politics in which the nations are divided into sinister superpowers and innocent, freedom-loving peoples of the Third World. Israel, if not actually a tool of Western imperialism, is imagined as a beachhead of corrupt Western values, a sort of small-scale America, polluting the pure Third-World sands of the Middle East.

One instructive document in this respect is a petition circulated in the academic community this summer under the heading, "A Call for Respect and Humanity in the Middle East Crisis." In the initial list of signatories, more than a third were Jews (the most notable was Noam Chomsky, the outspoken critic of American involvement in Vietnam), the rest were more or less evenly divided among Arabs, teachers of Arabic civilization, and teachers of Christian religion, with the additional name of Arnold Toynbee to give the whole a proper cachet. Let me say at once that the two broad aspirations of the petition are ones to which I feel any intelligent supporter of Israel ought to subscribe unhesitatingly: a call for compassion and material aid for the Arab refugees, and an appeal to the member states of the UN to put aside cold-war intrigues and act for the welfare of the peoples of the Middle East. More questionable is the call to the Israeli government to respect the Islamic shrines under its control, because of the gratuitous and misleading implication that Israel has ever done, or intended to do, anything else. The really peculiar note, however, of the petition is struck in its affirmation that it has been made "on behalf of the peoples of the Third World" by individuals who "identify intimately and respectfully with their traditions and creative goals." One wonders why a Noam Chomsky or a Jerrold Katz, beyond the call of humanitarianism, need identify intimately and respectfully with the traditions of Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Kuwait, except for the naive assumption that all the petty dictators and minor-league Machiavels of the Afro-Asian nations somehow represent the progressive force in world politics and culture. But then Jews have been performing this kind of self-abasing mental backbend ever since they first took up the cause of world revolution a century ago: it has always been Jewish nationalism that has been denounced by Jews as a force of reaction.

PROBABLY THE most influential statement yet made by an American Jewish intellectual on the Middle East crisis is I. F. Stone's article in the *New York Review of Books* of August 3. Stone's assessment of the situation is far more balanced, and somewhat more informed, than any of the others I have considered, but the neat equation he appears to make between Arab and Israeli claims is itself misleading, and his concern for a peaceful and progressive world order leads him to a moral attack on Jewish statehood which is based upon fundamental confusions about the meaning of that concept. Now Stone has on occasion written cogently about Vietnam and other subjects, and if one seeks to discover why he should have concocted here such an extraordinary brew of evasions, misrepresentations, and sophistries, I think the cause must be looked for in his own ambivalence as an American Jewish intellectual confronted by the intractable realities of the Jewish state. At one point in his essay, he speaks of a "moral schizophrenia" that Israel has imposed on the Jews of the world, but a careful reading of his argument suggests that the source of the moral schizophrenia is in the writer himself.

It is only toward the end of the article that Stone admits he has felt "honor bound," as a Jew emotionally tied to the birth of Israel, to devote most of his account to the Arab side. In a curious footnote to this remark, he lists in chronological sequence all his visits to Israel and his writings on the founding of the state, apparently to establish both his sympathy for and expertise on Israel, though the latter in any case is belied by the garbled details on Israeli politics and culture in the body of the article. (It might be observed that since the recent war, a great many American Jewish intellectuals seem prepared to speak in this fashion as experts on Israel, often invoking the authority of "the prophetic tradition" for their views.) Stone's conception of "honor" proves to be a peculiar one, because it involves not merely giving ample space to the Arab side, but the adjustment of certain key facts, and the forgetting of others, in order to make the Israelis seem culpable, the Arabs merely victimized. Thus Stone begins his essay by asserting that in each of the three Israeli-Arab wars both Israel's territory and the number of Arab homeless grew, though of course there were neither refugees nor territorial gains after the fighting in 1956. The single, ghastly incident of Deir Yassin in 1948 is eased into a vague series of massacres by a rhetorical strategem, while the moderate Haganah ("Jewish

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terrorism . . . in milder form") is casually lumped together with the militant Irgun whose extremist policies it bitterly opposed, so that a stronger case can be made for Israeli responsibility for the refugees. Zionists, according to Stone, "have always chosen to forget" the passage in the Balfour Declaration guaranteeing the civil and religious rights of minorities in Palestine, though in fact Zionists have always made a point of underscoring this provision of the Declaration as proof of its fairness, and the founders of the state made sure to incorporate it in Israel's declaration of independence.

These and other strategic modifications of fact, together with a determined silence on the Arabs' large share of responsibility for the plight of the refugees and on the sustained efforts of the Arab states to extirpate Israel, produce an image of the Jewish state as a cynical expansionist power whose intransigence toward the refugees and discrimination against its own Arab citizens constitute the main obstacles to peace in the Middle East. Even if we grant some broken, scattered lines of truth in Stone's distorted picture of Israel, his "new approach," as the *New York Review* heralded it, to the Middle East conflict leads nowhere because he fails so completely to distinguish between moral desiderata and political solutions. Israel should surely do much more for the refugees of both wars than it has done as yet, but the refugees, who were driven from their homes originally as a result of the first Arab assault on the Jewish settlement, have never been the *source* of Arab implacability toward Israel. Certainly in respect to Egypt and Syria, the two most militant of the Arab states, the total elimination of the refugee problem would make no difference in their posture toward Israel: they would both still be unswervingly committed, by nationalist ideology and popular feeling, to wipe out the "Zionist aggression," as they term the mere existence of a Jewish state in the Middle East.

What is especially interesting about Stone's presentation is why he should take such trouble to suggest this image of a callous, narrowly nationalistic Israel, and why he should insist on the use of high-sounding moral terms, and little else, to describe the political conflict and its possible resolution. Stone repeatedly reminds us that he judges Israel as a Jew, and the distinction he himself draws between Jew and Israeli is most revealing:

> A Lilliputian nationalism cannot distill truths for all mankind. Here lie the roots of a growing divergence between Jew and Israeli; the former with a sense of mission as a Witness [*sic*] in the human wilderness, the latter concerned only with his own tribe's welfare.

It is surely a bizarre irony that this spokesman for the modern progressive Jewish intelligentsia should unblushingly revive the mock-Christian Mission theology of classical German Reform Judaism, so thoroughly discredited by a whole century of Jewish experience, with all the naivete and spiritual arrogance of its assumption that the Jews have a unique role as guides to the conscience of mankind. Stone's general view, moreover, of Jewish history and nationalism is oddly reminiscent of the 19th-century German intellectual climate. He identifies himself at the outset as a "man of rationalist tradition and universalist ideals," and he soon makes clear his opposition in principle to all ethnocentric movements, which for him invariably involve "a certain moral imbecility." This first principle of faith is too sacred to be violated by anything so impure as a historical fact. Thus Stone does not hesitate to assert that the greatest periods of "Jewish creativity" have been associated with tolerant, pluralistic civilizations; the thousand years of Jewish history that produced the Hebrew Bible are not, apparently, a period of creativity, while the Roman, Persian, and Islamic civilizations, in which Jews lived in ethnic enclaves, often surrounded by hostility, are to be thought of as modern pluralistic cultures where individuals are free agents. In classical Reform (or Christian) manner, Stone sees the prophets as the only glimmer of light in the Jewish dark age that preceded Philo because they were able to "overcome" their ethnocentricity. This may bring back to some readers nostalgic recollections of Wellhausen and the 19th-century evolutionist critics, but it does not jibe very well either with the evidence of the biblical record itself or the testimony of modern scholarship, both of which show an indissoluble wedding of universalist vision and ethnocentric imagination in the earliest stages of the Bible as well as in the noblest passages of the later prophets. There is no clearer example than the Hebrew Bible of how ethnocentricity, far from being opposed to universalism, can serve as the ground for its development. Such lapses in historical accuracy on Stone's part expose the inner hollowness of his argument precisely because he pretends to measure the present against the standards of the Jewish past: what needs to be emphasized is that his measuring-stick is warped by ideology—and an oddly anachronistic one—and that it is held in ignorant hands.

BUILDING ON THIS foundation of pseudo-history, Stone finds it easier to put down the state of Israel as an expression of "tribalism." In the precise sense of the term, tribalism is of course a concept diametrically opposed to nationalism, but Stone uses it rather as a vague pejorative, perhaps even with the old self-mocking Jewish epithet, "member of the Tribe," at the back of his mind. He professes to be "chilled" and "horrified" by the perfectly innocent declarations of David Ben Gurion and Moshe Dayan that they would like Israel to remain a Jewish state, but his shocked reaction is the result of his own insistence that

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Jewish nationalism means tribalism—which is to say, that the idea of a secular Jewish state implies chauvinism, exclusionism, racism, systematic suppression of minorities, and apparently even theocracy. There are, to be sure, visible gaps between Israel's egalitarian ideals and the social and political actualities of the state, especially in regard to the Arab minority and the Jews of Afro-Asian origin. Stone, however, tendentiously exaggerates these existing inequalities—symptomatically, he cites a then unpublished manuscript with the provocative and propagandistic title, *The Aryanization of the Jewish State,* written by Michael Selzer, a young Jew born in India who briefly resided in Israel and is now in the employ of the virulently anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism. A more essential failing is his refusal to see that discrimination against minorities in Israel stems from a combination of cultural and historical circumstances in no way intrinsic to the idea of a democratic Jewish state and which, one may reasonably hope, will be changed in the course of time. Minorities, after all, do not have to be persecuted minorities, though this is what Stone appears to assume.

On the evidence, moreover, of Israel's cultural life, of which Stone seems quite unaware, the accusation of tribalism is still further from the truth. More impressive, finally, than Israel's military achievements is the remarkable ability it has demonstrated over the years to remain part of the large and changing world of modern culture, even to make its own palpable contributions to that world, in scientific research and academic inquiry, in literature and the arts. It is hard to see why a J. L. Talmon, an S. M. Eisenstadt, a Claude Vigée, are any less "universalist" than their Jewish academic counterparts in the United States, or why, say, the Jewish intellectuals in Israel who write for *Molad* and *Keshet* are any more "tribalistic" than those in America who write for the *New York Review of Books.* If modern Jewish history has one lesson to teach, from the early Enlighteners and assimilationists to the good Jewish Marxists murdered by Stalin, it is that a lofty universalism with no roots in national identity exists only in the fervid imagination of the refugees from the ghettos, and that one must belong to a particular part of mankind before embracing the whole of it.

As a self-proclaimed Jewish universalist, Stone is intensely uncomfortable with the idea that the Jews should want and have a flesh-and-blood existence as a people in the real geography of this world. Instructively, his sense of unease is precisely that of the numerous American Christian leaders who are at once vociferous exponents of "dialogue" and implicit or outspoken opponents of Jewish statehood. Willard Oxtoby, one of the circle of Christian apologists for the Arabs in the department of religion at Yale, is even more explicit than Stone in echoing the aspirations of classical Reform. Writing in *The Christian Century* of July 26, he tries to explain to his fellow-Christians—after repeating the crudest Arab fabrications about Israeli atrocities—how deeply entrenched is this pernicious idea of peoplehood in the minds of American Jews. "There is slim chance," he laments, "of a reaffirmation of the American Reform rabbis' 1885 Pittsburgh platform: 'We are no longer a nation but a spiritual community and therefore expect no return to Palestine.'" Reform Judaism, except for its lagging rear-guard, has long since renounced its opposition to Zionism as well as its disavowal of Jewish peoplehood, and one of the most bizarre turns of the recent events in the Middle East is that hostile Christians and progressive Jewish secularists alike have been moved to take over this vacuous and pretentious concept of the Jews as a "spiritual community."

Speaking as a member of such a hypothetical community, a Witness in the wilderness of this world, I. F. Stone has no compunction about exchanging the role of political analyst for that of homiletic moralist. In the conclusion, or rather peroration, of his essay, he exhorts the latter-day Zionists to conquer the "steep and arid mountains of prejudice" in their midst, even as they once conquered swamp and desertland. This is surely an admirable sentiment in which we will all concur, but the implication that peace in the Middle East somehow hinges upon an act of moral nobility on the part of the Israelis (for Stone offers no other "approach") is completely false and dangerously misleading.

Morality on the subject of Israel comes cheap to an American Jew because he is not directly confronted with the responsibilities of power, the naked needs of survival. This is not in any way to suggest that Israel should be immune from severe criticism, whether from without or within. Such criticism, however, must be made with the honest recognition that the Jews of Israel have chosen definitively to enter into a new relationship as collectively responsible agents in history, with all the complicated burden of practical and moral choices, all the tensions between values and actions, ideals and actuality, implied by such involvement in the mixed stuff of reality. The founding of the state has introduced a qualitative change in the facts of existence for every Jew, whether or not he chooses to be a Zionist. Israel's very presence among the nations is an affirmation that the Jews are not symbols, witnesses, ghostly emissaries of some obscure mission, but men like other men who need to occupy physical space in a real world before they can fulfill whatever loftier aspirations they may have.

Now that Israel has so dramatically thwarted the enemies prepared to destroy it, there are many critics who want to see in the Jewish state an affirmation of physical might and nothing more. The soundest—and most influential—Zion-

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ist thinkers, however, have always envisaged the physical land as a place where a renewed life of the spirit could take root, and for all the talk about decline of values in Israel over the last few years, this vision is not dead, nor are the signs of its attempted implementation, however imperfect, lacking. The Jews and Christians who represent Israel as a falling off of the Jewish spirit into brute materialism are precisely those who insist that Jewish life be only a sickly half-life of vague idealism and piously remembered beliefs—in the "realm of the spirit." I know of no saner and more eloquent answer to such people than these words of the Hebrew poet, Chaim Nachman Bialik, spoken in 1925 at the opening of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem:

Without the Land of Israel—land in the plain meaning of the word—there is neither hope nor promise for a Jewish future in any place, at any time. Our basic conception of the nation's material and spiritual existence has by this point undergone a radical change. We in no way accept this split or distinction between matter and spirit, just as we accept no such distinction between Jew and human being. We declare the law now not according to the School of Shammai, who claimed that heaven was created first, and not according to the School of Hillel, who claimed that the earth was created first, but according to the Sages, in whose view both were created at once through a single divine utterance—and the one has neither reality nor existence without the other.

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In the Light of Israel's Victory

MILTON HIMMELFARB

IT'S EASY to forget. Here we are, some months later, and the news from Israel is of headache and annoyance, trouble and difficulty. We have almost forgotten the joy of unbelievable victory, and all the more our fear and depression in those weeks before the actual fighting broke out, when Nasser was tightening his noose. Political metaphors from thirty years ago kept running through our minds and conversations. We said, Munich; we said, Czechoslovakia; we said, salami tactics. As the days drew on we asked ourselves, "What are they waiting for? Why didn't they jump on Sharm el-Sheikh right away? The longer they wait, the worse it will be."

Some of us surprised ourselves and each other by our concern. Thirty and forty years ago we wouldn't have felt that way. Not to be parochial Jews was our pride. Now there is less of that kind of anti-parochialism than there used to be—not none at all; only less.

In the same way, there is less self-hate than there used to be. The surprise is that some Jews still had to find a reassurance about themselves in the military valor of the Israelis. One would have thought that that had been taken care of in 1948, with the Israeli war of independence. Israel, it then became clear, provided for the Jews of the United States and other countries like it a kind of contemporary pioneer or cowboy ancestry, reassuring us by showing us what we wanted and needed to have shown—that while Jews can be pretty good with a fountain pen and briefcase, they can also if necessary be pretty good with a rifle or tank.

THIS SUMMER an unreconstructed anti-parochialist Jewish scholar was sarcastic. The Jews talk a great game of internationalism, he said, but when the chips are down they are nationalist. The answer to this is: not always; only now. Those of his age and mine aren't happy about where our internationalism led us a generation ago. That the Nazis wanted to murder every Jew they could get their hands on was the last thing about Nazism that interested us. For us the big question, the question that called forth all our dialectical virtuosity, was, Is Nazism the final stage of capitalism? The middle-aged don't want to incur *that* guilt again.

As for the young, I think that what happened to them a few months ago was a sudden realization that genocide, anti-Semitism, a desire to murder Jews—all those things were not merely what one had been taught about a bad, stupid past, not merely the fault of elders who are almost a different species. Those things were real and present. Internationalist, anti-parochial young Jews had taken it for granted that the Jews are the fat cats of this world and that no concern need be wasted on them. Concern should go to the wretched of the earth. Suddenly the Jews of Israel were seen to be potentially as wretched as anyone can be.

An aside to the Jewish young: each generation finds its own good reason for not being concerned about the Jews. Now it's that we're fat cats. Maybe so—though not all are—but earlier in the century most Jews were undeniably skinny. That made no difference. From prison Rosa Luxemburg once wrote a friend: "Why do you pester me with your Jewish sorrow? There is no room in my heart for the Jewish troubles." The sorrow and troubles of others had filled all the room in her heart. On this J. L. Talmon has commented: "Twenty-five years later, after the Germans had occupied it, there was not a single Jew left alive in Rosa's native Zamosc, which was also the home-town of I. L. Peretz."

Today internationalism is less automatically an O.K. word or idea than it used to be. What is internationalism today, who is internationalist? Nasser? Nasser called for genocide. Old-fashioned pro-Sovietism? The Soviets were disgusting in the UN, cynical, even anti-Semitic. At best they were coarsely philistine, unable to understand that the things they said were repulsive—especially the repeated equation of the Israelis with the Nazis.

In fact, the Soviets' calling the Israelis Nazis was itself Nazi-like. The Nazis told their lies for more than the usual reason, that they hoped to profit from telling them. They told lies because they were sadists. Lying, and above all their kind of lying, is a sadistic gratification: it twists, it tortures, it murders the truth. And this sadistic gratification can have an added, utilitarian advantage. By appalling and terrifying opponents, it can paralyze them. It can scare them into submission, or into the kind of weakness that makes their defeat probable.

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Here were the Soviet authorities harping on Nazism and calling Israel Nazi, but in their own country they themselves have consistently repressed the truth about what Nazism did to the Jews. About a year ago a pathetic little victory was won for liberalism in the Soviet arts: the government allowed a book about Babi Yar to be published. Now even that is in question. The author was careful to say that the Nazis murdered others as well, besides Jews, but he also said that the Nazis found collaborators among the Soviet citizenry. The patriots, displeased with that unpatriotic statement, are charging him with having exaggerated the Jews' suffering—a grossly counterrevolutionary thing to do.

In this country, grumbling about the Jewish masses' desertion of internationalism was heard from a Communist spokesman, a political coprophage of many years' standing. His kind of internationalism hasn't changed. A few months before Hitler double-crossed Stalin and invaded Russia, the Union for Democratic Action was founded, at a meeting where two extraordinary speakers spoke. The first was R. H. Tawney, of *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. Referring to a neutrality that was then fashionable, he said it reminded him of the provincial lord mayor who, upon being invested with the insignia of office, promised the townsmen that he would be neither partial, on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, impartial. Reinhold Niebuhr was the second speaker. Of what the Communists called internationalism—in those days they were denouncing the British imperialist war—he observed that not much can be said for the man who believes, "My country, right or wrong," but even less for the man who believes, "The other fellow's country, right or wrong."

ARABS, CASTROITES, and some of the New Left here have been saying that Israel is an artificial state. When intellectuals were the leaders of the Algerian independence movement, before the toughs had banished or imprisoned them, they admitted that Algerian consciousness was new: like the demarcation of the territory itself, it had been called into being by the French rulers and oppressors. Yet today no leftist would argue that Algeria is artificial. Israel is artificial—a country whose people have a consciousness of historical distinctiveness thousands of years old, affirmed in a literature that is ancient and living; a country, moreover, whose citizens identify their fate with its fate, and who were more determined than their government itself to pay the price of war for continued independence.

In 1967 Jews of all kinds, from the most parochial to the most internationalist, were resolved that there should be no more genocide against the Jews—particularly against the Israelis, whose Jewish weight, so to speak, is greater than that of other Jews. We thought of the Syrians in Haifa or Tel Aviv and felt sick. Compared with the Syrians, the Egyptians are calm and reasonable.

The change was best seen in France, and precisely among the French Jews of old stock. One of these people has said about himself and the others like him, "We aren't assimilationist, we're just assimilated." In 1917 they (or their parents) were dismayed by the Balfour Declaration. They were zealous, spirit-of-'89 Frenchmen.

What was supposed to be in the French interest they held to be in theirs, and they would never oppose their government out of mere Jewish interest. In 1967 they opposed their government. The French government was neutral against Israel and the old-stock French Jews were for Israel. Experienced in what genocide against Jews is, they would have no more of it. About thirty years ago Maurice Samuel debated a Reform rabbi of the old school. The rabbi: "Mr. Samuel, how would you feel if you were an Arab?" Mr. Samuel: "Rabbi, how would you feel if you were a Jew?" Which doesn't mean that we're anti-Arab or don't want to be friends with the Arabs. We would like to help them and be friends with them. But how? They won't even talk to us. We feel for them in their humiliation, but what can we do? Our charity would only compound their humiliation.

In short, the Jews seem to be changing a little; but not as it may have been thought we would. For example, if by Zionism is meant agreement with Zionist ideology, we are no more Zionist than we used to be. Two or three days before the shots were fired, a midwestern professor told me about a plan he had for airlifting Israeli children to the United States, so that they would be out of danger when war broke out. He was sure that he could place five hundred children in his city. That was a personal undertaking. In France it was the official Jewish community that got ready to receive Israeli children. According to Zionist ideology, this was topsy-turvy: Israel is supposed to be the refuge.

HOW THEN SHALL we describe the change that seems to be taking place among us? What has been happening is a slow bringing into consciousness of a disillusionment that has been going on for a long time now with the characteristic outlook of modern, Enlightened Jews. It is a shift from the general to the particular, from the abstract to the concrete.

The disillusionment is greatest with our old idea that our enemies aren't on the Left—which is to say, that all our enemies are on the Right. For most practical purposes, that is where our enemies were, in the 19th century. The French Revolution had equality for the Jews as a corollary. We were for the Revolution and its extension, and the Right was against. Now the location of our enemies is not quite so simple. We have enemies on the Right, but also on the Left; and sometimes it is hard to distinguish between Right

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and Left. Sometimes our enemies on the Right and Left are happy to cooperate with each other against us.

Among all the Arab countries the one least our enemy is Tunisia, in the moderate center. Bourguiba jailed the ringleaders of a mob that wanted some fun with a pogrom. In Morocco the right-wing Istiqlal called for a purge of Jews from the civil service. So did the head of the left-wing labor movement, until the king jailed him. Nasser is supposed to be of the Left. After the war his newspapers went back to publishing the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

Actually, there was a more than negligible amount of anti-Semitism on the Left in the 19th century, as the historian and economist Edmund Silberner has shown. August Bebel had to warn the German workers that anti-Semitism is the socialism of fools, and a reasonably firm anti-anti-Semitism doesn't date from much before the time when Jean Jaurès was able to persuade the French Socialists, against important opposition, that the Dreyfus case wasn't just an internal squabble of the bourgeoisie. As for the *Protocols*, their Stalinist version was the scenario of the Jewish Doctors' Plot, which only Stalin's death kept from being staged. In Stalinist Czechoslovakia the scenario was staged in court, and Slansky and others were hanged. Of those who weren't hanged but only imprisoned, the survivors seem to have been rehabilitated—that is the technical term—but only personally and individually; the government and party have to this day not retracted the *Protocols*-like (and even racist) accusations, propaganda, and testimony that accompanied those trials.

In the summer of 1967 the Soviet authorities started another propaganda campaign that made you wonder whether Stalin wasn't alive and in hiding, in the Soviet office of Jewish affairs. The article in the pro-Soviet *Nouvel Observateur* that Theodore Draper quoted here in August represents "a high Soviet official" as saying:

> . . . some of our leaders began thinking of taking the risk of limited military action on behalf of Egypt within the framework of a "prudent challenge" to the United States. However, this solution was finally rejected. (As elsewhere, the pressure of Jewish opinion made its weight felt in the USSR right up to the leading circles.)

There speaks the anti-Semite, who knows that the inmost secret of things is the Jewish conspiracy. This high Soviet official and Marxist can imagine no other reason for his leaders' avoiding an insanely rash adventure than "the pressure of Jewish opinion." In the Soviet Union, the pressure of Jewish opinion—a melancholy joke.

India is generally held to be of the Left. In the United Nations India came up with a remarkable theory of international relations. India said to Israel: "If someone is strangling you, you have no right to shoot in self-defense. You have a right to shoot only if shooting is the method your killer has chosen." What India didn't say, because it hardly needed to be said, was that this applied to Israel alone. Certainly India wouldn't adopt it for herself, as in her relations with Pakistan. Whoever supposed that hypocritical, self-righteous moralism was essentially Western, because a by-product of biblical monotheism—"the Judeo-Christian tradition"—must have been wrong. Look at India.

In the United States, later, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee—what's in a name?—brought this forth: "Zionists lined up Arab victims and shot them in the back in cold blood. This [a blurred photograph] is the Gaza Strip, Palestine, not Dachau, Germany." Then followed a few kind words about the Rothschilds. (The fascist National States Rights party's *Thunderbolt* said the same things, at the same time.) SNCC anti-Semitic? Of course not. In answer to questions, it explained that it doesn't oppose all Jews, "only Jewish oppressors"—including, besides Israel, "those Jews in the little Jew shops in the [Negro] ghetto." Say what you will about Marxism-Leninism-Maoism-Fidelism-Fanonism, what other mode of analysis would have been able to trace the causes of Negro oppression so unerringly to the real centers of economic and political power in international colonialism-imperialism and American capitalism—Israel and the little Jew shops? The New Left hasn't much use for such old monuments as Bebel. Of what pertinence can it be to the young that the middle-aged remember a Nazi Left—the Strassers and their gang—which was anti-capitalist and anti-(British) imperialist? Mostly, the New Left is back on the pro-Nasser and anti-Israel track.

If we are becoming disillusioned with the Left, that could mean we are becoming more conservative. Hence, perhaps, some of our Gentile neighbors and friends' irony at our expense during the excitement. The irony wasn't necessarily malicious. In general, it was a way of saying: "Welcome back to common humanity. Your old enthusiasms always seemed strange to us, but your present enthusiasm we can understand very well. Naturally, a Jew would be worried about Israel's danger and rejoice over its victory. That is the point. You Jews are becoming more natural."

More natural, yes; conservative, not quite. In England the Conservatives were said to be the stupid party. (But if the Liberals were so clever, why are they dead?) In the United States the conservatives are the stingy party. The Jews still belong to the generous party, as is proved by the uproar in Wayne, N.J., where we were accused of being liberals, always voting for more liberal school budgets. The Jews of Wayne didn't attempt to deny it. They said that the purpose and effect of the statement were anti-Semitic, not that its substance was false.

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What then are we becoming? To use symbols from the English political tradition, let us say that having been Radicals, we are slowly moving toward the Whigs (left-wing Whigs, of course). Or, to use an American symbolism of persons, we may say that having been partisans of Jefferson, we are growing more friendly to Lincoln.

Maybe it is as Whigs that we are learning new respect for old wisdom—such as that admonition of Oxenstierna's: "My son, if you only knew with how little wisdom the world is ruled." To the degree that we are not incapacitated for living in a practical world, we have always known that to be true, and we have made allowances for it in our own affairs and the affairs of government. We have done what engineers do. We have assigned to future events a Murphy factor—a margin of safety to guard against the accident and error and silliness that are bound to befall any human enterprise. (Engineers, told that a bridge should be able to bear a load of *N* tons, design it to bear 3*N* tons.) But here was a case where even an extravagant Murphy factor was not enough to guard against the surprise of human stupidity. Nasser deliberately goads the Israelis into acting militarily. He knows that a shooting war is about to break out, that it must break out. He isn't quite sure whether his men or the Israelis will pull the trigger first, but he knows that someone is about to pull it. Having done all this, and knowing all this, he is then caught with all his planes on the ground.

There is the folk wisdom: too smart is dumb. General de Gaulle was too smart. A machiavellian, he overlooked Machiavelli's caution against being caught practicing machiavellianism in broad daylight. "Put not your trust in princes": everyone knows that governments will break their word when it suits them. But de Gaulle went too far. Who will now be prepared to give him even the small amount of confidence that earlier might have been given to him? Having so publicly betrayed Israel, how can he expect anyone else to believe him?

An old illusion was that war is good, to which moderns and liberals responded with the illusion that any peace is better than any war. It has been a long time now, at least since Rupert Brooke, that anybody has been able to hear that line of Horace's, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*—sweet and fitting it is to die for your country—without gagging or giggling. The proper stance has been black humor: *Catch-22*. But rather less so for the Israelis. Theirs was no artificial state, no absurd Moloch. Its citizens were willing to die for it because they knew that if it died, so would they and their families and their hopes. Not much alienation there. One almost envies them.

It is an old, sad truth: a state acquires its legitimacy—the opposite of artificiality—by the blood that its citizens shed in its defense; as the early Christians said, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. An elite acquires its legitimacy by being prepared to die in a higher proportion than others. Israel's elite died disproportionately. The war dead included many majors and colonels.

MODERN, ENLIGHTENED people, and especially Jews, have generally had a certain amount of contempt for the military enterprise. Our two great culture-heroes, Einstein and Freud, were notably contemptuous. What business is war for an intelligent man? (Note that this is bourgeois. Engels's friends called him The General, because of his interest in military theory; Lenin annotated Clausewitz; Trotsky commanded the Red Army; Mao made the Long March and says that power grows from the barrel of a gun.) Now, for people like us, the Israeli generals are redeeming the military reputation. It isn't easy to belittle what they did, or to upstage them.

One reads that the Israelis are a major military power in the Middle East. One reads that they have the best tactical air force in the world. Unbelievable. How could they have become such good soldiers? They had no living martial tradition. Peaceable men can become warriors because of love of country, and the roots of the Israeli army today lie in the more or less underground Haganah of twenty and thirty years ago; but while the Haganah could train company commanders, it couldn't train a general staff. Where does the skill of the Israeli generals come from?

It remains true that the military temptation is a certain kind of stupidity. Fortunately the Israelis haven't lost the old Jewish suspicion of *goyim-nakhes*—roughly, "Gentile fun." This expression is to be found in *Ulysses,* Joyce having learned it from his friend Svevo, a modern Jew of the Hapsburg empire who remembered some scraps of moribund German Yiddish. (The East European phrasing would be *goyish nakhes.*) The first time I actually heard it used in speech was when an Israeli official, of German birth and early education, told me about a visit he had made at the Pentagon's invitation to a crack unit of the United States army. Mostly he was impressed, but the spit and polish, snappy saluting, marching to the words and tune of a special song—all these struck him as *goyim-nakhes.*

When he said that, I remembered when the idea behind the words had become clear to me—at, of all things, a not very good movie of Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe.* To defend Rebecca against an accusation of witchcraft, Ivanhoe fights the Templar Front de Boeuf. So that was what it was like when knighthood was in flower, I thought—grown men in iron, mounted on horses in iron, hitting each other with axes and huge swords, the metal clanging on metal making the whole thing sound like a machine shop. Isaac of York in the stands, looking scared and disgusted, seemed

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to me the only adult there. Maybe it is to avoid *goyim-nakhes* that the Israeli army affects sloppiness and informal manners.

If our respect for fighting and military men has gone up, for talking and diplomats it has gone down. Those were weeks when we couldn't tear ourselves away from the proceedings at the UN. At home we compulsively watched television, in our cars we kept the radio on, to work we brought portables. We had no mind for anything else, and it wasn't edifying. You asked yourself how grown men could sit there and pretend to take it seriously. Business was transacted somewhere, off in a corner, but the diplomats had to be physically present at the open sessions, pretending to listen to words—countless words, words innumerable—that were mostly meaningless and often malignant. It appeared to me then that the career of diplomat might not be much superior, for a grown man, to the career of king. What can a diplomat learn from that sort of thing that is better than what the Duke of Windsor says he learned from his experience as Prince of Wales and King Edward VIII? The Duke of Windsor says that he learned never to pass up a chance to sit down, or to go to the toilet.

In America the UN has had few friends more devoted than the Jews. Now we know not only that the UN can be no better than the states of which it is composed—including the so-called nonaligned nations, scurrying about on their little Soviet errands—but also that the organization itself, quite apart from the members, is slightly lower than the angels. "U Thant's war" is unfair —about the most that can be said for him. Ralph Bunche was loyal to Thant—about the most that can be said for *him*.

We relearned the old truth that you can depend only on yourself: Israel had promises and friends, but even if it hadn't wanted to fight on its own, it would have had to. We relearned the old, hard truth that only you can feel your own pain. Who has really cared about the Christian Assyrians? Does anyone know whether any Christian Assyrians are left alive? More Christian clergymen worry about the whooping crane than about the Christian Assyrians. When the last speaker of Old Prussian died, and the last speaker of Cornish, did anyone care? Did any Roman care when the last speaker of Etruscan died?

JEWS WHO MAINTAIN relationships with the Christian clergy were taken aback by the generally reserved attitude of official Christendom toward Israel in its hour of greatest peril. Why the surprise? Christian ecclesiastics have an interest in the Arabs, whether institutional or theological. Through the Christians' eyes they could really not see what through our eyes we saw as most urgently obvious. We saw the incommensurability of Israeli and Arab war aims. We saw that the Arabs wanted to destroy Israel—which is to say, to destroy the Israelis. They saw Israeli prowess and Arab refugees.

What I am about to say, a Jew really shouldn't say to Jews. When we talk with each other about Arab refugees, we shouldn't defend ourselves against charges of heartlessness. We should leave that to our friends. Among ourselves we should remind each other how often we are commanded to love the stranger, not to wrong him or oppress him, and to have one law for him and for the homeborn, because having been strangers in the land of Egypt we know the heart of the stranger. Having been refugees, we should know what it is to be a refugee.

But our friends aren't saying it and it needs to be said. Those who had to flee Bolshevik Russia or Nazi Germany were refugees, because there was no other Russian or German country to receive them. The Arabs are, or should be, more like the Greeks from Turkey after World War I. If the Greeks in Greece had not received the Turkish Greeks there would have been a Greek refugee problem, but the Grecian Greeks couldn't bring themselves to deny refuge to the Turkish Greeks. After the partition of India there were Moslem and Hindu refugee problems, until Pakistan absorbed the Moslems and India absorbed the Hindus. Neither the Moslems nor the Hindus could bring themselves to deny refuge to their fellows from across the border. The West Germans couldn't bring themselves to deny refuge to their fellows from across several borders. Only the Arabs have been able to do it, for almost twenty years. Therefore they have had a triumph. The Arabs turn their backs on other Arabs and the opinion of the world agrees that the Israelis are at fault. Israel, which receives Jews from the Arab lands, in a de facto exchange of populations, is condemned for the Arab refugees.

From a certain point of view, the suspicion of Israelis about the intention of Israeli Arabs shows greater human respect for them than the liberal urging of people like us for Arab integration into Israeli society. Your suspicious Israeli has enough respect for the Arabs to believe that their sentiments aren't determined by a comparison of earning power under an Israeli and an Arab government.

Now the war has been won and humanitarians have their fears and worries over Israeli oppression refreshed by every news report about the looting of a dozen kerosene stoves. No one stops to think any more what victorious Arabs would have done.

A distinguished Protestant theologian wrote a letter to the editor of the New York *Times* condemning "Israel's assault on her Arab neighbors." All, he said, "stand aghast at Israel's onslaught, the most violent, ruthless (and successful) aggression since Hitler's Blitzkrieg . . . aiming not at victory but at annihilation." The most revealing things an intelligent man can say are his foolish

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things. Using Nazi analogies and direct references ("Hitler's Blitzkrieg"), this man implies that the Israelis are Nazis. He actually says that the Israelis wanted to annihilate the Arabs. A learned man, he knows what "annihilation" means. It means making nothing (*nihil*) out of something, destroying utterly. His emotions make him condemn the Israelis for a war aim that was not theirs but, as he concedes, the Arabs'. It was a letter mailed in haste, and the writer must have wished he could recall it. (He was answered by another Protestant theologian, a former student of his, who was not so much pro-Israel or anti-Arab as anti-anti-Semitic.)

THE LETTER was a reaction to a stimulus—a rabbi's persistence, after the Israeli victory, in blaming the Christian churches for their indifference to the probable fate of Israel's Jews. Now, in our more Whiggish mood, we can see that it wasn't reasonable to expect American ecclesiastics to take our peril as seriously as we did.

These are only innocent Americans. For them, what Hitler did is true but not real. Having failed to understand what Hitler did in fact, they could hardly be expected to understand what the Arabs only wanted to do. Europeans understood better—clergymen and leftists together. To be sure, Bertrand Russell and Ralph Schoenman were indignant about Israeli aggression; but they aren't European, never having experienced a Nazi occupation. Jean-Paul Sartre wasn't anti-Israel. In the Communist countries, and even in the Communist parties in other European countries, the official anti-Israel line was unpopular.

The fluttery censoriousness of certain Christian clergymen comes through nicely in a satire by Michael Frayn, a letter to "My dear Israel" from "Your affectionate Great-aunt Britain," in the *Observer*, London—though Frayn had others in mind, as well:

> . . . I have . . . felt obliged to condemn your *unseemly haste* in opening hostilities [and] your insistence on *winning* the war—particularly in such a brash and violent fashion . . . . to insist upon defeating your opponents is a discourtesy which they may find *very hard to forgive*. . . . What makes your behavior all the more perplexing is that when the war commenced you enjoyed the approval and sympathy of polite society as a whole. There you stood, surrounded on all sides by greatly superior hostile forces, whose proclaimed intention was to destroy you utterly. Everybody was *deeply touched!* . . . We shouldn't have let you down! If things had gone badly, we had ships standing by which could have evacuated *several thousand* Israeli survivors—who would have had the *unreserved sympathy* of the entire world! . . .

Now we can be tolerant of that sort of thing. As the poker players say, winners crack jokes and losers snarl, "Deal the cards." We can admit to ourselves that this behavior is normal. Are we much better? Think of the Armenians. What did I ever know about the Armenians, or what sorrow did I ever feel for them? I don't suppose I had ever thought about them for ten minutes at a time until in a hospital I met an Armenian who had escaped massacre by the Turks fifty years ago. Yet Jews and Armenians ought to feel that they have a good deal in common—a favorite expression of his was, "We Armenians are a tiny people." When I was a boy what I knew of them came from an incidental remark in one of those Mr. Tutt stories I was fond of—where, of a do-gooding New England maiden lady, it was said with affectionate exasperation that "the starving Armenians" were her favorite cause. The Armenians were massacred and their survivors starved, but the only impression all that left upon me was of something faintly comical. Granted, *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* was written by a Jew, of sorts; but I have never read it. Why?

Another Whiggish outlook we have now, or have in a more pronounced way, is a respect for statehood. The enlightened, modern way of looking at things is to scoff at states and governments, but Israel has shown us they are nothing to scoff at. It has even begun to occur to some of us that if there had been an Israeli state in World War II, Hitler wouldn't have been able to murder quite so many Jews—and not only because they would have had a place to escape to. If Israel had been a state, and an ally in the war against Hitler, the murder camps would have been bombed. In the absence of a Jewish state the grand strategy of Allied victory gave such a low priority to disrupting Hitler's machine for murdering Jews that the camps were never bombed. Israel would have effected a higher priority—not that the strategists and planners would have been persuaded, but simply that otherwise Israel could have made too much trouble, as by threatening to send its planes on independent bombing missions. (The Israelis could have taken de Gaulle as their model.) With the bombing of camps and railroads, the gassed and cremated would have been fewer.

We may even be readier than before to appreciate the cultural importance of a state. Modern Hebrew would not be what it is if it were not the language of a state. As Max Weinreich has said, a language is a dialect that has an army and a navy. Before Hebrew was recognized as one of the three official languages of Palestine, about fifty years ago, it had long had a literary, religious, and philosophical vocabulary, but no real vocabulary for tariffs and police regulations. It was legal status and responsibility that compelled Hebrew to develop.

Something else we have learned—again—is to appreciate bourgeois democracy. After all, in the United States, in Great Britain, and in France, Jews can go counter to government when they

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feel that vital Jewish interests are at stake. In Great Britain the Jews could be pro-Israel even in the last days of the Mandate, when the Irgun was hanging British sergeants. Contrast a Communist state—Poland, which is supposed to be tolerable. Gomulka was horrified. He had heard that some Polish Jews were celebrating the Israeli victory with drinking parties. How shocking, in that abstemious country! He warned the Polish Jews about dual allegiance and being a fifth column. What a threat they must represent! Thirty years ago the ratio of Jew to Gentile in the Polish population was 1 to 9 or 1 to 10; today it is 1 to 1,250.

In a bourgeois democracy Jews may decide for themselves how Jewish they want to be, and when; and that is why they respond with gratitude and devotion. Some time ago a radical sociologist, critical of America and American Jews, said that self-respecting people have no obligation of gratitude for the elementary decencies, which should be taken for granted. Forget the Soviet Union; even Poland shows us that we can't take the decencies for granted. In our circumstances it is ingratitude that would be problematic, not gratitude.

FINALLY, RELIGION. Religion is complicated. It is both conservative and revolutionary.

In the past century or two religion has been criticized for being a conservative force, for helping to avert needed revolution by giving opiates to the oppressed, or promises of pie in the sky. This criticism would have surprised Thomas Hobbes. In his experience and doctrine, the trouble with religion was the ease with which it could become revolutionary. Any jumped-up prentice, having learned to read, might open his Bible and conclude that the established religion was not in accordance with the Lord's will; and then, incited by dreamers and visionaries, he might band together with other presumptuous enthusiasts like himself and overthrow a king, who knew better than they what religion would best insure domestic tranquillity.

The Jewish religious situation may be changing. Israeli Jews have generally been the kind of people who are bashful about using the word God, but after the victory many lost that bashfulness for a while. Speaking or writing, Israelis of whom it was not to be expected invoked God quite seriously, thanking Him for their victory and attributing it to His intervention.

It would be too easy to dismiss that as chauvinistic religion. The Kaiser used to say, *Gott mit uns*, and one cause of the revulsion from religion after World War I was that the churches had prayed for victory and had assured the faithful that God wanted their country to win. But most of the Israelis who spoke of God spoke of Him only after the war. (A minority had intensified their prayers and Talmud study.) It was the Arabs who invoked God constantly. A Jew must assume that He did not want the Arabs to do what they wanted to do—for, like Haman, they purposed "to destroy, to slay, and to annihilate all Jews, young and old, women and children, in one day." And we shall be misled if we confuse the diminished Israeli (and Jewish) bashfulness about God with foxhole religion. The Israelis didn't so much petition God for victory as thank Him for it.

I hope I shall not be thought fetishistic about religious objects. By coincidence, in my last article here I mentioned *tefillin* in Israel. After the victory it was hard to find *tefillin* to buy in Jerusalem. There was a run on them. Men who had never had them before, or had lost them years ago, wanted to wear their own while thanking God at the newly re-won Western Wall of Old Jerusalem.

In an Orthodox synagogue in New York soon after the war, a friend of mine has told me, the rabbi called upon a young member of the congregation to speak—a student at the Hebrew University who had been one of the foreigners substituting for the Israeli teachers and social workers called into service. Of what he said my friend remembers this best: "We Orthodox usually distinguish between religious and irreligious Jews, especially in Israel. My experience during the war showed me that this is wrong. Some Jews are more observant and some are less observant." Now of course this is not altogether true. It exaggerates our religiousness. But if not altogether true, then at any rate it is less untrue than in a long time. With the Israeli war there was a reassertion of an old Jewish feeling about God and Providence, of a kind that we have not seen in many years—in the United States as well as in Israel.

The newspapers here reported that in those days of strain before the shooting broke out, a great scholar who teaches at the Jewish Theological Seminary gave to the United Jewish Appeal a sum of money large in its own right and immensely large for a professor, a member of a class not usually noted for its philanthropic capacity. The letter he sent to the alumni of the Seminary was not reported. This was no time, he said in the letter, for any effort short of the maximum; everything depended on exertion and sacrifice. Having put the greatest possible emphasis on human effort, he concluded with a verse from the Twentieth Psalm: "Some invoke chariots, and others horses; but we the name of the LORD our God." That was enough for the rabbis. Naturally, they completed the psalm in their minds: "They will totter and fall down, but we shall rise and stand upright. O LORD, save; may the King answer us when we call." Rabbis can be expected to know this psalm particularly well because it is read on most weekdays, toward the end of the morning prayer. And because psalms, especially the liturgical ones, recall each other even when they contradict each other, in the end emerging into a

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harmonized tension with each other, this weekday-morning psalm, about not invoking chariots and horses, must inevitably have recalled the 144th Psalm, which introduces the evening prayer after the Sabbath. It begins: "Blessed be the LORD my Rock, who trains my hands for war, my fingers for battle."

NOT LONG BEFORE this, the Reform rabbinate had said it was going to revise the Union Prayer Book. The last revision, made twenty-five or thirty years ago, is considered to be no longer relevant to contemporary needs. Especially does the prayer then inserted for the welfare of coal miners seem a little irrelevant now.

Well, if you're going to make revisions every twenty or thirty years you run the risk of being irrelevant much of the time. If this year you compose a prayer for the welfare of computer operators, in twenty or thirty years computer operators may be technologically obsolete. In our desire for relevant texts we can produce something like a daily newspaper, and there is nothing so dead as a newspaper from the day before yesterday. The Twentieth Psalm speaks of chariots and horses, which no army has used for some time now. Would it be more relevant to our contemporary needs or sensibilities if the psalm spoke of tanks and planes? Chariots and horses make the point quite well.

The Twenty-third Psalm says, "The LORD is my shepherd." There's an obsolete occupation for you. There are few shepherds in the United States, and them we call sheepherders; yet somehow, to say that the Lord is my shepherd seems to have meaning. Or the 107th Psalm: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—they see the works of the LORD, and His wonders in the deep." I should imagine that not only a sailor but also a flyer, or even an astronaut, might find this psalm relevant, though it speaks of ships rather than planes or spacecraft.

In fact, the Jewish liturgy of the entire period in May and June, from the beginning of the crisis to the end of the war, suddenly seemed to have the most immediate relevance to our anxieties and hopes—above all, the specifically scriptural parts of the liturgy, both the fixed passages and the Pentateuchal and Prophetical lessons of the annual cycle. (Not to mention the very names of the Israeli captains: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Moses and Aaron; Amos and Isaiah.)

EVERY MORNING a Jew who prays recites the Song of the Sea, from Exodus: ". . . when Israel saw the wondrous power which the LORD had wielded against the Egyptians . . . they had faith in the LORD and in His servant Moses. . . . The LORD is my strength and might; He has become my salvation. . . . The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil. My desire shall have its fill of them. I will bare my sword, my hand shall subdue them.' . . . The LORD will reign for ever and ever!"

On the last Sabbath of May we read the final two chapters of Leviticus, which hold out the blessing and the curse. The blessing: ". . . I will give peace in the land, and you shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid. . . . I am the LORD your God, who brought you forth out of the land of Egypt, that you should not be their slaves. . . ." But the curse: " . . . you shall be smitten before your enemies; those who hate you shall rule over you, and you shall flee when none pursues you . . ." —and worse. On the first Sabbath in June, two days before the shooting, the Prophetical lesson was from Hosea, with the verses we recite when we bind the *tefillin* as a sign on our hand: " . . . I will betroth you to me for ever; I will betroth you to me in righteousness and in justice, in steadfast love and in mercy. I will betroth you to me in faithfulness; and you shall know the LORD."

On the next Sabbath, the war over, the second group of chapters from Numbers was read as the Pentateuchal lesson, including the Priestly Blessing: "Thus shall you bless the children of Israel. . . . 'The LORD bless you and keep you; the LORD make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you; the LORD lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace.'" The Prophetical lesson was the annunciation to Samson's mother, in Judges: " . . . the angel of the LORD appeared to the woman and said to her, Behold, you are barren . . . but you shall conceive and bear a son . . . and he shall begin to deliver Israel from the hand of the Philistines."

Then came Shavuot, with the Ten Commandments of Exodus as the Pentateuchal lesson: "I am the LORD your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, the house of bondage. You shall have no other gods beside Me." . . . And, as if to warn us and our brothers in Israel, a seemingly legalistic and priestly passage follows: "Make for Me an altar of earth. . . . But if you make for Me an altar of stones, do not build it of hewn stones; for by wielding your tool upon them you have profaned them." Here "your tool" is the right translation, but what the Hebrew actually says is *harbekha*, "your sword." The sword profanes. (A horror of impious iron inherited from the Bronze Age?) It was given not to David the warrior but to Solomon the man of peace to build the Temple.

On Shavuot we recited the Hallel. Not much irrelevant about the 118th Psalm: "It is better to take refuge in the LORD than to trust in princes. . . . Hark, glad songs of victory . . . the right hand of the LORD does valiantly. . . . The stone which the builders rejected has become the chief cornerstone. This is the LORD's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes." And the verse that the fierce Huguenots liked to intone, in Clément Marot's version, as they rode into battle: "This is the day which

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the LORD has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

THIS LITTLE RELIGIOUS thing we now have isn't much of a creed, but for many of us it is rather more than we have ever had before. And it is ours. We can recognize it.

Each of us Jews knows how thoroughly ordinary he is; yet taken together, we seem caught up in things great and inexplicable. It is almost as if we were not acting but were being acted through. In the 1961 COMMENTARY symposium one man said we had been a big thing in antiquity and were now only a little thing. That is not so. In Deuteronomy we are told that even then we were "the smallest of peoples." How many are we? The number of Jews in the world is smaller than a small statistical error in the Chinese census. Yet we remain bigger than our numbers. Big things seem to happen around us and to us.

If one may say at all that the Bible argues for the existence of God, it has two kinds of argument. The first is the argument from nature, as in the Nineteenth Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God." The second is the argument from history, or from Israel, as in Deuteronomy:

> For ask now of the days that are past, which were before you, since the day that God created man upon the earth, and ask from one end of heaven to the other, whether such a great thing as this has ever happened or was ever heard of . . . . has any god ever attempted to go and take a nation for himself from the midst of another nation . . . with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm . . . as the LORD your God did for you in Egypt before your eyes? To you it was shown, that you might know that the LORD is God; there is no others besides Him . . . . know therefore this day, and lay it to your heart, that the LORD is God in heaven above and on the earth beneath; there is no other.

Those big things that happen to us, those things that are bigger than we, are not always good things. We have not been promised that they will always be good. We have been told about the curse as well as the blessing. In I Samuel the Psalm of Hannah says, "The LORD deadens and quickens"; and Jews continue to declare that, several times a day, in the Standing Prayer.

In this last third of the 20th century we may be beginning to believe again that the history of the Jews points to some kind of providential order, which—for reasons having to do not with our merits, but at most with the merits of the Fathers —has a special place for it.

ON SHAVUOT the first chapter of Ezekiel was read —a Prophetical account of revelation to accompany the Pentateuchal revelation of the Ten Commandments. I suspect I was not alone then to be reminded of another passage in Ezekiel (ordinarily not my favorite prophet): "What comes to your mind shall never happen—your thinking, 'Let us be like the nations, like the tribes of the countries, worshipping wood and stone.' As I live, says the Lord GOD, surely with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, and with wrath poured out, will I be king over you."

When the Psalmist says, "I," the pronoun is singular and plural, individual and collective, personal and referring to the children of Israel—as in that other verse from the last of the Hallel psalms: "I thank Thee, for Thou hast answered me, and art become my salvation."

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Is Communism Dead?

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON: Anniversaries notorioulsy bring out the historian in us all, and this year the pull is virtually irresistible. The half century from 1917 to 1967, it is true, has seen some upheavals which complicate the pattern: room must, after all, be found for the wars of 1914 and 1939. In purely European terms it would be more plausible to take 1914 as the starting-point and go on from there. But Europe is no longer the fulcrum of world affairs. We have become used to the notion that 1917 is the really important date, for it was then—three years after the outbreak of war in Europe—that the United States came in, while Russia underwent the first stage of her immense convulsion. In 1914 the old order was still intact. By 1917 new forces had appeared on the scene: Wilson was promising to make the world safe for democracy; Lenin announced the coming of universal revolution. Behind them, working through them, America and Russia were laying claim to the European inheritance. So the half century shaped itself in ways unsuspected by the statesmen who unleashed the last purely European cataclysm, though not unforeseen by a distinguished galaxy of 19th-century European thinkers (Marx, Burckhardt, and Tocqueville among them) who had been growing increasingly gloomy over the old Continent's future. By the time the Second German War (it was not a "world war," current orthodoxy to the contrary notwithstanding) ended in 1945, anyone could see what was happening. The division of Germany along the Elbe was symbolic. By now there can hardly be a newspaper reader or television viewer in the world who has not heard of the Soviet-American condominium. In China, where television has not yet universally penetrated, the lesson is spelled out on wall posters.

Is the condominium going to last, or will it prove to be no more than a brief truce? And if it does last at the governmental level, will it inhibit the struggle for control of the "third world," or render it fiercer, as China takes the lead in the "anti-imperialist" campaign? These are the issues that are going to dominate the remainder of this century. Everyone knows it. Almost everyone within reach of a typewriter has spent this anniversary season putting down some thoughts on the subject. The present writer is no exception—why should he be? It is mere affectation to pretend that the topic has become a bore, or that everything possible has already been said. Nor is it sensible to shrug the matter off as one for the experts. Who after all are the experts? Most of them are specialists, laboriously putting together bits of factual information. However essential, these parts do not by themselves add up to a coherent view of the whole.

But have the "generalists" done any better? Have they not, over the past half century, distinguished themselves by floating impressive ideological balloons which were invariably shot down in the actual course of events? Certainly one cannot in 1967 read without pain what either democrats or Communists had to say in 1917 about the future of the world. Who today takes Wilsonian rhetoric seriously? Who indeed does not recognize that this was the moment when Gladstonian liberalism gave up the ghost? (One does not need Mr. William Bullitt's pompous twaddle about Wilson's role at Versailles to get the point.) Who among the present generation of Soviet leaders, on the other hand, still believes in the world revolution as Lenin conceived it in 1917? Their every word and action, at home and abroad, is proof that they are seeking to escape from their mental straitjacket. For that matter, do the Chinese believe in it? What does the Maoism of 1967 have in common with the Leninism of 1917? Lenin and the Bolsheviks thought they were giving the signal for a proletarian revolution in the advanced industrial countries of the West, starting with Germany. Mao and his followers have written the West off as hopeless and are trying to rouse the submerged peasant masses of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Realism? That remains to be seen. Certainly it is not Leninism.

The world Communist movement is split wide open. Indeed, it is falling apart before our eyes. The discordant elements of the original synthesis —proletariat and peasantry, Marxism and Populism—are no longer held together, as they were in Stalin's day, by dictatorial fiat from Moscow. They have been torn asunder, and Leninism as a

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faith is now as dead as the stuffed mummy of its founder in his glass case by the Kremlin wall. Nothing, *nothing* remains of the vision of a universal socialist revolution, carried forward by that "alliance of the working class and the peasantry" which was the pivot of Lenin's thought, and on which Bolshevism staked its fortunes while Lenin was still alive. The subsequent disintegration of this faith, in the intra-party struggles of the late 1920's, could still be concealed from an audience bemused by the elaborate shadow-boxing among Stalin's successors. And the excruciating boredom inspired by the official literature on this, the fiftieth anniversary of the Revolution, is not significantly lessened by the contemplation of those dying embers of the original fire which continue to be stirred by the heirs of Leninism. Isaac Deutscher's last piece of work before his recent death, *The Unfinished Revolution: Russia 1917-1967*,* is a case in point. Anyone curious to know how the current world scene mirrored itself in the mind of a veteran East European Marxist is advised to read these learned, labored, and curiously scholastic lectures delivered to a British academic audience. Deutscher knew all there was to be known about Bolshevism, save for one thing: that it had no precise relevance to any country beyond Russia's borders. To the end he went on arguing that, but for Stalin's deplorable mismanagement (due, it seems, to fear of what the "class struggle" might do to his position at home) there could have been "proletarian revolutions" in the West. He even thought there might have been one in China, in 1927, if Stalin had not botched it up!

II

But even if the Leninist system has disintegrated, it may be said, can its elements not be put together again? Granted that its original constituents have fallen apart and been redistributed among the warring factions of the international Communist movement: who is to say that tomorrow another genius may not arise and reintegrate them "at a higher level," to employ the Hegelian phrase? Are there not indeed some master chemists in the field, busy with precisely this task? Indeed there are--so many of them that it is becoming difficult to keep track of them or of their pronouncements. But there's the rub: the very proliferation of these apprentice sages (and also, it must be said in all candor, the intellectual poverty of their manifestoes) is evidence of the uniqueness of Lenin's achievement.

In restrospect one sees quite clearly that what he did (quite unbeknownst to himself) was to fuse the European Marxist tradition with the heritage of his precursors among the Russian Populists, the *narodovoltsy*. But one also sees why the mixture came apart almost immediately after his death, and why neither Trotsky nor Stalin was able to reconstitute it. The mixture was an unstable one. All such mixtures are. But Lenin's synthesis was so uniquely personal to himself, so intimately bound up with the hopes and aspirations of the most radicalized section of the Russian intelligentsia at one particular historical moment, and so dependent upon a fleeting convergence of worker-peasant interests during the civil-war period of 1917-21, that it began to dissolve even in his own lifetime. If complete shipwreck was to be avoided, the Bolsheviks thereafter had to construct post-haste the industrial-military complex Russia did *not* possess before the Revolution. But this meant the destruction of the worker-peasant alliance, and the establishment of a totalitarian terror regime distinguishable from Fascism chiefly by its rhetoric.

What earthly use can this example be to revolutionaries in the "third world" who do not hope (or even wish) to emulate the Stalinist achievement? And how can anyone imagine that these new radicals are going to inspire themselves by reading Mr. Kosygin's lectures to industrial managers about improved methods of production? Contrariwise, what can the New Left in Western Europe and North America do with the Chinese form of Communism, which starts from an even more primitive economic level, and hence is even more obsessed with national chauvinism and the mania for forced-draft industrialization? After all, the whole point about the anarchist philosophy of the New Left is that its adherents do *not* want to be bothered with either political dictatorship or economic determinism. They take material life for granted and seek to build new human relationships in the interstices of modern civilization. Their natural allies in this endeavor are the intellectuals in the USSR and in Eastern Europe, especially the young. But these people are at the furthest possible remove from everything that China stands for. They are fed to the teeth with revolutionary rhetoric, and long for personal freedom and a civilized existence. After fifty years of material privation, plus mendacious propaganda over the state radio and in the state press, they envy their Western opposites the freedom to be their own masters and to say what they like. And these are the people whom a section of the New Left hopes to conscript for its world-revolutionary campaign! Let them read Solzhenitzyn, and they will discover the direction in which the intellectual elites of the USSR are henceforth going to travel. As for the average Soviet citizen, one may confidently expect that he will find a permanent spiritual resting-place in the simplest and most natural of all civic faiths: that of patriotism.

Grant you all that (says the political strategist with his global chessboard and his planetary worries), but there's Castro; and the guerrilla champions who attended the recent Havana conference; and Che Guevara; and Ho Chi Minh; and

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the ultra-Left in general. Even if the Soviet Union becomes more conservative, and its government forms an under-the-counter alliance with the U.S., there's still bound to be plenty of trouble. Why, even an old traditionalist like de Gaulle abandons NATO and makes revolutionary noises when he visits Canada. What may not happen if anti-Americanism becomes the political creed of those two-thirds of humanity whom the Maoists and the Castroites are trying to stir up!

An outsider like the present writer finds it tempting to reply (plagiarizing Senator Fulbright) that if such a thing were to occur, it would be the fault of those in control of American foreign and domestic affairs. However true, such a rejoinder misses the point, for even a renunciation of imperial attitudes, and an infusion of greater realism into U.S. home and foreign policy, is not, at this stage, going to alter the nature of these revolutionary movements, though it may remove some inflammable stuff. The real answer—abstracting for a moment from short-range considerations linked to the disastrous struggle in Vietnam—must be sought at a different level.

THE "THIRD WORLD" is not a unity, and is not going to become one under Maoist leadership, if only because China's rulers have a remarkable gift for antagonizing even their well-wishers. Nor is it likely to follow the lead of those self-appointed strategists assembled at the Havana conference last August. The reason is simple: nationalism is still the dominant force in all the emergent countries, and its fusion with either Maoism or Castroism is rendered difficult by the specific ideological blinkers currently fashionable in Peking and Havana. Mao's failure to win converts in India is revelatory in this respect. Matters have now reached the point where even the radical wing of the Indian Communist party—originally pro-Chinese and hostile to Delhi's foreign policy—has been driven back upon a patriotic position, which in practice means an anti-Chinese one. Nor has Peking made solid ideological conquests in Japan (not to mention the Indonesian disaster which was directly attributable to Chinese interference with a domestic struggle for power). China is not merely too backward to become the leader of Asia: it is positively feared and hated by most Asians, including the majority of Asian Communists. The "irrational" aspect of Maoism may be attributed to China's cultural isolation or —more plausibly—to the fact that all national revolutions pass through a bellicose phase. Whatever the cause, Chinese chauvinism is certain to set up hostile reactions abroad.

As for Castro, Guevara, and their various disciples, what Lenin once said of Trotsky holds for them too: they may know something about war, but they don't understand politics. Specifically, they don't understand the role of the *party*. They seem to think the political stage can be bypassed in favor of straightforward armed confrontation between the forces of "reaction" and "revolution." It can't be done—not even in Bolivia. The Cuban case proves nothing, or rather, it proves that guerrilla operations are always marginal to the decisive struggle, which must be fought out at the political and ideological level. This is something the orthodox Communists in Latin America—who have after all been brought up on Lenin—are now vainly trying to explain to the Castroites. The latter, however, are in a hurry and have no time for Lenin (let alone for Gramsci, who might teach them something about the realities of that "class struggle" they are always talking about, apparently without understanding what the term signifies). Nor are they likely to find much enlightenment in Sartre's writings or in those of his Parisian disciples. Of all these people—some of them highly gifted and all of them unquestionably courageous—one can only say what Marx on one occasion said to some impatient fellow-revolutionaries: "Ignorance has never been of use to anyone."

But then, whatever may be affirmed to the contrary by Western sympathizers, this new breed of radicals does not have its roots in classical Marxism, nor even in un-classical Leninism. It represents a throwback to the pre-Marxian age, the 1830's and 1840's when the heirs of the French Revolution sought contact with the emerging industrial proletariat. That veteran conspirator, Auguste Blanqui, would have understood these Latin American heirs of the "Jacobin Left," as Robert Alexander has called them. So would Bakunin, or any other Russian Populist of his generation—even that amiable bellettrist, Alexander Herzen, who never harmed a fly, but was always ready with a word of encouragement for youthful rebels at home or abroad. There is some advantage—if one is a Latin American—in being within this tradition: the one that goes back to 1793. The trouble is that it cannot be exported to non-Latin cultures, least of all to the Protestant soil of North America.*

* Theodore Draper has justly observed that Castro made use of the Cuban Communists, rather than the other way around; see his *Castroism: Theory and Practice* (Praeger, 1965), p. 133. This seems to confirm my own hypothesis that Lenin, for all his departures from Marx, was still too traditional for Latin America, at any rate in this generation. After all, he had once been a Social Democrat, and his party possessed some links with the embryonic Russian labor movement, although he sacrificed it to his wider aims. Castro is essentially a caudillo for whom the Communist party (or any other structured organization of that kind) is an embarrassment because it incorporates sectional class interests. What he wants, and what his imitators want, is a vanguard representing "the revolution" in the abstract. The adherents of such an elite must be totally declassé, possessing no organic links with any class of society, and embodying no aims save those they themselves formulated. One sees here why existentialism is important to the ideologists of such a movement, and also why its meaning constantly eludes them.

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IT WOULD BE agreeable to stay at this plane of generality, but a writer who presumes to comment upon current affairs must, however reluctantly, descend from the heights onto level ground. The political struggle is still conducted, for the most part, among and between nation-states and their governments. In this respect at least, a revolutionary movement that comes to power is in no different case from the most conservative and traditionalist regimes: it too must play the game according to time-honored rules. Tito, Castro, and their various Afro-Asian imitators or rivals, have all had to jockey in an arena dominated by the superpowers, and the latter in turn are constantly embarrassed by the antics of their followers. Since the advent of Maoism and the growing tension between the industrialized lands and the "third world," it cannot even be pretended any longer that the fundamental bipolarity of Washington and Moscow is, in the last resort, the controlling factor. A number of American commentators from Walter Lippmann to Ronald Steel, have in recent years been patiently explaining to their countrymen why this picture has become inadequate. They are, if I may say so, treading in the footsteps of French and British authors from Raymond Aron to the experts of Chatham House. The Russians have not yet caught up, but then they always take a little longer before noticing the obvious. In the West, at least, we are all polycentrists now—if only because de Gaulle won't allow us to forget it. The old simpleminded slogans of NATO days no longer evoke much response.

What then is taking their place? So far as one can judge, a grudging acceptance by the Big Two of the truism that stalemate is better than nuclear war; and on the part of all the lesser powers, a sense of relief mingled with worry at the prospect of a possible Soviet-American conflict at some future date. In Western Europe this theme is now commonly associated with Gaullism, and it is true that the General, in his public pronouncements, has been trying to turn it into a doctrine sufficiently elastic to be of service to every nationalist movement from Algiers to Quebec. But Gaullism is only one manifestation of this universal worry; it is, moreover, by now hardly distinguishable from European neutralism.* De Gaulle's reasoning (setting aside his personal eccentricities, which are not really so very important) has a logic which can easily be grasped by anyone familiar with Europe's record over the past half century: whatever the outcome of a Soviet-American military showdown, Europe is bound to be ruined by it. Consequently the first duty of any European government, East or West, Communist or anti-Communist, is to send the Big Two packing. This goes down well with audiences in France and elsewhere, and it even finds a secret echo in places like Warsaw or Bucharest. But it is not a universal doctrine. Its appeal is to Europeans only, and the Gaullist attempt to inflate it into a message capable of inspiring black, brown, and yellow men, can be made to look plausible only by ignoring the realities of strife in the newly emergent countries.

These areas are torn by civil wars—or, as in the Arab-Israeli case, by national conflicts—quite independent of the Soviet-American antagonism, let alone the Sino-Soviet quarrel. Even where the contending parties align themselves along the familiar East-West axis, they do so largely for tactical reasons. Thus the Israelis fought the British and the Arabs with Czechoslovak arms in 1947-48, allied themselves with England and France against Russia and Egypt in 1956, fought alone (this time with French equipment, and despite official French disapproval) in 1967, and just now are worried about an American-Soviet understanding at the expense of their recent territorial gains. The Arab states for their part count on Chinese prodding to make the Russians more responsive to their claims, but are otherwise determined to have as little as possible to do with Peking. Tito counsels Nasser to make peace with Israel (after first siding with the more extreme among the Arabs), in part at least because he does not want Moscow to promote a settlement which would limit his own freedom of maneuver. Nasser welcomes his support, as well as that of Spain and the Greek colonels (whose putsch last April currently ranks in the mythology of the New Left as a CIA-inspired overture to Israel's "aggression" against the self-styled "socialists" in Damascus).

It takes a good deal of faith in the vocabulary of the cold war—or a good dose of ignorance—to reduce these chess-moves to a simple pattern wherein Israel figures as a "tool of Western imperialism" and its opponents as "progressive forces." There are, of course, a few constants: e.g., the steady support Israel has been getting from the democratic Left all over the world, and the equally unflagging hostility of Stalinists and Fascists (even while Stalin was shipping Czech arms to Palestine in 1948 for use *against the British*, he was murdering half the Jewish intellectuals in Russia on grotesque charges of "Zionist espionage"). But the constants are embedded in a shifting pattern of tactical moves quite unrelated to the propagandist slogans fed to the unthinking. To take only one example: Israel was among the first to recognize the new Communist regime in China in 1949, whereas all the independent Arab countries for years continued to recognize the Nationalist rump in Taiwan-Formosa. In response, Peking for six years stayed out of the Arab-Israeli dispute until at the Bandung Con-

* Cf. the General's broadcast of August 10, with its barely concealed appeal to the Europeans (not only the French) to stay out of future confrontations between the Big Two.

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ference in 1955 Chou En-lai suddenly came out for the "Palestine Liberation Movement." Why? Because he had finally obtained some unofficial Arab support for Peking's claim to ownership of Taiwan! From that moment onward, "Palestine" and "Taiwan" figured in Maoist writing as issues whose similarity was due to "American imperialist intervention." And a decade after this *volte-face,* the simpletons of the New Left (including a few Arabs who had grown disillusioned with Nasser) suddenly discovered that Moscow was letting them down, and that Peking was their one true friend, and always had been—though for propagandist purposes this line was wrapped up in language borrowed from the Havana conference and the Castroite faction generally.

An example of this kind of thinking was disclosed in *Le Monde* of August 11, 1967, on the subject of the dispute then raging in Cairo between Nasserites anxious for a chance to tackle Egypt's domestic problems, and "radicals" echoing the Castroite line: the Arab fight against Israel must be seen as part of a global struggle against "American imperialism"; and the "progressive forces" (meaning primarily the USSR) must stop "retreating" before the "American offensive" in progress ever since the Cuban confrontation of 1962. This was more or less what Tito told the Soviet leaders last June, except that he went back on it when it was explained to him that Washington and Moscow had been equally embarrassed by the Middle Eastern explosion. Result: Titoism was once more solemnly excommunicated at Havana (along with the Communist party of Venezuela whose only crime was to have emitted a few squeaks of doubt about the usefulness of terrorism as a political weapon). To make up for these defections, Peking and Havana can now count on the support of Lutfi el-Kholi and his journal *Al Talia* in Cairo (at any rate so long as Nasser's secret police permits them both to function).

HOW LITTLE sense Maoism as such makes in the Middle Eastern context was clearly demonstrated by Peking's reaction to the brief war last June and its political aftermath. Upon the first news of fighting, Chou En-lai sent messages (in Mao's name of course) to Cairo, to Damascus, and to Ahmad Shukeiry, as head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, wishing them well and affirming his faith that the Arabs, "like the heroic people of Vietnam," would fight on until victory.* The cease-fire was duly greeted with denunciations of Soviet "treachery,"† while at the same time Egypt was offered some wheat shipments as a consolation prize for having resisted an aggression "stage-managed single-handed by U.S. imperialism." Unlike Moscow, the Maoists have never let up in their attacks on the U.S. for supposedly masterminding the whole affair, while almost ignoring the role of the Israelis. But then China has no Jewish problem, and the *People's Daily* has no need for the *Stuermer*-like cartoons which are the daily fare of the Soviet reading public. From the Chinese viewpoint the Arab-Israeli conflict is of interest chiefly as a stick to beat America with. Yet there is also a genuine ideological tie-up between the Maoists and the more extreme Arab nationalists: both believe that armed conflict is the only road to victory. The difference lies in determining the political goal. For the nationalists it is simply the physical destruction of their enemies. For the Maoists and their Latin American disciples it is the mobilization of the masses, who can then be led round to "socialism" after having been "awakened" and shaken out of their apathy in the course of the "anti-imperialist struggle." What matters is that the struggle must be an *armed* one. Nothing less will do; and since armed struggles are not practicable in industrial areas, the focus must be shifted to the countryside, especially wherever topographical conditions favor guerrilla warfare.

All this is so remote from anything Lenin (let alone Marx) had to say on the subject that one can understand the despair of orthodox Leninist Communists when faced with such notions. Yet to nationalist movements in some primitive countries the idea makes sense—provided they are not expected to take the goal of Communism seriously. For this is where the equation breaks down. Mao & Co. may believe that new Vietnams can be started all over the globe, but the Russians (and the anti-Maoists in China) know better. Nor are even the most extremist Arab nationalists really sold on Mao's doctrine: they are after all fanatical anti-Communists (none more fanatical than the Syrian Ba'athists, or Colonel Boumedienne, that paragon of Islamic orthodoxy). What holds them together in a temporary alliance is simply the doctrine of "armed struggle." As pressures were building up last year for another Middle Eastern explosion, Peking was quoting a typical article in which the director of the Palestine Liberation office in Damascus argued that "Mao's thesis of people's war is the only way to liberate Palestine."**

When Nasser had fallen into the trap laid for him by the Damascus regime, with its hysterical scare stories about an imminent Israeli attack, Peking took the Arab defeat philosophically.

* See *The World Today* (London, August 1967), p. 318.

† See the *Peking Review* of June 30, 1967, p. 34.

** *New China News Agency,* August 21, 1966, quoting the Damascus Arab Journal *Al-Ba'ath.* The cry was subsequently taken up by Boumedienne's followers in Algiers, and after Nasser's discomfiture it became the principal slogan linking Algiers with Damascus in an "axis" representing the extreme wing of the nationalist movement. Not, however, the Arab Communists, who cleave to the Moscow line—if only because they know what sort of fate awaits them if National Socialism ever has its hands free to deal with them: the fate suffered by their Indonesian comrades who foolishly allowed themselves to be drawn into an alliance with the local variant of Fascism.

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True to Maoist form, the *People's Daily* wrote: "The war has awakened and educated the people. In a few days and nights of war, the political consciousness of the Arab people rose more than in any normal year." The editorialist felt sure that the Arabs would "destroy U.S. imperialism and its flunkey Israel" if they were willing to undertake "a protracted heroic struggle." The real culprits were the Russians, with their treacherous counsels of cease-fire. In view of all this artificial frenzy, the Kremlin clearly had to do something to restore Arab self-confidence by replacing some of the lost military equipment. At the same time this gave Moscow a useful leverage against a further growth of extremist tendencies. Much to their annoyance, the Russians have now been let down by the majority at the Havana conference, with its quasi-Maoist insistence on "armed struggle." Such talk can only interfere with Moscow's campaign for gaining influence in the Islamic world, for this campaign depends for its effectiveness upon the credibility of the thesis that the "progressive forces" will get nowhere without the backing of the USSR. It all depends, of course, on how one defines the meaning of "progressive." Some people might even think that Israel, with its parliamentary democracy and its legal Communist parties (two of them, one almost totally Arab) has a better claim to this designation than the regime of Colonel Boumedienne.

In the Maoist perspective, all this is trivial. An important point at issue in the Chinese inner-party struggle has been the applicability of the Maoist "mass line" to countries outside China. Plainly the more orthodox Stalinists, headed by Liu Shao-ch'i and others, favored a strategy allowing for peaceful penetration of the existing nationalist parties, leading in the end to Communist domination of the entire movement; whereas Mao and his supporters opted for "armed struggle" as a means of mobilizing the masses and simultaneously getting rid of bourgeois elements among the leadership. The Maoist line is now being tested in the Middle East, after having failed in Indonesia and elsewhere. Its immediate aim is to get rid of Nasser, suspected of being an uncertain ally in any really determined struggle to "crush U.S. imperialism." From the Maoist viewpoint there is something to be said for the notion that Nasser is at best another Sukarno. But then who is their present favorite, Boumedienne? At best another Kemal Ataturk! Someone ought to tell Mao what happened to the Turkish Communists in 1920, when Kemal launched *his* war of independence: they were taken out to sea in ships and thrown overboard, tied in sacks weighed down with cement. Which did not prevent the government of Lenin and Trotsky from signing a treaty of friendship with the founder of the Turkish Republic. Of such is the kingdom of politics.

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JAMES TOBACK

NORMAN MAILER TODAY

IN THE LATE 50's, Norman Mailer's reputation still stood on *The Naked and the Dead* (1948), neither of his subsequent efforts, *Barbary Shore* (1951) and *The Deer Park* (1955), having quite convinced Mailer or anyone else that he was the major novelist he insisted he could become. By his own later account, his head was leaden with seconal, benzedrene, and marijuana; a sense of what he himself has termed passivity, stupidity, and dissipation threatened to overcome him. Only gradually, after returning to New York from Paris and giving up drugs and cigarettes, did he begin to feel that he could write once again. Then, in 1957, Mailer produced "The White Negro," an essay which restored his faith in his literary future and presaged the forms and directions that it would take.

Mailer has always professed an umbilical attachment to the Left, but since "The White Negro" the drift has been unmistakably from political radicalism toward spiritual radicalism, from an obsession with Marx to an obsession with Reich, from economic revolution to apocalyptic orgasm, from the proletariat to heroes, demons, boxers, tycoons, bitches, murderers, suicides, pimps, and lovers. And correspondingly, concern with extreme psychic states has become more important to his work than concern with extreme political states (the center having always been a bore for Mailer in all its manifestations).

It was not that eschatology *replaced* politics, but rather that it came to constitute a new means of diagnosis, both of personal and social plague, and that it promised answers to the crisis in which both the individual and the nation were entrapped. The criteria by which the health of a particular man (the organ) were to be assessed—his complexity, his bravery, his daring, his capacity for love—were essentially the same as those which measured the salubrity of America (the organism). Similarly, the disease which threatened both individual and state (expressed at once literally and metaphorically as cancer) evinced identical symptoms: mediocrity, uniformity, repression, and security.

Assuming the voice of religious physician, the Mailer of the 60's reveals a vision of malady and possible restoration that is profoundly radical; at the same time the terminology and conceptual foundation of his homily are puritan to the core. God and the Devil, Good and Evil, Heaven and Hell, History and Eternity are as inescapably real for Mailer as they were for Jonathan Edwards—and he has repeatedly asserted that such ultimate questions are proper and indeed necessary preoccupations for the contemporary novelist. Many would dissent, but even if we do look to the novelist for salvation, can we look to Mailer? There is, at least on the surface, an insistent buffoonery to his self-projected public image that can make it difficult to take him seriously, let alone to believe he can show us the way to redemption Yet even a cursory examination of his work suggests that he is justified in claiming to be an intellectual adventurer of broad dimension. If he sometimes seems to be more familiar with *Captain Blood* than *Middlemarch*, he nevertheless possesses an uncanny ability to recall and make use of what he has read. If he is sometimes guileful, more often he strives for complete honesty with himself and the subject of his work. If his thinking is occasionally wild and unsound, he is also capable of rigorously logical intellection. And if his emphasis on scatology is at times repugnant, his undeniable charisma excites interest in practically everything he writes or says or does.

Consequently, when a new work by Mailer appears, we turn to it eagerly—expectant and hopeful—especially when, as in the case of his latest novel, *Why Are We in Vietnam?*,* the new work also represents a new literary departure. By itself perhaps the most ambitious and the most difficult effort of his career, *Why Are We in Vietnam?* is also a crystallization and an extension of Mailer's other major productions of the 60's. To do justice to its complexity, to make it more accessible, and to place it properly in the perspective of Mailer's development as a writer, one must first look back to *The Presidential Papers, An American Dream, Cannibals and Christians,*

JAMES TOBACK, here making his first appearance in COMMENTARY, was graduated from Harvard—where he was editor of the *Harvard Advocate*—in 1966. He is currently at work on a documentary novel.

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and the dramatic adaptation of *The Deer Park*.

With *Advertisements for Myself* (1959), Mailer showed that whatever stature he might or might not achieve as a novelist, he was certainly becoming a major essayist. This impression was confirmed by *The Presidential Papers* (1963), in which Mailer took it upon himself to indicate to John F. Kennedy the brave new paths he must follow in order to achieve greatness as a President, heroism as a man, and salvation for his country. In Mailer's view, the only kind of hero who can appear in contemporary American life is the "existential" hero, a man who lives—in his thoughts as in his actions—by daring the unknown. On one occasion, when discussing symptoms of the national disease, Mailer remarks that no one in America is capable of tolerating a question that cannot be answered in twenty seconds. And he finds deeds courageous (and hence potentially heroic) only if there is death, or at least danger, as a possible consequence.

Heroism is the victory over Dread, the sensation that haunts not only *The Presidential Papers*, but the whole of Mailer's work in the 60's. Although doubtless a natural threat to man from the earliest days of his consciousness, Dread has become rather fashionable (to talk about if not to feel) in recent years. It has perhaps been best described by Tennessee Williams. After indicating that war, the atom bomb, and terminal disease are not really to the point, Williams writes:

> These things are parts of the visible, sensible phenomena of every man's experience or knowledge, but the true sense of dread is not a reaction to anything . . . strictly, materially *knowable*. But rather it's a kind of spiritual intuition of something almost too incredible and shocking to talk about, which underlies the whole so-called thing.

Either one knows what Williams is talking about or one doesn't, and Williams implies that only artists and madmen do. Mailer, however, sees no one safe from the possibility of confrontation with the abyss, and he seems to feel a moral obligation to awaken us all to the danger. All roads lead to it, and it is only through the unmanly deceptions of right-wing politics, logical positivism, linguistic analysis, popular journalism, and Freudian psychology that "the terror which lies beneath our sedition [is hidden from us]." The vigilantes of the right wing, like the Un-American Activities Committee, the F.B.I., and the Birch Society, seek to transform metaphysical Dread into Red dread, to give internal emptiness the tangible outer shape of Communism. And Freudians tell us that Dread is merely a recurrence of the fear we feel as helpless infants. But Mailer, like the latter-day hell-fire Puritan preacher he is, asserts that the horrible intimation of Dread is that "we are going to die badly and suffer some unendurable stricture of eternity." This is no metaphor; it is an expression of Mailer's belief in the literal existence of hell.

The Maileresque hero—suspecting that his Dread is a real premonition of the agony that awaits him after death, an agony that can be averted only by daring death to come sooner, to come right away—will always put up an ante that amounts to more than he can afford to lose. Here, for example, is Mailer on Hemingway's suicide:

> How likely that he had a death of the most awful proportions within him. He was exactly the one to know that the cure for such disease is to risk dying many a time. . . .
>
> I wonder if, morning after morning, Hemingway did not go downstairs secretly in the dawn, set the base of his loaded shotgun on the floor, put the muzzle into his mouth, and press his thumb into the trigger. . . . He can move the trigger up to a point [of no man's land] and yet not fire the gun. . . . Perhaps he tried just such a reconnaissance one hundred times before, and felt the touch of health return. . . . If he did it well, he could come close to death without dying.

That Hemingway eventually died as a result of his gambling with life is not so important as that he grew by it. By challenging fate he was saving his soul; by refusing to give into his dread of death, he was making whatever life was left for him more noble; and he was fortifying his spirit so that he might transcend the eternity of hell.

If the individual can save himself from madness and the abyss only by ceasing to repress even his most hidden and dangerous impulses and by flirting with death, so, too, with the nation as a whole. Devoted to the illusion of safety and security, it is condemned to mass insanity and an ignoble end, unless it redeems itself by immediate embarkation on a course of "existential" politics. This would involve a complete remolding of national objectives, not only on the large issues involving danger and death, survival or extinction, but also on less apocalyptic matters like urban housing.

For if America is not already incurably insane, she is certainly in a state of plague. Mailer sees the symptoms everywhere: in architecture, frozen food, television commercials, sleeping pills, sexual excess, sexual repression, the deterioration of the language. One has only to look at the kind of people who regulate and set the tone of the nation. Mailer lists them: politicians, medicos, policemen, professors, priests, rabbis, ministers, psychoanalysts, builders, and executives. It has not always been so:

> [Once] America was the land where people still believed in heroes: George Washington, Billy the Kid; Lincoln, Jefferson, Mark Twain, Jack London, Hemingway, Joe Louis, Dempsey,

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> Gentleman Jim; America believed in athletes, rum-runners, aviators, even lovers. It was a country which had grown by the leap of one hero past another.

Now, more than ever before, America needed a hero. Was he Norman Mailer? Not yet. For the time being Mailer's faith was in Kennedy, the inspiration for the essay, "Superman Comes to the Supermarket," in which Mailer had expressed his faith in Kennedy's capacity to lead the country in "the recovery of its imagination, its pioneer lust for the unexpected and the incalculable." And yet no sooner had Kennedy won the election than Mailer was possessed by "a sense of awe," an intuition that he had betrayed himself, and, as a result, he began to follow Kennedy's career obsessively, as if he, Norman Mailer, personally "were responsible and guilty for all which was bad . . . and potentially totalitarian." There are suggestions in this abrupt reversal of sentiment of three forces at work in Mailer: serious concern for the fate of the spiritual and political ideals he cherishes; a histrionic penchant for breast-beating; and an almost petulant envy of Kennedy's power and possibility, an irrational and vast extension of the simple literary envy he occasionally felt for James Jones.

To be sure, the heroism of which Mailer speaks is a cure which both individual and nation might decide is too hazardous and too painful to undertake. The patient is apt to protest that he does not really feel so sick as Mailer tells him he is and that even if he were, he would rather fade gradually into death than risk the unknown under the untried knife of Dr. Norman's psychic surgery. If it is the "Establishment" that objects in these terms, Mailer regards it as plain cowardice, the cardinal sin, which should be avoided even if the strictures of eternity were not waiting as retribution. But with minority groups, the Negro in particular, his urgency is softened. He understands that it would be no small act of presumption on his part to demand that the Negro, who has lived with violence all his life, surrender the goals of security and stability.

> The demand for courage may have been exorbitant. Now as the Negro was beginning to come into the white man's world, he wanted the logic of the white man's world: annuities, mental hygiene, sociological jargon, committee solutions for the ills of the breast. He was sick of a whore's logic and a pimp's logic.

And yet the paradox here is only too obvious to Mailer. Believing that he must turn his back on the values of the ghetto, the Negro seeks recovery through assimilation into the moribund world of white liberal America. In reality, he is abandoning a way of life which is founded on those extreme states of human feeling and action which for Mailer constitute the only true possibility for spiritual rehabilitation. Mailer regrets that

> there is no one to tell [the Negro] it would be better to keep the psychology of the streets than to cultivate the contradictory desire to be . . . a great, healthy, mature, autonomous, related, integrated individual.

This problem is crystallized in the eleventh (and perhaps best) essay in *The Presidential Papers*, "Death," which focuses on the proceedings before, during, and immediately after the first Floyd Patterson-Sonny Liston heavyweight championship fight. Most Negroes wanted Patterson to win, a fact which Mailer explains by identifying Patterson as the symbol of security. Patterson was polite, quiet, humble, diligent, and Catholic; he was, in short, "white." Liston, on the other hand, personified "the old torment," the darker, dangerous side of life that the Negro had known only too well. Liston was surly, unpredictable, mob affiliated, and an ex-convict; he was "black."

Most Negroes, then, wanted to see Liston beaten by Patterson for much the same reason that they would not react warmly to proposals that they seek out violence, danger, and the unknown. But if Mailer cannot blame them, he is nevertheless distressed by the insidious assimilation of Negroes (and Jews as well) into Anglo-Saxon America. For a Negro or a Jew, to stifle the rich uniqueness of his potential contribution to American life is to betray himself and to withhold the transfusion that might save this bloodless land.

MAILER LIKES Patterson—his loneliness, his pride his persistent struggle against the odds. But just as the Fascist Croft had stolen Mailer's interest from the liberal Hearn in *The Naked and the Dead*, so Mailer's real fascination here is not with Patterson but with Liston, whose inexorable toughness makes him the kind of Negro other Negroes refer to (sometimes in fear, sometimes in praise, sometimes in disapproval, but always in awe) as "a *bad* cat." Liston takes on mythic proportions in Mailer's mind, a mind which by nature tends to intensify, to exaggerate, and to think in terms of extremes. He is "near to beautiful" and one can think of "very few men who have beauty." But that is in no way all.

> Liston was voodoo, Liston was magic. . . . Liston was the secret hero of every man who had ever given mouth to a final curse against the dispositions of the Lord and made a pact with Black Magic. Liston was Faust.

He was the kind of Negro that any white man who imagined himself hip would have to come to terms with—either as model or as rival. Predictably, Mailer chooses the latter course, and does battle with Liston. Not physical battle, but psychic warfare that could have erupted into violence.

Liston's incredibly fast knockout of Patterson left Mailer in a state of feverish frustration, a condition aggravated by a conscience which

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taunted him for his own recent failures—for too much alcohol and too little discipline. It was out of this sense of despair and defeat that another of Mailer's obsessions was born.

> I began . . . to see myself as some sort of center about which all that had been lost must now rally. It was not simple egomania nor simple drunkenness, it was not even simple insanity: it was a kind of metaphorical leap across a gap. To believe the impossible may be won creates a strength from which the impossible may be attacked.

The essence of Mailer's claim was that he was "the only man in the country" who could build the gate of a second Patterson-Liston fight into the proportions of an epic. The insistence with which he promoted his proposal the next day, the rude insults he hurled at Liston, and his petulant refusal to leave the dais (where he did not belong) all indicate that what Mailer wanted above everything was some kind of direct confrontation with Liston, some chance to prove to himself that he was still a possible hero, that he was larger than the myth into which his own mind had transformed the new heavyweight champion.

After the series of humiliations which gave reporters, detectives, bystanders, and Liston himself ample opportunity to laugh at him, Mailer finally got his chance. While obviously intoxicated, he approached Liston.

> "You called me a bum," I said. . . . "Well, you are a bum," he said. "Everybody is a bum. I'm a bum too. It's just that I'm a bigger bum than you are." He stuck out his hand. "Shake, bum," he said. . . . Could it be, was I indeed a bum? I shook his hand. . . . But a devil came into my head. . . . "Listen," said I, leaning my head closer, speaking from the corner of my mouth as if I were whispering in a clinch, "I'm pulling this caper for a reason. I know a way to build the next fight from a $200,000 dog in Miami to a $2,000,000 gate in New York." . . . "Say," said Liston, "that last drink really set you up. Why don't you go and get me a drink, you bum."
>
> "I'm not your flunky," I said. It was the first punch I'd sent home. He loved me for it. The hint of corny old darky laughter, cottonfield giggles, peeped out a moment from his throat. "Oh, sheet, man!," said the wit in his eyes. And for the crowd watching, he turned and announced at large, "I like this guy."

Three phrases in this most revealing passage are particularly significant. First, Mailer views the dialogue in the terms of a fight; he speaks to Liston as if they were "in a clinch." Secondly, Mailer's "first punch" ("I'm not your flunky") is delivered while he is behind on points and trapped in a corner. When he finally makes this move, he risks taking a (literal) punch in the mouth from Liston, who is not, one imagines, in the habit of being told off in public by inebriated reporters. Then, there is Liston's remarkable reaction ("I like this guy") to Mailer's thrust, a totally unexpected profession of feeling for the writer that amounts to admiration, and the even more remarkable response that Liston's concession generates in Mailer's mind. For Mailer, Liston's grunt becomes "a chuckle of corny old darky laughter, cottonfield giggles"; not only has Mailer taken final honors in his combat with the "Supreme Spade," but he has metaphorically reduced him to his (ancestrally) original condition of servitude. From king of the Northern urban jungle where the white man is afraid to meet him on the street at night, Liston has been deported to a Southern cotton plantation where he knows his place and recognizes his master.

Liston is at once Mailer himself and Mailer's alter ego. When he is the latter, Mailer becomes Patterson: "The fighters spoke as well from the countered halves of my nature." Mailer even conjectures that perhaps Patterson is God and Liston the Devil, an idea which emanates from a conviction that every man is a potential agent for either of the two great warring cosmic powers, and that by one's actions one affects the outcome in their ultimate struggle for control of a Manichean universe. On that night in Chicago, Liston, in his demonic role, "had shown that the Lord was dramatically weak." Was it possible that Mailer's press-conference comeback had restored some of the Deity's strength? No negative answer could be given with full assurance.

In *An American Dream* (1964)—his first novel since *The Deer Park*—Mailer is again concerned with themes that inform the essays: danger, death, and heroism. The pattern of the novel, one might say, is designed on intercourse—with God, with the Devil, with voices from the inner recesses of the mind, with the vagina, and with the anus: intercourse leading to oceanic climax, coming variously in waves of love, lust, or pure aestheticism. The center of all this activity, the narrator and hero, is Stephen Richards Rojack, the embodiment of Mailer's unrealized fantasies and of his radical Puritanism as well. A Harvard graduate *summa cum laude*, he is also a war hero ("the one intellectual in America's history to win a distinguished service cross"), an ex-congressman, a television personality, a professor of existentialist psychology, an author, a boxer, and an unsurpassed stud. He lives in contemporary New York amid people who, in Mailer's view, personify the cancerous totalitarianism of our age.

The action is generated by Rojack's murder of his wife, Deborah, a great bitch, beautiful, exremely rich, and secretly involved in international intrigue as a spy. The love he once felt for her has withered into a sense of dependence so paralyzing that she has now become the very structure of his ego. Without her, he fears he "might topple like clay." In such a condition Rojack, who expresses Mailer's eschatological vision, knows he is

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unprepared to face eternity. The first step toward reconstruction of self is to exorcise the demon that possesses him—and to exorcise Deborah is to kill her. The act of strangulation is committed with sexual passion, which is true to Mailer's insistence that sex, love, and murder are inseparable and cathartic:

> Some blackbiled lust, some desire to go ahead (and kill her) not unlike the instant one comes in a woman against her cry that she is without protection came bursting with rage from out of me and . . . crack I choked her harder . . . and *crack* I gave her payment.

With Deborah's death begins the arduous process of Rojack's rebirth; he realizes that if murder is sometimes necessary, it is never simple. The gods, like furies, haunt him; he is acutely conscious of everything he thinks or says or does, for now cowardice or weakness or smallness will bring swift retribution—Dread, insanity, and the abyss. To strengthen himself, and to find, once again, something he can honestly call love are the ends of Rojack's quest, but fulfillment of it and freedom from these new furies can be attained only through heroism, through seeking danger and daring death.

> . . . I believed God was not love but courage. Love can come only as a reward. . . . A voice said in my mind: "That which you fear most is what you must do."

The very phrasing of the passage is related to the nature of the punishment that will accrue if the command goes unheeded. Rojack's mental life is split into a "voice" and a "mind," a separation dangerously close to the empty panic of schizophrenia.

But if madness looms as the penalty for prudence and cowardice (Mailer uses the two as almost indistinguishable), it is also possible that Dread will overwhelm even the bold Promethean. Rojack knows that "if man wished to steal the secrets of the gods . . . they would defend themselves and destroy whichever man came too close." With so narrow a chance of escape from insanity and an eternity in the abyss, suicide quite naturally presents itself as an alternative. What is to hold one back?

Despite all his frenetic activity, it is not merely a sensual lust for experience that keeps Rojack going. On the contrary, while his senses are irrepressibly active (especially his sense of smell), his mind persists relentlessly in observation, commentary, and criticism. Any physical sensation is immediately subject to conscious analysis. In Rojack, sex is the effort of the body to rape the mind, to pulsate in waves of ecstasy transcending consciousness. But even here he fails. Whether it is with the German maid, Ruta, or with the Southern chanteuse, Cherry, Rojack's concern is with power rather than with pleasure, with the psychic domination he achieves after *her* orgasm rather than with the physical rapture of his own. Like his creator, Rojack is far more a Puritan than a hedonist; life is struggle rather than joy.

So the question remains: why go on? It is true that Rojack puts his life on the line more than once. The murder of his wife, the competition with Mafia goons, the insults to a former boxing champion in an unfriendly bar, and, especially, the nocturnal walk on the parapet of a windy terrace thirty stories above the ground—all could easily have resulted in his death. But rather than misguided suicide attempts, these acts are a part of Rojack's supreme effort to prepare himself for death. The goal in life is finally religious—to make oneself as fit as possible to meet the unknown after life is done, to face the judgment of eternity; and Rojack is possessed by the faith of the gambler. Like a poker player who is convinced that his next hand is bound to be the lucky one, Rojack acts on the assumption that the longer he lives, the more heroic he may become.

And the assumption is not unfounded, for Rojack's heroism is boundless. He argues with demonic voices and then dispels them, he outwits and outfights his indomitable tycoon father-in-law, and, above all, he humiliates and beats up a sexually magnetic Negro hero, Shago Martin. Not only does Rojack cause Cherry to have her first sexual explosion, after Shago had failed with her for months, but through a combination of psychic intuition and physical power he changes a situation where Shago is standing over him with a knife to one in which he is standing over Shago, who is now a writhing pulp at the bottom of a staircase (and all in the space of ten minutes).

PRACTICALLY everything Rojack says or does suggests parallels to his creator's personal life, and the episode with Shago Martin, recalling the Mailer-Liston confrontation, is perhaps the richest example. If Liston was a large part of Mailer, Shago's ode to himself is easily applicable to the dark sides of both Rojack and Mailer.

> "I'm a lily-white devil. . . . I'm just the future, in love with myself, that's the future. I got twenty faces, I talk the tongues, I'm a devil. . . . . I'm cut off from my own lines, I try to speak from my heart and it gets snatched."

If Mailer's encounter with Liston faintly suggested repressed homosexuality transformed into manly fortitude, Rojack's encounter with Shago positively smacks of it. Like Shago, he has Cherry, and his immediate concern after intercourse is in comparison. He can hardly hide his elation when she implies that he was better, a predictable response when one recalls his reaction the night before to Cherry's paean to Shago's sexual prowess. Her emphasis on the word "stud" had made Rojack uneasy.

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> The word went in like a blow to the soft part of my belly. There was something final in the verdict as if there were a sexual round robin where the big people played. All the big Negroes and the big whites.

Like Mailer, Rojack lives his life as if it were some dark experiment which has gradually but relentlessly gained the upper hand so that he is free to act only within its prescribed limits. Again like Mailer, Rojack is paying the price for a lifelong habit of thinking in metaphor; image (like God and the Devil, Heaven and Hell) has become reality, and that reality has become a master demanding undivided attention. It is a reality of dreams, and the dreams in *An American Dream* are endless: the sexual dreams of Don Juan, the Alger dream of the self-made man, the outsider's dream of the inside, the Mafia's dream of money and power, the square's dream of the life of the hipster, and the hipster's dream of death. None of these dreams has turned entirely into nightmare, but each has gone sour, like the soul of the nation which fabricated them. But the saddest dream of all is Stephen Rojack's (and perhaps Mailer's) dream of sanity.

> I was caught. I wanted to escape from that intelligence which let me know of murders in one direction and conceive of [love] from the other, I wanted to be free of magic, the tongue of the devil, the dread of the Lord, I wanted to be some sort of rational man again . . . But I could not move.

But what if, unlike Mailer and Rojack, one is *not* obsessed with psychopathic extremes? What if one's patience expires at exhibitions of braggadocio? What if one appreciates wit (of which there is some) but loves humor (of which there is none)? Probably one would call *An American Dream* a joke, and a bad joke at that. The infantile demand for immediate and complete attention; the insistence on being taken seriously, literally, and on his own terms at all times; the inability to treat his agony with even a suggestion of laughter or a trace of irony; the sloppy inconsistency of much of the dialogue; and, finally, the sheer loudness that informs the whole novel, a tone alternating between agitation and hysteria —all this works to tire, frustrate, and, at times, infuriate even the most sympathetic reader.

And yet somehow exasperation yields to the suspicion that Mailer's is a mind which understands as much about the quality of contemporary American life as any now active, a mind which could well represent the last intellectually significant and articulate thrust of an eschatological and religious fervor that may be sorely missed once it is gone. So one is willing to indulge Mailer further, even to thank him once again. And one is willing to accept Rojack's vision of himself as a fair description of Mailer:

> I had leverage; I was one of the more active figures of the city—no one could be certain finally that nothing large would come to me.

In 1960 there was reason to hope for a dramatic rebirth of energy and heroism; even the darkest passages of *The Presidential Papers* were balanced by intimations that America was not yet doomed. A man could function in society and still find opportunity to grow. By 1966, dream had at last soured into nightmare. *Cannibals and Christians*, a collection of essays, "poems" (or, more accurately, epigrams and graffiti), and interviews (both real and imaginary), is a sermon whose vision of hell has become dire and inevitable. From Mailer's pulpit comes a most disconcerting premonition:

> The sense of a long last night over civilization is back again; it has perhaps not been here so intensely in thirty years, not since the Nazis were prospering, but it is coming. . . . The world is entering a time of plague.

Totalitarianism has suffocated individuality; the Hilton in San Francisco is emulated before the Plaza in New York; housing projects look like nurseries and nurseries look like hospitals; appliances are plastic rather than metal; vile bully tactics in Vietnam have developed from simple occupation of Southeast Asia; the psychotic has taken over from the psychopath; pornography has gained another step on sexuality. In a word, Lyndon Johnson has replaced John Kennedy.

Johnson, Mailer tells us, is the archetypically alienated figure—a fact which can be observed in his prose (perhaps "the worst ever written by any political leader anywhere"), in his boorish manners, in his deceitfulness, in his voracious ego, and in his almost arrogant lack of style. If a President has a profound effect on the quality of life during his era—and Mailer is convinced that he does—then hope is indeed dim. And the consequences may be far worse than possible loss of prestige, power, or land; for there is the unknown to face after death, and the possibility that there is no absolution for cowardly sins.

But Mailer's exhortations against the insanities of the age of Johnson do not come from one whose own tensions—between radicalism and Puritanism, heroism and buffoonery, the playboy's life and the intellectual's vocation—are anywhere near control. And there is a further complication in Mailer's complex personality, an unmistakably reactionary streak, not unrelated in impulse to his intense religiosity, which challenges his natural and professed political radicalism. Apart from the kind of conservatism that is common property among many contemporary radicals—a quasi-isolationism that urges America to terminate involvement in practically all foreign countries and a profound distrust of the liberal establishment—Mailer holds positions on matters not directly political which fall neatly into line with the conservative spirit (he is, for example, strong-

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ly opposed to birth control and abortion, and he speaks of homosexuality as a "vice"). But two pieces of evidence (both from the essay on the 1964 Republican Convention) are particularly striking. First, Mailer confesses to a buried urge to see Barry Goldwater elected:

> I knew Goldwater could win because something in me leaped out at the thought; a part of me, a devil, wished to take that choice.

Secondly, Mailer's ambivalence toward Negroes, manifested earlier only in the individual cases of Sonny Liston and Shago Martin, is now explicitly broadened. His reaction to James Baldwin's suggestion that there may be no remission for the white man's sins against the Negro is violent:

> I had to throttle an impulse to . . . call Baldwin, and say, "You get this, baby. There's a shit storm coming like nothing you ever knew. So ask yourself if what you desire is for the white to kill every black so that there be total remission of guilt in your black soul."

If the relief of such tensions and conflicts and the consequent fortification of the self can come only from bold action, then Mailer's primary means of personal salvation lies in his work. It is in the very act of creating the artistic sermons which he claims will show us the way to redemption that Mailer redeems himself. His influence has given rise to several "cults." At one extreme there is a segment of the underground hipster community, closely involved with drugs, which worships him as the high priest of God and Sex. At the other end is that increasingly large group of liberal and radical intellectuals, centered in New York and comprised of such critics as Norman Podhoretz, Steven Marcus, and Richard Poirier who see in Mailer, as Marcus once put it, the embodiment of extraordinary literary talent, personal honesty and loyalty, and penetrating social criticism. And yet, in the last analysis, Mailer's influence is limited, for the Word has hardly reached, let alone changed, the heart of the land he is trying to transform.

FROM THE FIRST three sermons of the 1960's, the congregation is likely to walk away interested and, sometimes, excited, rather than transformed. Entertainment overshadows eschatology. And in Mailer's fourth effort of the 60's, *The Deer Park*, a stage adaptation of his novel of 1956, religion gives way completely to comedy (both intentional and unintentional).*

This is not to imply that Mailer has abandoned his urgent message; practically all his obsessions of the 60's are here: sex, love, lust, heroism, cowardice, power, God, and the Devil. If Mailer has added anything new to his philosophy, it lies in the expansion of his idea of sexual freedom and it is expressed through the pimp Marion Faye, who "follows sex to the end, turns queer, bangs dogs, and sniffs toes." But in the figure of Herman Teppis (or "H.T."), a Hollywood mogul in the tradition of Louis B. Mayer and Harry Cohn, genuine humor replaces heavy rhetoric and caustic wit. In the desert of endless debates over who is—and who is not—a genius in bed, Teppis's pronouncements are oases.

> You know what an artist is? He's a crook. They even got a Frenchman now, you know what, he picks people's pockets at society parties. They say he's the greatest writer in France. No wonder they need a dictator, those crazy French. I could never get along with the French.

But Mailer pays a price for his success in the comic mode. One laughs so hard at Teppis that one keeps right on laughing, even at the tortured, self-searching characters—spokesmen all for traditional Maileresque values—one is meant to take seriously. If there is a lesson to be learned from this play, it is that comedy may be suitable to many dramatic modes, including tragedy, but that it has no place at all in eschatological homily.

AFTER A pop play perhaps one should have expected, or at least have been prepared for, a pop novel from Mailer's pen. Nevertheless, *Why Are We in Vietnam?* comes as a shock. Radical as the ideas contained in them may have been, Mailer's earlier novels were more or less conservative in form; except for *Barbary Shore*, they were all clearly in the mainstream of the realist-naturalist tradition. But in *Why Are We in Vietnam?* ordered syntax has yielded to the total liberation of the word; intricate plot structure has given way to hallucinatory fantasy; fully realized characters living in what we know as the real world have been replaced by the protean apparitions in Mailer's mind; the last trace of ratiocination has been obliterated by a relentless bombardment of sensual impressions and apocalyptic utterances. Dreiser and Farrell have disappeared in favor of Joyce, Faulkner, Burroughs, McLuhan, and Norman O. Brown.

At one point or another virtually every theory Mailer has ever had appears—but now with an important difference. Rather than preaching his messages baldly as in the past, Mailer drops them mockingly. And the mockery is directed both at himself and at those he would edify.

> The world is going shazam, hahray harout, fart in my toot, air we breathe is the prez, present dent, and god has always wanted more from man than man has wished to give him. Zig a zig a zig. That is why we live in dread of god.

Even the seminal concept of Dread is translated into the pop language of rock-and-roll. A vast chasm of culture and sensibility separates the tone of Rojack's agonized monologues from the narrative voice of the present novel.

* One ignores, for Mailer's sake as much as for one's own, *Deaths for the Ladies*, a collection of words which the author extravagantly describes as poetry.

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> . . . Mr. Sender, who sends out that Awe and Dread is up on their back . . . because they *alone,* man, you dig? They all *alone,* it's a fright wig, man, that Upper silence alone is enough to bugger you, whoo-ee.

Indeed, the very claim to a prophetic stance in *Why Are We in Vietnam?* is established in a similarly (and intentionally) ambiguous tone.

> This is your own wandering troubadour brought right up to date, here to sell America its new handbook on how to live. . . . We're going to tell you what it's all about.

Although there is a bare minimum of dramatic tension or external conflict, *Why Are We in Vietnam?* has several "characters," each significant primarily on a symbolic plane. D.J. (Disc Jockey, Dr. Jekyll), the adolescent hero narrator of patrician Texas blood, is sometimes convinced that he is really a "Harlem Nigger," and since "there is no such thing as a totally false perception," perhaps he is. Not literally, of course, but rather in the same way that Mailer recognized Sonny Liston in himself and in the same way that the white hipster of "The White Negro" is, in his psychic makeup, black. If D.J. is the hipster, Rusty, his father, is the square, a corporation tycoon in Dallas—coarse, selfish, and, at heart, a coward. Tex (the Mr. Hyde to D.J.'s Dr. Jekyll) is part Indian, manly, bisexual, and the son of an undertaker.

The three go bear hunting in Alaska, but the most important action takes place in D.J.'s mind. At one point he has an urge to turn his gun on his father and "blast a shot, thump in his skull." Although he resists, he soon commits the act symbolically by contradicting his father's warning and courageously approaching a wounded bear, putting his life on the line, while his father lies hidden, waiting for the bear to become helpless before firing the fatal shot. Thus liberated from paternal authority, D.J. finds his instincts for love and battle shifted to Tex, from literal father to symbolic brother. In Tex, D.J. encounters nakedly for the first time his other self. And through a mutual awareness of their mutual desire for both intercourse and fratricide, D.J. and Tex finally achieve a sense of purification and personal integration.

> . . . Tex Hyde . . . was finally afraid to prong D.J., because D.J. once become a bitch would kill him, and D.J. breathing that in by the wide-awake of the dark with Aurora Borealis jumping to the beat of his heart knew he could make a try to prong Tex, there was a chance to get in and steal the iron from Texas' ass and put it on his own . . . now it was there, murder between them under all friendship, for god was a beast, not a man, and god said, "Go out and kill—fulfill my will, go and kill," and they hung there each of them on the knife of the divide in all conflict of lust to own the other. . . . Killer brothers, owned by something, prince of darkness, lord of light, they did not know; they just knew that telepathy was on them, they had been touched forever by the North and each bit a drop of blood from his own finger and touched them across and met blood to blood. . . .

In one eternal moment the Manichean polarities that have obsessed Mailer are at last synthesized—God and the Devil, heaven and hell, nature and man, Negro and white, Dallas and Harlem, phallus and anus.

But why *are* we in Vietnam? What relation does the title have to D.J., Tex, Rusty, bear-hunting, Harlem, Dallas, liberated syntax, or Maileresque eschatology? In the strictest sense, nothing at all. But in a broader, metaphysical sense, the title can be explained as another urgent warning to America. We are in Vietnam because we, as a nation, are going, or have already gone, insane. Mailer's development from politics to meta-politics is complete. The world—and especially America—is now viewed as an expression of Mailer's own most extreme longings and fantasies. Subject and object, chaos and order, internal imagination and external reality are united in a fusion of creator and creation. In an ultimate sense Mailer is claiming not only *relation to* America but *identity with* her. It is likely that he has himself in mind when he writes of Rusty:

> His secret is that he sees himself as one of the pillars of the firmament, yeah, man—he reads the world's doom in his own fuckup. If he is less great than God intended him to be, then America is in Trouble.

One cannot help wondering whether *Why Are We in Vietnam?,* unruly and overwhelming, is not at least as much a symptom of our "Trouble" as a cure for it.

THROUGHOUT the past decade Mailer has made the world of the hipster the stuff of his sermons—novels, essays, and plays—as well as the style of his personal life. He calls it "a muted cool religious revival," and a better description (at least of his *intentions*) would be hard to find. He is Zarathustra coming down from the mountain with his vision of the hero; he is Dostoevsky reminding us that "God and the Devil are fighting, and the battleground is the heart of man!"; he is a Puritan minister informing us that pain may be good, for to suffer is to be given the opportunity to grow and prepare for the mystery of death and the perils of hell; he is a preacher frustrated by his congregation's blind faith in innocence at a time in history when innocence is not only a lie but a crime; he is a seer trying to jar complacent men into an awareness of the despair that lies beneath their conventions; he is Toynbee telling us that if a civilization stagnates, it will die, that if a nation is to survive, it must respond to the reality of challenge; and he is Jonathan Swift couching

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his eschatalogical message in the languge and imagery of scatology.

It is true that Mailer's own faith in the validity of his message is not absolute. He has admitted that "the hipster gambles that he can be terribly, tragically wrong, and therefore be doomed to Hell." But Mailer is a gambler, and so he continues to preach, to reiterate the old verities with a new twist, opening himself to the charge of anachronism, refusing to accept the "modern," the valueless objectivity of the novels of Robbe-Grillet, the impersonal detachment of the music of Milton Babbitt, and the faceless hotels of Conrad Hilton. He will not give up like Hemingway's Lieutenant Henry, who trusts only in the names of bridges, cities, and battles; Mailer chooses instead still to believe in God, Love, Heroism, Courage, and Death. His life and work are a contradiction of the message contained in one of his own poems:

Never
contemplate
nothing
said
the saint.

History is a nightmare from which Mailer is still trying to awaken; but he will not take the easy way out in his struggle.

And yet if he is singleminded in his determination to view life in terms of ultimate battle, his desire for victory is not without ambivalence. His involvement in the pop world has become more than peripheral with his play, his new underground movie (where he is cast as a Mafia gangster), his new novel, and his own life style (where he tries to enact simultaneously the roles of writer, fighter, celebrity, lover, and messiah); and like most of the major figures in this eclectic pop world, he is flirting with psychosis. To live on the edge of so many different scenes is to belong truly to none; and to act like so many different people is to endanger the self. The sign of surrender, the indication that the battle has been lost, is the sense of succumbing to Dread. It is not impossible that Mailer's Dread is essentially the fulfillment of his own unacknowledged *desire* for that Dread, the intuition that all those "psychotic" ideas and actions he lives by are simply the expression of a profound longing for madness and extinction.

MAILER holds himself together, however, by virtue of his work. Through creation he is able to come closer to the unattainable goal of total victory in the struggle which is the metaphor for his vision of life. Even if we do not believe in it ourselves, even if we are impatient with the intellectual naivete of a man who only a decade ago speculated that perhaps he was the first person to state that God was in danger of dying, and even if we are annoyed by the heavily flawed style of his prose, we can still learn from, and be moved by, this belligerent prophet. At the end of the stage version of *The Deer Park*, he speaks of debates about God and Time and Sex as constituting "part of the poor odd dialogues which give hope to us noble humans for more than one night." If Mailer has done this in his own work even a small part of the time, he is one Puritan our age can ill afford to lose.

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MICHAEL HARRINGTON

LIBERALISM ACCORDING TO GALBRAITH

LIBERALISM, as it was known for a generation, died in November 1964. Whether it will be reborn remains to be seen.

The occasion of the demise was, of course, the famous victory of Lyndon B. Johnson. The triumphant Johnson consensus of that year, stretching from Henry Ford to Walter Reuther, from Russell Long to Martin Luther King, made the traditional liberal program the official national ideology of the United States of America. The Left, Center, and sophisticated Right agreed upon the goals of federal management of the economy, full employment, Medicare, formal legal equality for Negroes, and expanded economic growth. There was even a vague unanimity about a dim future prospect called the Great Society. Liberalism was no longer a subversive and prophetic force. It had arrived at the very center of American society.

To be sure, liberal demands were often adopted more in principle than in practice. Harry Truman's call for universal national medical insurance was turned into a program which merely covered people over sixty-five and some of the poor; similarly, the bold summons to an "unconditional" war on poverty was followed by actual measures that were cautious and highly conditional. So a struggle is still required if the nation is going to take its own consensus seriously. But that is a matter, however important, of quantitative change. And liberalism, if it is true to its own ideals, must propose qualitative innovations.

The more intelligent and radical segment of American youth sensed this impasse before any scholar had defined it, and its spokesmen began to scandalize the elders of reform by charging them with having sold out and become part of the establishment. The theories which the young invoked to express their anger were intemperate, unhistorical, much too sweeping, and contained a considerable measure of truth. Now, in a book which must be ranked as one of the most significant works of social thought in this generation,* the chairman of the major national organization of American liberals has provided a brilliant, reasoned analysis which substantiates many of the most bitter charges that have been made against the movement which he leads.

In essence, *The New Industrial State* is an attempt to help American liberalism recover from its own intemperate victory. This attempt is made by means of an extraordinarily lucid analysis of the planned, privately collectivized, and state-supported system of production which obtains in this mythically free-enterprise land. There were thinkers before Galbraith who caught the broad outlines of this trend—Rathenau, Schumpeter, and Keynes being among the most notable—but it is Galbraith's achievement to have presented in detail its economic, political, and even its cultural structure. The unacademic conclusion of his documented argument is that liberalism, and the nation, must strive for the growth of an Ungross National Product.

THE NEW industrial state, Galbraith demonstrates, arises out of that dominant sector of the American economy in which a handful of giant corporations controls the decisive industries. Taken together, these oligopolies form an "industrial system" in which the rapid transformations of technology, organization, and political-economic policy act and react upon one another in a whirlpool of change. The academic pieceworkers have mechanically subdivided this dynamic process into its static, isolated elements; the challenge, however, Galbraith holds, is to see it whole and in motion. And since his model of American capitalism succeeds in meeting precisely that challenge, it is worth summarizing at some length.

It is "technological compulsion," according to Galbraith, "not ideological or political will," which triggers the chain reaction of the industrial system. The contemporary means of production have become so sophisticated that they require highly educated skills and enormous investments of money over long periods of time. Therefore, as everyone knows, the corporation, with its tremendous internal resources and socialized intelligence, has replaced the entrepreneur. And therefore, as most economists are loath to admit, planning has superseded the market in practically every crucial area of the nation's economic life.

When factories were run by semi-skilled opera-

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* *The New Industrial State*, by John Kenneth Galbraith, Houghton Mifflin, 412 pp., $6.95.

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tives, a casual labor market could put foreign-speaking immigrants to work. But a modern corporation in need of digital circuit-design specialists cannot rely on the shapeups of the past. New professions have to be created, multiversities must be established to teach those who will engage in them, and the supply of brainpower has to be carefully plotted to meet the nation's needs. In the early days, for example, the individualistic Henry Ford could have switched from gasoline to steam engines on a few hours' notice. His corporate grandson now makes a firm commitment to a new model no less than eighteen months before it appears in a showroom. With such an investment of time and money, Henry Ford II cannot wait around philosophically while some invisible hand determines whether there will be buyers for his car. He must make sure that there will indeed be sufficient aggregate demand eighteen months away by supporting the neo-Keynesian policies of the state. And, through advertising, he must seek to predetermine a popular inclination to use the money that will be available in choosing freely the particular car he has made.

With the labor force, the buying power, and the consumer aesthetics of the society thus prearranged, prices too are of course not left to chance. The oligopolists understand that competition in this area would be mutually disastrous. But they do not then conspire to charge as much as the traffic will bear. That would be a vulgar, entrepreneurial response; rather, the corporate executive seeks stable growth, retained profits which provide new capital without the bother of going to the money market, and sufficient dividends to keep the stockholders passive.

Under these changed circumstances, the great threat to capitalism is not so much depression as it is inflation. It is relatively painless and politically quite popular to incite a boom by tax cuts. But to dampen down the economy by reducing spending or increasing taxes is something else again. Therefore, Galbraith holds (and since this is one of the few weak links in his case, I will return to it later) that the industrial system adopts a shamefaced, de facto system of price and wage control. This is done through the federal government, which establishes guideposts, "the most important innovation in economic policy of the administration of President John F. Kennedy."

The advent, finally, of all these new forms of rationalized economic activity in both the private and public sectors has been accompanied by the creation of new power relationships and a new power elite. On the campus and in the research institutes, an educational and scientific estate has appeared which provides the theory and the research to make the system work. Within the corporation itself, a technostructure of planners and committeemen has replaced the old-fashioned hierarchy with the owner-manager at the top. As a result of these changes, organized intelligence—and it is more scarce than capital itself—becomes the decisive factor of production.

A system based upon applied intellect, as this system is, cannot depend upon the old forms of motivation. A scientist or administrator cannot be beaten like a serf or threatened with unemployment and hunger like a proletarian. He cannot even be simply bought. The men of the technostructure identify with what they do and they must feel that their corporation has, or will have, a significant purpose. Thus, the goals of the enterprise must receive social approbation—and so they do. The entire nation believes in the GNP, in production for production's sake, in technological innovation, and in the sacred autonomy of free enterprise in an economy in which the government has socialized almost all the risks of research and development. But government intervention in research and development has sinister implications, when it takes the form of subsidies to those who produce means of annihilation. The conflict between American and Soviet power was not conspiratorially initiated by the industrial system in order to justify the public investment of billions of dollars in an advanced technology. That was a by-product of a very real counterposition of national interests. But the fact that the cold war came to serve this function now makes it that much more difficult to end the hostilities, and a precarious balance of world terror is therefore perpetuated. Here, as in the cult of gross economic growth, the system is transformed into its own excuse for being. It is a magnificently machined automaton.

Yet, Galbraith concludes, the new industrial state is not a monolith. The corporation needs a technostructure; the technostructure needs the scientific and educational estate; and the scientific and educational estate is prone to critical thought and moved by non-material incentives. Could the system therefore "bring into existence . . . the community that, hopefully, will reject its monopoly of social purpose"? Using his rigorous analysis to identify the areas where innovation is required, Galbraith concludes his study by proposing some pragmatic and visionary alternatives to the status quo.

GALBRAITH'S program operates on three distinct levels, ranging from the immediately practical to the reluctantly prophetic. It deals with the "lacunae" of planning and the abolition of the cold war; the transformation of the quality of life; and the evolutionary socialization of the corporation.

As to the first of these, there are, Galbraith notes, entire sectors of American society which lie outside the industrial system altogether. These include the poor who work in the small, unorganized units of farms, kitchens, laundries, and the like; entire industries, like mass transit and

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housing, which are run on a horse-and-buggy technology; and squalid public services which have not been able to compete with the affluent standards set by nuclear weapons, lunar expeditions, and mass ownership of private cars. To meet these problems, it must be recognized that there are "very large areas" which demand massive public intervention. It would be a good idea, for instance, to establish a single, autonomous company to take over all the mass surface movement of people in the United States east of the Appalachians. And there must be strong housing and development authorities which will take land out of the market and place it within the precincts of comprehensive social planning.

For such a domestic program to provide an economic substitute for the cold war would be a utopian ideal. Unfortunately, Galbraith argues, it cannot. The defense sector provides federal subsidy to a particular kind of advanced technology and research. Funds for decent services and housing would just not constitute adequate compensation for the loss of these subsidies. Happily, however, the space race offers a sufficient, and socially benign, outlet for these monies. And since the United States and the Soviet Union are becoming more and more alike (the exigencies of the industrial system apply in both countries, despite the differences in ideology) there is a political basis for a permanent detente.

On a less conventional level, Galbraith proposes to make the quality of life itself a subject of economic and political decision. It is an unquestioned article of faith in the industrial system that the National Product is gross and that, therefore, any increase in it is a "good thing"—even if it takes place in carcinogenic cigarettes or noisome automobiles. Moreover, since advertising has the important function of planning the public taste, there is a positive incitement to ugliness—to the bombardment of all of our senses with debased words, pictures, signs, and sounds. The state is a most fallible and undependable institution when it comes to the protection of aesthetics; it is also the only institution available. Hence public bodies must increasingly make uneconomic choices in the name of beauty (like forcing telephone wires underground even if it costs more).

Secondly, work must be redesigned. As things stand now, only the members of the scientific and educational estate can think of the year as a whole, and can consequently indulge in three-month vacations, sabbaticals, and leaves of absence. Given prevailing values, Galbraith believes that many people will choose work over leisure (I think he underestimates the degree to which increased education, delayed entry to the labor market, and early retirement are already changing job patterns)—but he wants people in any case to have a much wider range of choice. Employees, he proposes, should have the right to choose more leisure as against more income, without prejudice to their status.

Galbraith seeks also to emancipate education from its present thralldom to the industrial system. Whereas a theorist like Clark Kerr sees the university's subordination to corporate and technical power as inevitable, Galbraith believes that the campus should be an independent center of opposition. This, as will be seen, should not be taken as a simple proposal for educational reform and the assertion of individual rights. In Galbraith's perspective, the educational and scientific estates can hardly be expected to lead in the transformation of an entire society if they are not allowed to run their own faculties.

By this point, it should be clear that Galbraith's program, while very much in the liberal tradition, involves important new departures. Only a few liberals in recent years have dissented so emphatically from the myths of the marketplace or been able to stress so cogently the need for truly massive public intervention and planning in areas like mass transit, housing, and land use. Disarmament activists, of course, have long talked of the domestic effects of the cold war, but they have been wont to reduce complicated considerations of political, economic, and military pressures to a charade of material interests. Galbraith's account of the defense sector is much more sober, and his recognition of the difficulties of a transition to peace much more realistic, than the usual run of peacemongering analyses.

I feel, then, that the analytic sections of *The New Industrial State* (and these sections make up the bulk of the book) are more probing than anything I have read on this subject in years, and that its proposals for immediate, practical change, and for the middle-distance transformations of the quality of human life, are excellent. If I devote the rest of this essay to a critical look at the shortest and most speculative portion of the book, it is not for reasons of utopian nitpicking. Galbraith has every right to be wary of proclamaitons about the Future of Man. His premises are, of course, liberal; mine, however beleaguered, are those of a radical who belongs to the liberal community. Yet I think that by focusing upon a distant area of subtle difference I can raise some important questions which touch on tomorrow's strategies as well as on the more remote problems of the 21st century.

In Galbraith's scenario, first of all, it is the educational and scientific estate which must take the lead in putting the industrial system in its rightful, subordinate place. Such a move will, of course, provoke the opposition of at least part of the system. But this hostility, Galbraith continues, may well be mitigated by basic trends within the society. Today, few people discuss the reality of the industrial state since that would require un-American admissions about the degree of planning which already exists in this country.

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As time goes on, however, the dependence of big business on Washington will become more and more obvious. And as the public begins to understand that the giant companies are not under the control of the market, but willfully decide their own destiny, the argument for corporate autonomy will lose its force.

While all this is happening, a certain idealism will be corrupting the industrial system from within. Since management will no longer be motivated by considerations of profitmaking alone, technicians at Hughes and Lockheed in California will have the same reasons for working as do those at the non-profit Jet Propulsion Lab run by Cal Tech. Hence, the technostructure will no longer have a passionate stake in resisting its socialization. Enterprises which have become public corporations in fact will more and more become public corporations in political and legal theory and thus be subjected to democratic controls. In such a setting, the educational and scientific estate will indeed be able to pose an effective challenge to the industrial system's monopoly of values.

Galbraith is no Candide. He recognizes that right, justice, truth, and beauty may lose out to the religion of efficiency, production, and corporate power. Yet I do not think he takes sufficient account of tendencies which do not simply frustrate his hopes but work actively against them —for there is a strong evolutionary trend toward subordinating the social good to private purpose. This gloomy possibility, which must be given the unfortunate weight it deserves, is not adequately recognized by Galbraith for what it portends. Nor is he alone in his reluctance to deal with it. Perhaps the first Western theorist to have been overoptimistic about the corporation was Karl Marx. In the third volume of *Capital,* Marx held that a stock company gave capital "the form of social capital . . . as distinguished from private capital, and its enterprises assume the form of social enterprises as distinguished from individual enterprises. It is the abolition of capital as private property within the boundaries of capitalist production itself." This "highest development of capitalist production" was, Marx believed, the point of departure for the transition to socialism.

Others since Marx have tried to fit the corporation into some rational economic theory, the most important of them in this century being John Maynard Keynes. In 1926, Keynes wrote that "one of the most interesting and unnoticed developments of recent decades has been the tendency of big enterprise to socialize itself." This could eventually result, Keynes thought, "in the growth and recognition of semi-autonomous bodies within the state—bodies whose criterion of action within their own field is solely the public good as they understand it, and from whose deliberations motives of private advantage are excluded. . . ."

Now, Galbraith redefines and updates the anomaly which fascinated Marx and Keynes. The corporation, he says, is "capitalism without control by the capitalist, . . . socialism without control by the society." But it is precisely the second half of his formula which is subversive of his optimism. The corporation was not revolutionized into socialism, as Marx hoped, nor was it evolutionized into benevolence, as Keynes predicted. On the contrary, the "natural" inclination of this institution seems to be toward a brutal and anti-social egotism. This is no less true now that the crude definitions of profit have been modified and motives made to seem much less crass. Consider some of the evidence.

In the 50's, the steel industry systematically sought to increase its profit rate. This, of course, is further proof that Galbraith is right when he denies that the giant enterprises necessarily seek a maximum yield, for the steel industry could not possibly have been operating at its highest profit potential when it decided to double the figure. Yet the decision to seek a higher rate also shows how a major sector of the industrial system could be so self-centered as to pursue a policy which was proving extremely embarrassing to the business-dominated administration in Washington. Naturally, the move was rationalized by a campaign of opinion management which charged that unions were responsible for the wage-price spiral. But for all the statesmanlike rhetoric, the basic thrust of steel's policy was as narrow-minded as the decisions of any quaint old capitalist of yesteryear.

This pattern became even more pronounced in the 60's. As the Kennedy-Johnson policies managed to put into motion a remarkable boom, the corporations set out to get a disproportionate share of the gains thus socially induced. Between 1960 and 1965, profits after taxes went up 52 per cent, dividends 43 per cent, and take-home pay for factory workers 21 per cent. It was only in 1965-1966, when a tighter labor market put the unions into a decent bargaining position, that wages went up enough to increase unit labor costs. At that point, the companies—which had received enormous special privileges in the form of tax cuts, new formulas for computing depreciation, and an investment tax cut—advised the nation to face up to the new problems by cutting social spending.

Joseph Pechman has documented similar tendencies over a forty-year period. Since the late 20's, when corporate taxes were extremely low, America has repeatedly made the democratic decision that big business should make a larger contribution to the common good. Yet, despite all the theoretical increases in corporate tax, the after-tax returns of the 60's are as high as they were four decades ago. This was not done, in the main, by marking up prices or lowering wages, but through the more efficient use of capital. In other words,

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when costs fell, the savings were not passed on to consumers in the form of lower prices—which is what the Council of Economic Advisors thought would happen—but were retained by the corporations in order to keep their profits high.

GALBRAITH has been conscious of these problems for a long time. In as early a work as *American Capitalism* (1956), he identified the inflationary temptations which come with full employment, or which appear, as they do now, when there is an official unemployment rate of 4 per cent and a real rate of at least twice that. The unions negotiate from strength; politicians who had happily followed the New Economics in cutting taxes are loath to raise them; and companies will accept just about any wage demand which will allow them uninterrupted access to good times. Galbraith writes lucidly about these patterns but, in acknowledging the specifics of the case, he admits evidence which challenges his generalizations about the socialization of the coporation. For at every point in the process, the oligopolies, however sophisticated they may have become, are acting in an old-fashioned and greedy way.

There are many reasons for this persistence of an atavistic egotism in the semi-collectivized enterprises of a semi-directed economy. There is, for one thing, the heritage of business with its sincere, self-serving conviction that private greed is socially virtuous. For another, there is the commercial ethos of the entire society, described so well by Robert Heilbroner: "Thralldom to an overwhelming economic imperative of sales and profits and . . . worship of a calculus of income are features of capitalism that cannot be eliminated by planning." And there is, finally, a preservative for the traditional vices in the practice of that "reactionary Keynesianism" which Galbraith himself has brilliantly described.

As long as one assumes the contest of a business system, the Keynesian state must care for, and coddle, businessmen. Keynes wrote of the executives: "If you work them into that surly, obstinate, terrified mood, of which domestic animals, wrongly handled, are so capable, the nation's burdens will not get carried to market. . . ." So it was that John F. Kennedy rejected Galbraith's advice and stimulated the economy not by social investments, in order to deal with the squalor of the public sector, but by tax cuts and depreciation allowances which conferred discriminatory advantages upon corporations and rich individuals. In other words, government power under the present system tends to promote the common good by granting unjust rewards to the special interest of business. And the companies act like the traditional donkey lunging for the traditional carrot.

Indeed, the motives of the technostructure are generally more complicated than Galbraith suggests. The conglomerate enterprise is a case in point. A corporation like the Textron Company, for instance, makes cologne, rolling mills, pencils, helicopters, rocket engines, bathroom towel racks, chain saws, and eyeglass frames; it alone can stand as a symbol of the current fashion of diversified undertakings; ". . . how can any group of executives," the *Wall Street Journal* asked in its report on this company, "maintain control over such dizzyingly varied businesses in most of which they can have had no experience? The answer to the . . . question, say Textron men, is simple. The company has acquired unrelated businesses to make money." Now there is no question that the individual scientists and technicians in, say, Textron's rocket-engine division, are moved by many non-pecuniary considerations. But as an institutional entity, as a whole, the corporation is motivated much in the style of the obsolescent individual entrepreneur.

All these data about corporate profit-seeking and tax-avoidance make me question Galbraith's confidence in wage-price guideposts. In the early period of the Kennedy-Johnson boom, when unemployment was high enough to make the unions relatively weak, the companies took as much as they could get, which was a lot. Then, when an inflationary danger appeared, in part because of the way business had behaved, the executives—in what is by now a familiar domestic comedy—lectured labor on its responsibilities and told the government to be thrifty.

But perhaps the most summary point to be made about the anti-social habits built into the very structure of the industrial system has nothing to do with money. Even when an enterprise is not concerned with a maximum profit, even when it is run by cultivated and idealistic men, it remains a center of power. And, as Ralf Dahrendorf has put it, "If a person occupies a position of domination in an enterprise, it is irrelevant on principle whether his authority is based on property, election by a board of directors, or appointment by a government agency." Non-pecuniary motivation, in short, may only change the reasons for irresponsible behavior, not the behavior itself.

But if, then, the new industrial state is even more resistant to reform than Galbraith suggests, what hope is there? The answer lies seemingly far afield. Galbraith, as noted earlier, is cautious about entering into speculative debate over vague, distant possibilities. Yet he knows that the industrial system is transitory, and he has the intellectual daring—rare in these days of the "end of ideology"—to consider alternative social systems. So as a socialist I find it much to his credit that he has written a critique of socialism. Most American social thinkers are so complacent that they do not even know that the issue is relevant.

Galbraith's basic argument against the socialist claim to the future is that it seeks to transform a capitalism which no longer exists. In the days of

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the entrepreneurial corporation, he maintains, it made sense to propose that the workers' representatives, or the state, should take over the functions of the owner-manager. The capitalist performed relatively simple, straightforward tasks and these could be done just as well democratically. However, the industrial system changes all that: "The technical complexity and associated scale of operations that took power from the capitalist entrepreneur and lodged it with the technostructure, removed it also from the reach of socialist control." For documentation, Galbraith cites the fate of nationalized enterprise in India, Ceylon, and Britain. I will pass over the first two cases since they refer to developing nations where the problem is to create the material preconditions for a just society but where that society is itself an impossibility. The British example is in any case the most revealing.

After World War II, an apparently technical problem arose with regard to how British industry was to be nationalized. Would there be parliamentary questions about the statified enterprises? Would, in other words, the elected representatives of the people control the companies held in the people's name? If this had been done, Galbraith argues (and the British Labour party of 1945 agreed with him), the minister in charge of a given industry would have to have had a large, highly qualified staff, a sort of *Doppelgänger* to the actual management. "Only if such parliamentary intervention were excluded could the firm, and therein the technostructure, act responsibly and promptly on decisions requiring specialized information." Thus the traditional socialist program for the democratic control of economic decisions was thwarted by the uncapitalist evolution of capitalist society. A nationalized company in Britain, an American corporation, and a Soviet trust—all three require a substantial autonomy that has little to do with the very character of modern technology.

But Galbraith omits a very important aspect of the British experience. For, as Labour theorist Thomas Balogh is fond of pointing out with some passion, the Attlee government neglected to have a plan or a center for establishing and coordinating fundamental priorities. Yet it is precisely at this level that the sovereignty of the people over economic decisions can be most effectively exercised. The parliament may well lack the competence to make, or even understand, a complex technical choice about exactly how the transportation industry is to develop. But it is quite capable of expressing a preference for, say, mass public transportation over private cars, and of adopting policies toward that end.

This is not to say that Galbraith's point is a negligible one. As Andrew Shonfield has demonstrated in his *Modern Capitalism,* it is no simple matter for a legislature to establish sovereignty over a planning apparatus (Shonfield calls the French Plan a "conspiracy in the public interest" between executives and bureaucrats). Still, this is the point at which decisions can be translated into real choices for the layman. By neglecting to note the importance of national planning in the British failure to establish democratic control over nationalized industries, Galbraith is led to a significant programmatic omission.

It is the thesis of *The New Industrial State* that there are "lacunae" of planning in areas outside of the system proper, like housing and transportation. In these cases, Galbraith is forthrightly in favor of massive governmental planning and intervention. But he seems to be saying tacitly that where the industrial system is already engaged in planning, one need only impose some decent values from without. Once again, I suspect him of oversimplifying power relationships. For if the corporate concentrations are left to themselves, they cannot help but constitute a countergovernment and a counterplan. And whatever one thinks of the question of nationalized enterprise, it seems to me necessary to add to Galbraith's program a proposal for federal economic planning that would be subject to democratic debate and decision. This is the only way to establish a basic social context in which all of the relevant technical choices can be made. (This does not mean the abolition of capitalism, although it could, in my opinion, be a step in that most happy direction.)

If my analysis is correct, then the tasks posed by Galbraith are even more difficult than he makes them seem, for the corporations will undoubtedly launch a very determined institutional resistance to reforms of this sort. This leads to a slightly different perspective on political tactics than the one presented in *The New Industrial State.*

In *American Capitalism,* Galbraith had already begun his analysis of the tendencies toward oligopoly and the elimination of the market. "The long trend toward concentration of industrial enterprise in the hands of a relatively few figures," he wrote, "has brought into existence not only strong sellers, as economists have supposed, but also strong buyers as they have failed to see." In *The New Industrial State,* Galbraith has in effect abandoned a significant portion of this theory of countervailing power. In the earlier work, for instance, unions were seen as a major force against corporate autocracy. Now labor is described as a numerically dwindling movement which does more to rationalize the work situation than to challenge the values of the system itself, and hence as a negligible force in the task of accommodating the technostructure to the needs of society.

The manpower patterns upon which Galbraith bases his analysis are familiar enough. In the mid-50's, white-collar workers became more numerous than blue-collar workers, causing a decline in the organized percentage of the labor force, whose proportion of (traditionally) organizable

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jobs was thereby reduced. So the unions have entered a period of stagnation and there is no sense in looking to them as dynamic participants in the movement to break the ideological monopoly of the industrial system.

In making this argument, however, Galbraith ignores what might be described as the newest example of countervailing power. One of the most significant labor developments in recent years has been the growth of the American Federation of Teachers. The AFT has won election after election and, even when defeated, has usually managed to transform the rival National Education Association into a de facto union. The changing manpower patterns are thus not quite so gloomy as Galbraith suggests, especially if one is looking, as Gus Tyler has pointed out, for collective bargaining tendencies rather than mere increases in union membership. Doctors, nurses, priests, social workers, university teaching assistants, athletes, and others have created organizations which negotiate on wages, working conditions, and the quality of service, but which are often not affiliated with the AFL-CIO. And it is of some consequence that the most striking expressions of this growing militancy on the part of white-collar workers have occurred in the two areas of greatest job growth—education and health services.

Thus far, the mood of collective bargaining has not extended to the lower echelon of the technostructure itself. And yet, as office- and committee-work becomes more and more rationalized, it is possible that these people will be affected by the same spirit which now animates the teachers. Were this indeed to happen, the industrial system might be challenged from within, particularly if the nation were to realize, as Galbraith hopes it will, that the stockkholders of the big companies receive princely rewards for performing no economic function whatsoever.

I am not here proposing some kind of corporatist utopia. Collective bargaining organizations can develop their own forms of egotism and national determination of basic economic priorities needs to be established in any case. Yet trade unionism—taking the term in its broadest sense—could well make an enormous contribution in the struggle for alternatives to the industrial system. Indeed, Galbraith recognizes this point in one very important area, but he does not generalize from it. There is a very special danger that the university will be decisively dominated by corporate values. And clearly the educational and scientific estate must have its independent base—its Yenan, its Sierra Maestra—if it is to fulfill the political role which Galbraith imagines for it. In this perspective, the battles in recent years among students, faculties, and administrations cease to be mere quarrels over individual rights and take on deep social significance. They become one of the preconditions for reform in the nation as a whole.

It is an irony of American history that when Franklin D. Roosevelt took militant action against the Depression in 1935 he was also moving away from planning and toward free market economics. The First New Deal, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has described it, thought in terms of national coordination. Businessmen supported this approach as a way of getting around the anti-trust laws and engaging in price fixing; social reformers like Tugwell and Berle were for it because it offered the opportunity to plan for the needs of the country. The Second New Deal, which came into being toward the end of Roosevelt's first term, was suspicious of bigness and favored competition. Under the leadership of Brandeis, the Second New Dealers argued that the government should prime the pump and then let the market take over. It was this Second New Deal which was codified into the liberal program which prevailed in 1964.

Since 1935, however, the competitive forces upon which the Second New Dealers counted have, in large areas of the economy, ceased to exist. The reality is the one which Galbraith so brilliantly depicts: of giant enterprises using planning techniques in concert with the Keynesian state and with the aid of a massive, semi-nationalized sector for the production of the means of annihilation. Under such circumstances the traditional liberal wisdom no longer applies. The time is come for at least a Third New Deal, and it is this which Galbraith effectively proposes in *The New Industrial State.*

"Engine Charlie" Wilson unwittingly stated the motto of this Third New Deal when he appeared before the Senate in 1953: what is good for General Motors is good for the United States of America. The industrial system, as Galbraith documents it, plans so effectively that it is able to impose its values upon both the state and the society. Therefore the liberal political movement must counterplan. The techniques which have succeeded so spectacularly in creating a lopsided, discriminatory affluence can be put in the service of an Ungross National Product. The famous American knowhow can be directed to unmet social needs like housing, public transportation, and the dilapidated public sector. The country can decide to find a less terrifying way to subsidize research and development than through the arms industry. Considerations of beauty and social consequence can be politically programmed into economic calculations, the boundaries between work and leisure can be redrawn to suit human needs, the university can be turned into something better than a technological trade school. All this is the stuff which liberal dreams are made of. It is Galbraith's achievement, in offering American liberalism a new beginning, a summons to go beyond the consensus which it helped to create to have made the realization of those dreams seem possible once again.

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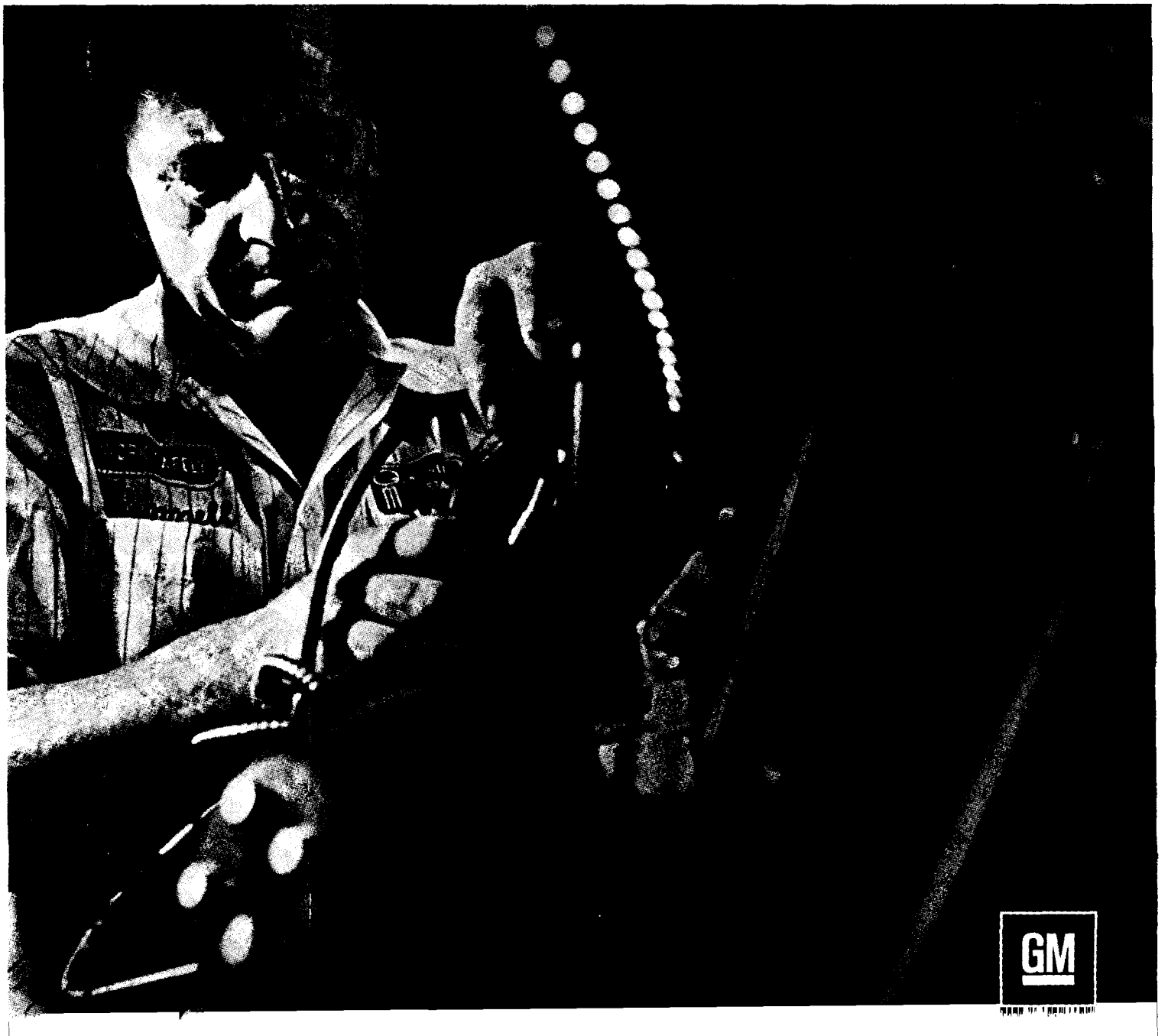
Jim Rennell, Dynamometer Operator, General Motors Engineering Staff, Warren, Michigan.



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THE VOICES OF NEWARK

Jervis Anderson

IN NEWARK, as in many other cities, the heart of the black ghetto—the Central Ward, or "the Hill," as some of its residents call it—is uptown. Not only is it, in the parlance of black urban crisis, another tinderbox, but, even to the way its boundaries are shaped out on the map, it looks roughly like a bulging oblong box of explosives. Its location, therefore, is perilous. One match tossed carelessly in its vicinity could shatter the integrity of Newark, for it sits at the very center of the city like a belly button.

Last July 12, a Wednesday evening, the match was tossed. That evening, a Negro cab driver by the name of John Smith was arrested on a charge of tailgaiting, and, in the full view of enraged spectators, was dragged into the Fourth Precinct; there, according to Smith—and the charge was supported by his subsequent physical appearance—he was badly beaten up. What happened in Newark for the remainder of that weekend is by now too well known to repeat. Suffice it to say that by Friday morning, Governor Richard Hughes, on an inspection tour through the smoke and wreckage, was remarking, as much in sadness as in anger, on "the funeral of the city."

As one man said, it didn't take much for that box to go off. The Central Ward is what even the least excitable of newspapers would describe as "a teeming, squalid slum." The people there complain of overcharging by landlords and by businessmen along Springfield Avenue, "who despise us but live high off of us in the suburbs." They resent the fact that in Newark, where they are more than 50 per cent of the population, they are represented by no more than two members on the city council, partly, of course, because not enough of them register and vote, but partly also because of political gerrymandering. Some 32 per cent of the housing is substandard—made up of frail wooden or crumbling brick structures. Moving through parts of the Central Ward, one gets the feeling of walking through an old frame house whose floorboards are loose and creaking, whose missing shingles let in the rain, whose dusty corners are alive with spiders.

Last year, Mayor Hugh Addonizio ordered forty-five acres of the Central Ward cleared to make way for the construction of a medical and dental college. (A slightly different account of this from within the community itself has it that the number of acres ordered to be cleared was 150, of which only 46 were to be used for the college, with the rest remaining idle in the event of further need.) In any case, hundreds of Negro families would have been put out of their homes by the proposed construction.

If the matter of the college was one of the more frequently-cited "causes" of the events in Newark, there was no lack of others. The unemployment rate throughout the city is 8.2 per cent, almost double the national standard. According to the New York *Times*, "This year $4.4-million was earmarked for Newark's massive problems. Limited state and city funds were also thrown in. Versatile community action programs proliferated amid the stench of poverty." But this made little difference. "We did our best," an official of the Office of Economic Opportunity has said, "but Newark is bad and we were simply overwhelmed." But by far the greatest grievance in the Central Ward is against the police, of whom more than 90 per cent, according to the Negroes, are white, and who are consistently accused of brutality and contempt for the community. "The cops are just here to get the niggers," one young man told me. "What happened here was mainly a rebellion against the cops."

Some, of course, insist it was a riot; others claim it was an insurrection; and still others have their own views as to whether the rebellion, the riot, or the insurrection was aimed at the police, at the landlords, at the businessmen along Springfield Avenue, at bad housing and joblessness, or at white control. Just as there are differing interpretations of the nature and objectives of the eruption, so are there differing styles of response to the pressures of the Central Ward. On the basis of what one hears, it would seem that some people do not worry one way or the other about how their situation will work out: they appear convinced that they are never going "to get up off the ground until the man gets up off us." Some argue strongly for Negro self-help. Some insist that "we need the cops." Some manage to escape, particularly to the more prosperous South Ward, even though many of them find when they get there that they have exchanged ghetto frustrations for open hostility with the middle-class Italians. Some welcome the anti-poverty programs that have sprung up in Newark as the real hope. Some are still pinning their hopes on the objectives and strategies of the traditional civil-rights leaders, while others dismiss them contemptuously as "a bunch of house niggers."

BUT SOUNDING through this cacophony is the insistent, and dominant, tone of the more articulate black militants. To them, most of the foregoing issues are irrelevant; the issue of real importance now is not so much the quality of life in the ghetto, as what share of the power they themselves should have in determining what the ultimate quality of that life must be. The

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militants are largely young people. Many of them are not read in radical or black nationalist writings, but, out of their feeling of irrelevance and impotence in a system run by whites, they have arrived at a rough-gut perception of the need for black involvement—or, as some of them would say, black power—in the determining of their community affairs. Others, the more ideologically sophisticated middle-class intellectuals, quote Malcolm X, Frantz Fanon, Che Guevara, Stokely Carmichael, LeRoi Jones, Nat Turner, and H. Rap Brown. A number of them do not live in the ghetto but view it as exciting raw material for the kind of black nationalist constituency they dream of building for themselves. Others, equally intelligent, travel more lightly in doctrine; they are simply declaring for black dignity. They are the children of non-violent integrationist protest who are finished with the American Dream. All of these people may start out from disparate points, but sooner or later they converge in the common agreement that their only remaining option is one of racial politics.

II

ONE MAY correctly suspect that, given a certain degree of intensity of racial and political feelings, a militant is quite likely to riot. And along the same lines, one might also expect that, given a certain degree of economic privation, a man who is unemployed is quite likely to riot. Yet he may also not riot. Some did, of course, but others of the unemployed in Newark's Central Ward felt that all the rioters ought to be shot. And though one may get away with the prediction that a militant is likely to riot, one may be wrong in predicting that he is also likely to loot; for to many of them, throwing a brick or a firebomb through a store window proved sufficient as gestures of repudiation.

An example of a young rioter is twenty-three-year old John Thomas. He is a militant, impatient with the atmosphere of inferiority and powerlessness that pervades the ghetto, but knows little or nothing about ideology of any kind. He is tall and handsome, was born and raised "right here on the hill of Newark" by parents who migrated from South Carolina in the late 30's. Elementary and junior high school were "very beautiful" for him, but he dropped out of high school in his senior year "because I wasn't learning anything and because the white cats were getting to me." He joined a Negro gang and fought with white gangs all over Newark. "Sometimes we beat them and sometimes they beat the shit out of us." But his mother, who has been "doing white people's dirty housework" for as long as he can remember, got him to drop out of the gang, and he went to barber school to learn a trade.

"Today," he says, "I do all right for myself. I make good money. But that's beside the point. Money or no, they still got you under their heels. Especially the police, they treat us all like dogs or little children. To them, policework is a way of beating niggers. They say they want you to respect them, but how can you respect them the way they treat you? For instance, there's a lot of people here who make book or sell numbers using the candystore as a front. They couldn't do it without the cops. And the cops will walk right in, in front of all the kids and black people in the community, take their payoff, and walk right out again. They couldn't care less about what the black people think. If a black guy has a little racket going and is doing well, before you know it his business gets busted. No matter how much he kicks back to the cops he still gets busted. He can stay in business but he mustn't do too well. Man, they take away our manhood in this place."

In a way, says Thomas, he was glad when the cops arrested John Smith, because it gave the Negroes a chance to show how they felt. He knew from the start that he was going to be in it. His girlfriend, who didn't take much of an interest in those things herself, tried to keep him from getting involved. That Thursday evening, when it seemed that all efforts at cooling the situation had failed, she got him to go with her to a movie downtown. When they came out at 11 o'clock they sensed that trouble had started because the buses weren't taking any Negroes uptown. In spite of his girlfriend's pleas that they go home, he walked all the way up to Springfield Avenue, where most of the rioting and looting had broken out. He took her home and then came back out again. He wanted to get a group together, but he didn't see anybody he knew. So he just stood around and watched. "I didn't want anything," he says, "it's not in my nature to steal."

"Next evening I got some cats together and gave them a plan. That day they had let loose the troopers who shot up a lot of Negroes. First we made some cocktails. I feel if you're going to hurt the white man you got to hit him right. Lots of guys were coming down from the suburbs with sticks, jumping out of their cars, beating black people. We got some of them with bricks and bottles. Then we started hitting different places. Hitting and moving. That's the only way. You shouldn't stay in one place too long. We took care of business all over. I'm not going to say everything we did, but we were very busy that night, man, very busy.

"I don't feel it was a riot as people say. It was a rebellion against the onesided legal and political system we live with up here on the hill. The black man has no voice in City Hall. They treat us like dogs down there. You go to City Hall to discuss grievances and they keep you waiting for two hours before they show up. Then when the meeting starts they walk out every few minutes to smoke cigarettes or to go to the bathroom. They're insulting us, man, that's what they're doing. It's a slap in our face.

"As for the two Negroes they got on the city council, they should get rid of them. They're not my leaders. The only time I hear they're supposed to be my leaders is when I read it in the newspapers. Some of them are more so your enemy than the white man because they can get into your home and get you to trust them. And the things you wouldn't say to whitey you say to them.

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"And as far as the rebellion is concerned, I was behind it a hundred per cent. It makes you feel good to see people strike back at their enemy. Where I am concerned, I am ready to die. I broke up with my girlfriend the other day. I told her that from now on, my girlfriend is my people."

At one point, one of the customers in Thomas's barbershop volunteered an opinion. "I think all you guys are crazy," he said. "I work in a hospital emergency ward and all the bleeding heads I seen coming in was nigger heads. You can't hurt the white man, you only hurting yourself. Well, just look out there on Springfield Avenue; you all burn his store down but now you got to travel all the way downtown to shop. Besides, if you close him up on this block today, his sister is going to open up down the block next week."

"Yes," Thomas said, "but his sister will treat me with more respect next week."

A DIFFERENT KIND of "activist" is Calvin Grant. His attitude combines smugness, self-delusion, and grudging concession that problems exist in the Central Ward. He speaks as a man who thinks he is above involvement but who is only too happy to share in the booty that comes from the efforts of those who do get involved. He is now thirty years old and works as a lab technician in a paint company.

"I feel this whole riot is just a way of blowing off steam," he says. "They feel that these merchants along Springfield Avenue have been stealing them for years. It was just a way of people hitting the merchants in their pockets where it hurts most." Given this view, one might not have expected Grant to take part, but he did. Sitting at home, he saw other tenants in his building running home with loads of merchandise in their arms.

"I'm telling no lie," he says, "I took off and went down there too to see what I could get."

Very reluctantly, with a sardonic smile that showed the wide gap in his front teeth, he offered further opinions on the situation in Newark. A large muscular man with powerful shoulders, he nevertheless gave the impression that if a cop arrived while he was talking, he would have taken off in the opposite direction.

"The black man in Newark, he ain't going to get nothing unless the white man lets him. But don't get me wrong, I'm not blaming the man for everything. I mean, after all, we got the majority of the people, and we can just about do what we want with this town as far as getting into office and things like that. But we got to get together. Sometimes, though, I don't know. Like the other day this friend of mine ask me what did I think about the white man dictating to the colored man. I told him, I said well, you know, I don't think about it one way or the other. So he told me I was sitting on a high fence and did I ever think that when I fall off I'm going to have to fall black. That made me think a little bit. Then I start looking around, and I start seeing things like what's going on on my job. I got a pretty good job but I will never be able to rise any higher than what I am now. I will never be able to make it like the white boys, no matter what I do. The white man's got the upper hand, and if he doesn't let you, you ain't going nowhere.

"But this riot here, or whatever they call it, I seen it coming for a long time. If it wasn't the cops beating a taxi driver it would have been something else. The man's been beating the people for so long they feel it's about time to get him. And they did. I mean they got what they wanted and still they didn't pay for it. Still, it didn't get as bad as I think it might have. It could have been organized and then it would have been worse.

"But I will tell you one thing. If it ever comes to another one, I don't want to be around here. Because all the people who didn't go into the last one, the colored people, all the rest of the cops and the troopers, they will all be joining in. Even in this last one people was getting beat and didn't know what they was getting beat for. One guy was out walking his dog, and the cops just kicked him and beat him to the ground, beat the dog too. I seen the dog the other day, it's got a cast on its leg now." And he laughed.

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD youngster, who said he also threw bricks and firebombs, plans to enroll this fall in Kentucky State College to study political science. He wants to come back and run for mayor. His father, he says, is a successful businessman in the city and his mother teaches in the school system. Yet, citing Rap Brown, he declared that if Newark doesn't come around "next time we will burn down Springfield Avenue, burn down Central Avenue, burn down Clinton Avenue."

BRUCE WHITE represents the Negro businessman in the Central Ward who was caught in between. The rioters spared his bar, but, as he says, the cops and troopers took care of it the day they roamed through the ghetto shooting up Negro business places. "These so-called rioters," he says, "they ain't nothing but a bunch of hoodlums. If they got gripes, this ain't no way to go about it. It's wrong. They just trying to get a few things for nothing. About the only good it done is to give some white folks something to think about. Conditions is bad, but you can't change them by hurting your own people. We got the numbers. We can use politics like the whites do, put things to the vote. This riot is nothing but an excuse to steal and take."

III

CECIL TURNER, head of Newark's community poverty projects, with more than fifteen years of service in Democratic club politics in the Central Ward, was an uninvolved observer. "Newark," he says, "is a weekend town. In Newark, Negroes have money only on weekends. That's when they come together in bars because there's nowhere else to go. It was convenient for the riot to take place on a weekend, because it is the best time to pass the word around." He laughs and adds: "It's tough to round up Negroes on the telephone; it's not easy for them to get a telephone in the first place, and then as soon as they get one it's unlisted."

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Turner offers a tour of some of the landmarks of the rioting. We drive past the Sutter Homes, a group of apartment buildings that was the scene of most of the sniper fire, and he points out the Fourth Precinct, sitting like an armed garrison in hostile territory, dwarfed by the Hayes apartment buildings, across the street from which Negro tenants frequently hurl down epithets at the police. "The first fire broke out at the corner of Bergen Street and 15th Avenue," he says, pointing out the charred building; "I wouldn't know if the riot was organized, but while the police and firemen were all grouped around the burning building, looting was being carried out a few blocks away."

Springfield Avenue, the center of the attack, still looked devastated, almost a month later. The sidewalks were now swept clean of broken glass, but as far up and down the avenue as one could see, storefronts were either burnt out or boarded up with plywood. Miraculously, a few stores had escaped damage and were open for business as usual. Even some of those that were damaged had "Open For Business" signs painted on their plywood facades.

The signs above the crippled storefronts were instructive now only as a testimony to the tastes and predilections of the looters a month before: WINES AND LIQUORS . . . WHOLESALE-RETAIL . . . BRIDAL GOWNS . . . LUNCHEONETTE . . . DRUGS . . . LADIES SHOES . . . SUPERMARKET . . . FLORIST . . . MEN'S WEAR . . . LADIES WEAR . . . CARPETS AND RUGS . . . FURNITURE . . . MEATS . . . JEWELRY . . . WIGS . . . BABY FURNITURE . . . HOSIERY . . . LUGGAGE. . . .

It was hard to imagine that only a month ago, hundreds of the same people who were now parading innocently up and down the avenue were taking part in its destruction. To a stranger's eye, at least, they managed to look more like the victims of unknown sinners than sinners themselves. .

Turner commented on some of the activities of the looters as if he himself took a comic delight in some of the things they did. "Fifty per cent of the stores hit," he said, smiling mischievously, "were liquor stores. Then came the clothes stores, then furniture, then meats. Man, you should see people with whole sides of meats on their backs. Before the riot Cooper's Furniture Store was supposed to move for urban renewal. He told the city it would take him two months to move out. Well, when the looters hit that place they cleaned him out inside of four hours. Wasn't nothing left but the pricetags. One woman dashed into a furniture store with a little baby in her arms and came back out pushing the baby in a carriage. One of the first liquor stores they hit belonged to a guy who claimed he was on good terms with the community."

Turner's descriptions brought to mind Ralph Ellison's account in *Invisible Man* of night looters at work in a Harlem riot, one of the most brilliant and authentic fictional statements in American writing of the serio-comic spirit of the Negro under conditions of pressure. Here are two short passages, selected at random from the final chapter of the novel:

> "Fill it up, man. Don't be bashful. You wait till we tackle one of those pawnshops. That Du's got him a cotton-picking sack fulla stuff. He could go into business." "Well, I'll be damned, I thought it was a cotton sack. Where'd he get that thing?" "He brought it with him when he came North," Scofield said. "Du swears that when he goes back he'll have it full of ten-dollar bills. Hell, after tonight he'll need him a warehouse for all the stuff he's got. You fill that briefcase, buddy. Get yourself something."
>
> "You hurt daddy?" "Some—I I don't know—" I couldn't quite see them. "Damn! He's got a hole in his head!" a voice said. "Hell, it's just a nick. One them forty-fives hit your little finger and you got to go down!" "Well, this one over here is gone down for the last time," someone called from the walk. "They got him clean."

Ellison's book, published more than fifteen years ago, indicates, in fact, that there is little that is new about the differing moods and feelings that have brought about the recent riots and that have been let loose during them. Indeed, the final chapter of the novel could well serve as a scenario for much of what has gone on this summer. One of the quotes attributed to Le Roi Jones in the New York *Times* of August 7, could have come straight out of *Invisible Man*. Jones, addressing a group of Negroes, told them not to "grab whiskey and TV sets," but to "get something to protect yourselves." In the novel, Ras the Destroyer, perhaps a more militant nationalist than Jones, calls out to a group of looters: "Come away from that stupid looting. Come jine with us to burst in the armory and get guns and ammunition."

It is Turner's feeling that, beyond the grievances that exist, the newspapers helped to fan the riots. "Every time these people open a newspaper," he says, "they are reading about how there's supposed to be a long hot summer. It was like the newspapers were begging for it. And sooner or later the people start believing what they read, and go right out and tear up things."

Traditional leadership, he says, is becoming increasingly impotent among young Negroes in Newark. "They don't believe in America the way they used to. Few years ago most young guys around here used process in their hair. Now you can count the young fellows with process, and then only those who just made it up from the South. Today everybody is going Afro, wearing Afro clothes and Afro hairdos. They mighn't know anything about American history, but there is nothing you can tell them that they don't know about Negro history."

IV

BUT, inevitably, there are those few young people who remain—caught, really—in the tension between American history and promise on the one hand and Negro history and experience on the other. The headlines out of Newark give little or no account of them, but their great struggle today is how to remain within the reach of patient and constructive strategies without repudiating the passions that lead others to violence. One

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such young man is Frank Smith, a twenty-seven-year-old trainee in the Rutgers Community Action Program and a part-time worker with the North Jersey Community Union.

"I didn't take part in the riot," he says gravely, a certain pride in his common sense perhaps wrestling with a certain guilt over his non-involvement. Then he clutches at redemption: "But I went out in the streets. I saw many of the things that went on. I felt it was my business to be there because whatever made those people throw rocks also affects me indirectly. This is proven clearly by the attitude of the police and the troopers. The last thing they ever do is stop you and ask you who you are, what you are, or why you are there. You're black, and that's enough for them. Everybody gets beaten in the head. The government is as bad as the police. It has ignored the needs of the community for the longest time. So the people are rebelling. Their methods are not the ones I would recommend, but to most of them out there on the streets, rioting is just as useful a path to get to where they want to go. The very least you can do is understand their feelings. And any Negro who says he doesn't is a phony."

Smith's path to the Rutgers program, which prepares young men to assume leadership roles in poverty and community programs, was a roundabout one. He was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he attended elementary and junior high school. In 1954, his family moved to Newark, where he enrolled in the Vocational and Technical High School to study auto mechanics. He stayed there for four years. "It was a total waste," he says. "They looked at you as simply somebody who wasn't good enough to go to college, and they just shoveled you through. They didn't give a damn whether you learned or not." Smith learned so little, he says, that when he got out of high school he wasn't good enough to get a decent job as an auto mechanic. He bounced around for a while until someone helped him get a job in the post office. "I learned a lot from the people I met there. I wanted to go to college, but I couldn't see the advantage of coming out and making no more money than I could make at the post office. I stayed because of the money but I began to hate it when I started to feel that a man ought to be able to do more with himself than just pull down a paycheck every week." There were, of course, hundreds of young Negroes who were rioting for precisely that: a chance to pull down a paycheck every week. But if Smith's case indicates anything, it is the complex nature of the Negro's demands on society—not just a chance to make some money, but also the creation of a climate conducive to the fulfillment of human possibility.

It was at that point, however, that Smith heard of the Rutgers training program and decided to join it, despite a considerable loss in income. "It's one of the best things that could have happened to me," he says. "It gives me a chance to feel that I can now help to make a difference in the lives of a lot of people. I think it is one of the best programs designed to help underprivileged people."

Of course, he says, no solution to the conditions in Newark will be possible without massive government help, the building by the people themselves of grassroots organizations, and "maximum feasible participation" in the working out of their own problems. "A part of the hopelessness of the people here is that enough of these opportunities for participation do not exist. They say to themselves, 'We better start tearing up some of the things that are around, because if they are not going to do us any good, we are not going to allow them to do anybody else any good.' "

In spite of his ambivalence, Smith is one of the young representatives in the ghetto of a group that may well be making their last stand in behalf of the possibility of a just, multiracial American settlement, and in behalf also of democratic strategies to achieve that settlement. It is not paying them too high a tribute to say that the American Dream which, up until now, has played them such deceitful games, has ceased to deserve from them such courageous support. Their dream, in fact, has been so long in coming true that the least anyone can grant them is the right to revise the terms on which they will now accept its fulfillment. But even on Frank Smith's revised terms, a humane and democratic vision of America is still proclaimed. He says:

"Socially, I don't care too much any more about whether a white man likes me, or doesn't want me to live next door to him. I'm not terribly interested in living next door to him either. I feel that my being able to handle my own situation, having the power to make a difference in my own future in any manner I choose, within the framework of the law—a law that respects my humanity—is all that any man really desires."

V

THE STRANGER from Manhattan enters and leaves at downtown Newark. The impression, on leaving, is what it was on entering: sterility, a dingy collection of commercial buildings with a stunted air over them, spreading away in a monotonously flat expanse. Nowhere is there to be seen that leap skyward that nourishes and releases the imagination. The Cultural Center on Broad Street, probably the place where the fashionable used to repair for a leisurely musical evening, now stands in jaded baroque among a row of modest storefronts, looking like an early affluent mistake. There are many Negro faces mixed in the crowds downtown, but they all seem like visitors' faces, wearing a look of connection to some other turf. A cop roars off from a traffic intersection on a powerful motorbike; his eyes are hidden behind broad, metal-rimmed dark glasses, and his blue shortsleeves are rolled up above his biceps. He leaves behind a fleeting hint of what one has heard and read of Southern small-town terror.

Nor does it help that one's first look at the city comes on a hot midsummer's day: in this stifling and oppressive embrace, one imagines that Newark could easily be a place where nothing grows, where tender shoots sprout and then wilt. It makes one wonder a little

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about what will become of all the tender black dreams, both those that are radically new and those old ones that keep sprouting over and over again through the dead ground.

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* * *

ASIAN DIARY

John Mander

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA: "The West," the Israeli diplomat was saying, "has a secret weapon it doesn't yet know about. More explosive then nuclear warheads where Southeast Asia is concerned, and at least as immoral. A Siamese king, back in 1910, wrote a book about it. He called it the 'Anti-Semitism of the Orient.' The Jews, you see, are the Chinese. It hasn't changed. There's only one unifying factor in this part of the world: each indigenous people—Malay, Thai, Vietnamese—hates the guts of a Chinaman."

By "the Chinese," he meant, of course, the Chinese of the diaspora, the Nanyang; China proper is a distant, amorphous presence. China is old, but the Chinese of the Nanyang are comparatively new on the scene. Admiral Cheng Ho sailed the straits of Malacca to Arabia and Africa in the 15th century. Long before that, Chinese traders were busy in the Malay archipelago, Borneo, and the Philippines. But Europeans, after all, were doing much the same thing at much the same period: Cheng Ho and Vasco da Gama are practically contemporaries. Yet each left a surprisingly superficial mark: the odd coastal fort, the odd Buddhist shrine or seaport mission-station.

But then—one reflects—the spirit of Asia has always been continental, not maritime. The sacred, royal cities of Asia—Cambodia's Angkor Wat, Thailand's Ayuthia, even Peking and Delhi—belong to the hinterland, to the jungles, steppes, and mountains where Asia retires to contemplate her navel. True, Islam and Hinduism came to Southeast Asia by the sea-routes. But the pattern did not fundamentally alter. Bombay, Singapore, Shanghai are modern, European artifacts imposed on an ancient fabric. Asia and Europe were alike, until modern times, in precariously perching on the edge of vast, unknown waters. But where ancient Asia had her Middle Kingdoms, ancient Europe had her Mediterranean, her Middle Sea.

It is a useful generalization, and its relevance to the problems of present-day Asia is soon evident. Everywhere, after all, it is the seaport cities that inject turmoil and change into Asia (whether we choose to call it revolution or disruption matters rather little). Everywhere, in today's Asia, the hinterland sends back an echo that is discordant and disquieting.

Disquieting, in the first place, to the Westerner. But still more so, in the nature of things, to the Westernized Asian of the seaport cities. On a trip that took me from Tokyo to Saigon, from Singapore to Delhi, I heard the complaint many times: "*They* don't understand us!" Needless to say, the visiting Westerner meets much the same types wherever he goes: the seminar-trotting intellectual, the international businessman, the cultural diplomatist. They have many things in common, and the chief of them is that they all speak English—and speak it, more and more, with an American accent. (There is, one notes, a dangerous illusion common to English-speaking travelers—that any English-speaking native is more intelligent than a non-English-speaking one. This is not so.) In India, the traveler may do a little better, may look for a wider range of contacts. But here, too, he is readily deceived: faced with the irresistible garrulity of the Indian intellectual, he forgets that less than 2 per cent of India's population is English-speaking. In Japan, he will do decidedly worse: Japanese find English (strange only that we should find this strange) just as difficult as we find Japanese. In cosmopolitan Singapore or Bombay or Hong Kong, by contrast, he will have less difficulty. Nevertheless, he is not meeting—and is uncomfortably aware of it—anything that could be called a representative cross-section.

Who doesn't understand whom, then, and why not? A generation ago, the answer would have come pat: the Westerner would have found himself rebuked, in his representative capacity, for the West's general failure to understand Asia. The Westernized Asian, isolated as he might be from the life of the hinterland, set himself up as its spokesman. But now, it is almost the other way round. It is he who feels misunderstood. Not, this time, by the intruding and unsubtle West, but by those whose spokesman they once claimed to be. The Jan Sangh and D.M.K. in India, the Soka Gakkai in Japan, are not phenomena to the liking of these former opponents of the West. Coarser spirits adapt; the refined avert their eyes.

ALL OF WHICH, more or less, is to be found here in Malaysia. Malaysia is interesting, indeed, just because it is so extreme a case. Here, the agents of Westernization were the Chinese. The Chinese—mostly from the South, speaking mutually incomprehensible dialects—made Singapore a great trading center, organized the tin mines, penetrated into the villages with their stores and services. If Malaysia is today one of the most modern of Asian economies, there is no question but that this is due to the 40 per cent of Chinese in her population. The hinterland, here, is Malay. And what you think of the Malays depends on what you think of the post-colonial situation. If you are a hardworking European or Chinese entrepreneur, you see the Malays as a lazy, good-for-nothing lot—who have perhaps the one merit of being conservative. If you are a Chinese intellectual (and there are few non-Chinese intellectuals) you are circumspect: the Malays, certainly, are the "indigenous race," and their culture, language, and religion must be respected. But is it right, is it fair that road signs and public notices should be in Malay and English (soon it will be Malay only), and never in Chinese? South Africa and Belgium, with roughly the same linguistic

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divisions, have found a compromise—why not Malaysia? The answer, if you cling to the old-school colonial approach (so oddly adopted by present-day Malay nationalists) is that the "non-indigenous" Chinese have no right to a distinct enclave, or subculture, within a truly Malayan Malaysia. The Malay is idle? So he is: but the Chinese is pushy. The Malay is becoming an underdog in his own country. The state must protect him.

This outlook, British and traditional as it is, still prevails. The ratio of entry into the civil service is four Malays to one Chinese (on ability, it is admitted that the ratio might well be the other way round). In the army it is much higher: to all intents and purposes the police and the army are an instrument of Malay domination. In business, it is advisable to take a Malay partner into your firm: it looks well, and it pays off in terms of government influence.

Kuala Lumpur bears eloquent architectural witness to this British-fostered doctrine of the supremacy of the heartland over the periphery, of Malay over Chinese. Victor Purcell, in his *Memoirs of a Malayan Civil Servant,* describes how in 1910 the government, requiring a new Secretariat, gave the commission to a government surveyor who had promised a building "in the Islamic style." Why "in the Islamic style"? Because it seemed good to the authorities that the depressed Malays should have some "indigenous" expression of their culture and religion. As a result, the Secretariat—and half a dozen other permanent buildings in Kuala Lumpur—are built in a carefully composed Colonial Islamese. Strange. But stranger: the most modern buildings in Kuala Lumpur—the airport, the University Mosque, the War Memorial—have developed the same style still further (not, let it be admitted, without elegance). The War Memorial is like nothing so much as some exotic Moorish relic in Granada or Damascus. Its central group of statues was sculpted by an American. But it is marred, in Malay eyes, by one defect: the three bayonet-wielding soldiers aloft look all too Caucasian. (They represent the British and Australian soldiers who took part in the operations during the "Emergency" ten years ago.) The American sculptor has been discreetly approached, apparently, and the defect is to be remedied by recasting. But the defect that springs to the eye of the Caucasian, non-Malay observer is that the two prostrate, bayonetted figures at the base of the statue bear unmistakably slit-eyed, Mongoloid features. They are Chinese.

To the casual visitor, then, the system would hardly seem viable. How can one half of the population, and that the less industrious and less skilled, hope to keep down the other half—40 per cent Chinese and 10 per cent Indian—in the long run? Comparisons spring to mind. South Africa, for instance, where the relative position of Afrikaans- and English-speaking whites is not dissimilar. The Afrikaners, slightly more numerous, control government and army; the English control commerce. In the context of white South Africa, such an arrangement seems to work—on condition that the commercially-minded English keep out of government. Up to the present, this is what has happened in Malaysia. The Chinese big businessman has been content to exert influence behind the scenes; the small Chinese shopkeeper to know that the leaders of his community can extend indirect protection. The Malays have ruled; the Chinese and the Indians have exhibited an on the whole profitable docility. It is, in its own way, a division of power.

But can it last? Common sense, I think, suggests that it can't and won't. The Chinese are a far more distinct "racial element" than are the English in South Africa; and their real power is increasing, not decreasing, as the economy grows more sophisticated. Their weakness, as a political group, is plain enough: they lack a nationalism of their own with which to counter the aspirations of the Malays. Pro-Peking nationalism is too dangerous; the Kuomintang has no appeal; and a regional nationalism makes little sense in Chinese eyes. Yet the number of Chinese who have ceased to be Chinese in a cultural sense is very small; a handful, at most, of English-educated and English-speaking people who were known, in other days, as the "Queen's Chinese." No one who knows the Chinese can believe that they will voluntarily give up their identity: that has happened only when China has been very weak, and then only among the very poor (which many of the original Nanyang Chinese were). In Bangkok, admittedly, it has happened to some extent; but the Siamese lack the absolute barrier to intermarriage that exists between pork-eating Chinese and Moslem Malays. Yet to expect the Chinese population of Malaya to accept Malay as the exclusive national language—the language of government and administration, and the language of instruction at the university—seems to be demanding just this. It will be surprising if the Chinese younger generation accepts this species of apartheid.

Yet one cannot be quite sure. The Chinese may or may not be by nature inscrutable; they certainly know how to play a waiting game. There's my friend Wang, for instance, who spent some time in prison during the Emergency on the suspicion (probably justified) of being a Communist, and knows every side of the question. The Communist insurrection failed, and failed largely because it was Chinese: Britain could deploy Malay nationalism against it. There will therefore be no revolution and, for himself, Wang has long ceased to desire one. He has his niche, a good one, in the university structure; to keep it he has merely to keep his mouth shut. Wang has the look of a man who has been through the mill: he has no wish to go through it again. To provoke him, since he is an affable fellow, one asks questions that are not perhaps wholly tactful. But one need not have worried: he parries them blandly, with a suavity worthy of the last of the Queen's Chinese. "We must learn to compromise," is Wang's theme-song. He means it, and perhaps he is right. But whether, when he says it, he is echoing British precepts or ancient Chinese wisdom, I shall never know.

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SINGAPORE: He crouches like a tiger while you question him, sniffing for a fault in your logic. He reminds you, at the drop of a hat, that he is a Cambridge double-first. He is the very type of the lawyer-politician: quick on the draw, resourceful, often too clever by half. He cultivates, along with Cambridge intellectuality, an air of toughness reminiscent of Singapore's waterfront. He receives you in an open-necked shirt. His name is Lee Kuan Yew, and he is the most important man in Singapore.

Since 1965, when Singapore and Malaysia parted company, Lee has been Singapore's Prime Minister. Few would dispute that he is one of the ablest politicians in Southeast Asia, or indeed in Asia as a whole. His triumph has been to defeat the Communists at their own game, to use them as political tools and to throw them away once in power. Like Willy Brandt, with whom he is often compared, he has shown that the Communists cannot compete in an open fight with a purposeful social-democracy. He has also shown that social-democracy can be made to work in an Asian context—a reminder to our pessimists that the alternatives in Asia are not necessarily between Communism and some rackety military despotism.

Yet, today, Lee Kuan Yew is not a happy man and Singapore not a happy place. For Lee's is a tragic stance. When Malaysia's Tunku Abdul Rahman proclaimed the dissolution of the union with Singapore, Lee wept before the television cameras. He is still apparently unable to see what led to the rift. Yet it is evident that the damage was, at least in part, self-inflicted. For Lee, the Malays were altogether too slow, too inflexible, too "reactionary." He was never one to suffer fools gladly, and the Malays were quick to note it. He is the very type of the Westernized Asian (English is his first language, not Chinese) to whom the ways of the hinterland are alien, obscure, vaguely nefarious.

And worse, the man had a plan. All too brashly, he began to show his cards. He would expand his Singapore-based People's Action party into a Malaysia-wide left-wing opposition party which would eventually compete on equal terms with, if not take over from, the Tunku's ruling party. But it stood to reason—however Lee might emphasize the non-racial basis of his approach—that such a party must appeal chiefly to the disadvantaged Chinese and Indians within Malaysia, leaving to the Tunku's party the rural, backward Malays and a few rich Chinese. In European terms, the plan might have worked. A progressive, industry-based mass party would alternate in power with a country-based conservative party. But in Asia things are not that simple. Polarization between Chinese and Malays could hardly have been avoided; and when it came to the crunch, the Malay leadership preferred to eject Lee Kuan Yew altogether rather than connive at his strategy.

Lee is still—or purports to be—nonplussed: "Why, I gave them fifteen years, didn't I?" he told me with injured innocence, "What more could I have offered them?"

It is impossible not to admire Lee—and impossible not to be exasperated. He has so many rare virtues; yet he has a hubris about him that causes him invariably, it seems, to ride for a fall. The root of the trouble is, as he put it to me, "I have no hinterland. They call me the Willy Brandt of Southeast Asia—but where is my West Germany?" His opponents, on Right and Left, have their hinterlands: the Tunku has his loyal Malays; the Communists have Peking. Lee has only his island-state. What he is trying to do is not unheroic. But Lee is a one-man band, a man tragically too big and too bold for any role Singapore has to offer. For the truth is that his fate is bound up with the fate of the Nanyang Chinese. Lee's refusal to admit the communal basis of politics in the region is admirable, but quixotic. The position of Singapore, now that the confrontation with Indonesia is done with, is not enviable. Whatever configuration emerges from the wreckage left by Sukarno, the whole region seems certain in the end to be Malay-dominated, in language, culture, and possibly religion.

Will the "Queen's Chinese" accept this state of affairs? They will have little alternative. An educated Malay to whom I spoke brought up the old chestnut about the Jews of Asia: "And you know what happened to them, I suppose?" I said that I did: "But surely that's just why it mustn't happen here?" "Why not?" came the reply—in a tone that left, really, nothing to be said.

KUCHING, BORNEO: Tom Harrisson is a bit of a schizophrenic: half intellectual, half Wild-Man-of-Borneo. He has now retired from his job of curator of the Sarawak museum, a post he has held since the war, but his legend—and his presence—loom large. Tom's background is interesting. As a young man in the depressed England of the 30's he founded Mass-Observation, a *narodnik* movement very expressive of the age, whose members sallied forth to "Worktown" and other English working-class enclaves and meticulously recorded their impressions. It was, he now admits, rather an amateurish affair. Nobody knew much about sociology, as presently understood, and nobody much cared. It was a *Schwärmerei*, but it represented something of a breakthrough: people actually looked and listened for the first time at the way "the other half" was living. During the war, Tom got himself parachuted into Borneo, to organize anti-Japanese resistance in the hinterland. It was not his first trip to the South Pacific (he had earlier written a book called *Civilized Savages*), but it brought out his extraordinary gift of empathy toward primitive peoples, who seem to have responded to his leadership much as the Arabs did (according to his own account) to T. E. Lawrence's. The anthropologist turned hero! Tom, too, responded—and has spent twenty years of his life mass-observing the ways of his Dayaks, Kelabits, and Punans. There is probably no man alive who knows more of Borneo than Tom Harrisson.

Tom's fault, as he well knows, is his Faustian appetite for knowledge. Unlike those precise young graduate students from the States who are always picking his brains, he doesn't know where to stop. Is he an anthropologist? Well, he

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knows more than most. Is he an archaeologist? Well, he is untrained, strictly speaking, but few can rival his knowledge and expertise. He has a great fear of being ground down, as he maintains the younger generation is, by the academic machine. We take a trip down-river to a remote Malay *kampong* on the coast that has, Tom explains, very special associations for him. It was here that Alfred Russell Wallace, whom Darwin generously admitted to be the co-discoverer of evolution, lived and worked. In his diary, Wallace records how he dissected a thousand birds in one small area of jungle. A thousand birds! Tom's heart lifts at this evidence of Victorian energy and enthusiasm. Mass-observation, indeed! And Wallace, he reminds us, was no more than a "gardener," an uneducated, enthusiastic amateur. Yet experience and intuition led him to the same conclusions as Darwin. He was one of the great inductive geniuses. "Now these graduate students," Tom exclaims indignantly, "they know everything, you see, before they come out here. Look at that patch of jungle over there: they *know* that every bird they study has its particular food-chain—insect, berry, earthworm, what have you. And they write it up very convincingly. But I'm not so sure. I've seen those birds—at least when they're hungry—gobble up anything in sight. I'm afraid they don't stick to their damn food-chains, whatever Cal Tech has to say about it."

Surprising as it may seem, he is full of praise for the Peace Corps. They don't suffer, according to Tom, from the deductive arrogance of his graduate students. Indeed, they carry the inductive approach rather far. The girls of the Peace Corps are to be seen teaching the local Chinese the Frug and Watusi in the local dancehalls; the girl who works in the next village has a Malay lover. (The locals do not altogether like such familiarities.) The Peace Corps, in fact, has something of the old *narodnik* panache of Mass-Observation. Tom, on the whole, is skeptical about the good they are doing to the natives, but he has no doubt that the natives are doing these young Americans good. His general attitude is that "interference" of any kind should be deplored; local customs should be preserved and protected. He is particularly down on the sewing machines that are making their appearance in Dayak long-houses these days. Local folk, he implies, knew how to get along without them in earlier times. But the Peace Corps, he points out, is laying up treasure for America in the years ahead. America is acquiring the same range of skills and linguistic expertise that the British, French, and Dutch had in the past. Ten years from now, America will have a reserve of people with the kind of direct, personal knowledge of remote parts of the world that Britain's "imperialists"—of whom Tom Harrisson is in effect a late and admirable specimen—were once proud to boast. That is, the Peace Corps is in the Yankee tradition: an idealistic enterprise that will turn out to be highly profitable.

MANILA: Southeast Asia is like Southern Africa or the southern part of South America: it is one of the ends of the world. Nothing much has originated here; almost everything has had to be imported and, in the process, has undergone a sea-change. Thus the "Chinese culture" of the Nanyang Chinese is often (so mainland Chinese say) a poor enough thing. There was a time, in Sun Yat-sen's days, when the Chinese of the Nanyang were in the forefront of the national revolutionary movement. It would be hard, today, to find much evidence of a popular political will—except in Peking's interest—among the Chinese of the Nanyang. It is the same, of course, with the colonial British culture that has been imposed on the local elites; it is not bad, as colonial cultures go, but it reinforces the sense of living on the periphery, of belonging to a culture whose center is half the earth's circumference away. Nor can the Malay culture—to which the Philippines belong—claim much more. The religion of the Malays is Islam, imported many centuries ago from the Middle East and India. Their language is indeed "indigenous," and may eventually become the lingua franca of the whole area—with the Philippines, some 140 million people. But, for all the talk about the lost medieval empires, historically the Malay world was mostly feudal and nomadic. And what was true of the Malay peoples for most of their history is truer still for their cohabitants of the region, some of related blood, some of distinct and more ancient stock—peoples like the Punans and the Kelabits. The best portrait of this world is Conrad's *Lord Jim*: the Malaysian archipelago was always a wild and unruly place.

In this respect, at least, the Philippines run true to form. The man of Malay blood has a tendency to run *"amok"*—the word itself is of Malay origin. In Indonesia, recently, there has been a good deal of running amok: Communists and others have been massacred with a ferocity that seems to belie the gentle manners of the Malay. In the Philippines, running amok is on the whole a less violent sport; it is controlled, even institutionalized. The press is ferocious in its polemics, yet it is free, not government-controlled, and in present-day Asia that is worth something. Politics is a curious mixture of native Malay anarchism and loud-mouthed Yankee populism. Of the three strands that go to make up the Filipino character (Malay, Spanish, North American) the Spanish is least in evidence—though there is something about Filipino politics, as about Filipino women, that is reminiscent of Latin America. In sum, the Philippines is one of the most interesting examples of cultural cross-fertilization—and cross-fertilization, admittedly, can breed monsters in the world of today. Compared with her, India or Indonesia or Japan are homogeneous societies: the Philippines is a society as violently alienated and set-against-itself as any to be found.

Like all arguments, this one can be stood on its head. And this my friend Frankie José does with relish. The Philippines, he asserts roundly, is today the most interesting country in Asia. Why? Well, because she's been exposed to the disruptive forces of European civilization so much more thoroughly, and for so much longer, than her

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neighbors. It is four hundred years since the Spaniards came to Luzon; scarcely a century has elapsed since Japan embarked on her Meiji era. And what the Philippines took from the West was not, as in most of Asia, the externals of commerce and technology, but the heart of the matter—Catholic Christianity. If Asia's cultures have one feature in common, he argues, it is that they have resisted the impact of the West's *fundamental* religious and philosophical ideas. (Just how hard it is for Asian intellectuals to conceive that there might be a link between the West's technological fertility and its religious background was brought home to me in Kuala Lumpur. A prominent Indian intellectual, addressing a seminar on "Democracy in Southeast Asia" had offered us a potted version of the rise of Western civilization—mentioning the Christian tradition merely to congratulate the Western Enlightenment, which he greatly admired, on having escaped from it. Yet it is surely arguable that, for example, the doctrine of Creation—so different from Hindu or Buddhist concepts of matter—underlay the scientific revolution of the 16th and 17th centuries.) The Philippines, then, is a kind of pattern for Asian countries in that it has experienced the West more intimately and more traumatically than any other. Such, at least, is Frankie's opinion.

Now Frankie, as you may guess, is a bit of a chauvinist. But he is very typical of the new generation. They want to have it all ways: the Philippines is both an Asian country and a European one. She belongs both to the newly-emergent Malay world and to the Catholic West—but she belongs to the American Century too, which gives her the edge over most of Asia. Certainly, attitudes to America are ambivalent. It is sad and ironical that whereas America left the Philippines after the war with great reserves of good will (much unlike the Dutch in Indonesia or the French in Indochina), there is now widespread anti-Americanism in the Philippines (the Dutch, French, and British are now back in favor in their ex-colonies).

Why should this be? The answer, on the face of it, is disheartening—though in the long run it has a ring of inevitability. The Filipinos are tired of being "little brown Americans" and are determinded to establish an "Asian identity" for themselves. This does not mean that they are not grateful for what America did for the Philippines in the colonial period (in education, a good deal; in land reform, rather little). At bottom, they know that they owe America a considerable debt for so gentle an awakening into the 20th century. But that, of course, is half the trouble. The debt is too great to be happily borne; it must be abreacted as anti-Americanism. Nevertheless, this anti-Americanism is as confused as the search for an "Asian identity" to which it runs parallel. Ask Frankie what it means to be Asian, and you will get a very respectable reply; it means belonging to the Colombo Plan, or ECAFE, or perhaps SEATO or ASA or Maphilindo. (Frankie looks, he grinningly admits, like the all-purpose Asian: brown, squat, and twinkling, he could be Japanese, Thai, or Indonesian.) It means regional cooperation, and even military commitment—though the Filipinos show little of the Korean keenness to get deeply committed in Vietnam. And beyond that? It does not have much to do with Buddhism or Taoism, or Vedanta or Zen. There is no spiritual secret that the East has to offer the West: that is an invention of the West. Asians, according to Frankie, are much like everybody else. But, being that, they expect their share of the cake.

HONG KONG: Opinions differ about the Chinese. The 18th century thought them admirably rational and progressive; the 19th, cruel and conservative. Their admirers—down to the late Arthur Waley—have usually lived at a great distance from them; some of their non-admirers have lived very close to them indeed. But the consensus would appear to be that the Chinese are indeed an admirable people; if they have a fault, it is that there are too many of them. The fundamental admirableness of the Chinese is a dogma that is to be found in the most unexpected quarters. In Hong Kong, citadel of China-watchers of many confessions, I talked to Father Ledanyi, Hungarian Jesuit and long-time student of China. My questions turned, inevitably, on the "Cultural Revolution," then in full flood. Would China emerge denuded of her ancient culture? How was the iconoclastic fury of the Red Guards to be reconciled with that Western image of a wise and practical nation inherited from the 18th century? Obviously, I am asking naive questions, but Father Ledanyi has the patience of his trade and of his cloth. How, he gently chides, could the events of the past months—sensationalized in the Western press—change the course of Chinese life? He goes on to speak of "those three thousand years" with a pride and affection that almost persuade me he had spoken of "our" three thousand years of history. Had he done so, I would not have been surprised. Father Ledanyi belongs to that breed of China-watcher for whom China—the eternal China—can do no wrong.

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In fact, it is not so rare a breed as the outsider would expect. And here the contrast with the rival craft of Kremlin-gazing, over the past generation or so, seems of interest. Thus it appears that most China-watchers *like* China, that it is somehow hard to study China for long without liking her, without doing the kowtow before those three thousand years. It seems, again, that you cannot pick and choose among the bric-a-brac of tradition: it is all or nothing, and in most cases it is all.

Why is this? Kremlin-gazers are free to pick and choose among Russia's contradictions: it is possible to love Russian icons and deplore Russian Marxism; to prefer Chekhov to Dostoyevsky, or Pasternak to Mayakovsky—or indeed vice versa. Russia is a rag-bag; she does not expect to be taken whole. China, apparently, does. Her more ardent admirers would argue, I think, that this is because China's culture is indeed a seamless garment. To accept proposition A is to assent to proposition B—until the Analects of Confucius and the Thoughts of Chairman Mao come to seem part of the same fabric. How far this is a true view of China, the outsider cannot tell. He can accept that the texture of Chinese culture is uniquely close-knit; but he will be skeptical as to whether those three thousand years do not show contradictions at least as great as anything to be found in European history. Can it be that there is a gentle brainwashing process at work among those who study China, so that China gets a better press from those who follow her bewildering moods and statistics than from the sobersides who study the Soviet Union? If so, it is perhaps fair compensation for the crude name-calling to which she is subjected in other circles.

Yet I doubt if the visitor to Hong Kong, if he looks a little behind the scenes, will leave with an altogether favorable picture of the modern Chinese. It is only necessary to speak to long-term residents to get a different picture: many do *not* like the Chinese. Of course, it can be said that the average Englishman or American resident in Hong Kong knows little of Chinese culture, and cares less. But the irritation with the Chinese that you find among such people must have some basis. A teacher at the university—an English anthropologist—put it quite frankly. "Yes, the Chinese are the most irritating students I've ever had to teach. You see, they *know* everything before they start—or at least that's the impression they like to give. It's all in Confucius, so why bother—that's the line they take. I've never met such a conceited lot. Of course, they're quick. But, with all their quickness, they're strangely rigid. You give them two propositions and say: relate them. Nothing happens. The propositions swim around in their minds, happily unrelated. It's absolutely infuriating! As to the famous Chinese cleverness: yes, I'd say they were intellectually quick, but not intellectually *inquiring*. Which is what Western critics of China have always said, I suppose. But it's the conceit, I think, that gets you down. The slow, grinding conceit of knowing it all better. No, the Chinese may be an admirable people—though I find that a bit overdone. But you won't get me to say they're lovable, I'm afraid."

OTHERS, AGAIN, complain of their standoffishness. A young Englishman, married to a Chinese, explains that it's plain sailing once you're in—but being in means accepting the Chinese at their own valuation, means not presuming to criticize. He did just this, he says, and his mother-in-law, having accepted his submission, will now defend him like a tigress. But he readily admits that if you don't make your submission, they don't want to know you. Certainly, he agrees, the manners of Hong Kong, that cutthroat commercial metropolis, do not predispose you to a charitable view of the Chinese as a people: "They shove and kick and that famous Chinese politeness is not much in evidence. Unfair to the Chinese? Well, maybe a little. But why treat the Chinese as if they came from another planet? Rudeness is rudeness, conceit is conceit, Chinese or Western." It's a refreshing view. One would have more confidence in the China-watchers if they were occasionally to be heard wishing the Middle Kingdom to hell.

Hong Kong is a unique place—intriguing, not least, because it stands under sentence of death: the greater part of it is due to go back to mainland China before the end of the century. Politically, it is very curious. It is, if the flow of capital is any guide, the true capital of the Chinese of the Nanyang. Yet, like them it has no firm political status. It is a colony, yet it has no wish to govern itself—that would involve political commitment. Hong Kong, perhaps, can tell one more about the mentality of the Chinese of the Nanyang than any place in Southeast Asia. The overseas Chinese do not look to Taiwan as some kind of alternative to Peking—and it is extraordinary that successive U.S. administrations got people to believe that they did. There is a sense, of course, in which Hong Kong *is* an alternative to Peking: her millions of refugees are witness to that. But the alternative, Chinese-fashion, is pragmatic, not ideological. Hong Kong is today a pleasanter place to live in than Shanghai or Canton, and it will be for a long time. But no Chinese is going to defend the status quo with his blood: on the contrary, if Peking seriously demanded Hong Kong as part of China, the great majority of the population would acquiesce—and the rest would find some other place of exile. Taiwan is an irrelevancy. The average Chinese of the Nanyang has only one loyalty: to China. He would prefer to live in the relative comfort of Hong Kong, Singapore, or Bangkok, but he would not—unless he were Lee Kuan Yew—be prepared to challenge the issue. Hong Kong stands today as a landmark to Chinese pragmatism. An admirable commitment? Perhaps not. But hardly a surprising one.

JOHN MANDER, *the young English political analyst, is the author of* Berlin: Hostage for the West *and* Great Britain or Little England? *Mr. Mander, who has traveled widely in Asia and the Far East, contributed "West African Diary" to our December 1963 issue.*

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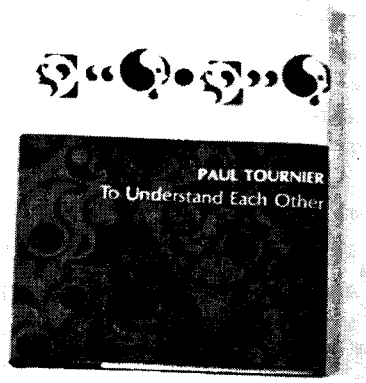
Ask yourself these four questions:



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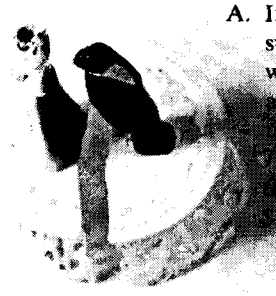

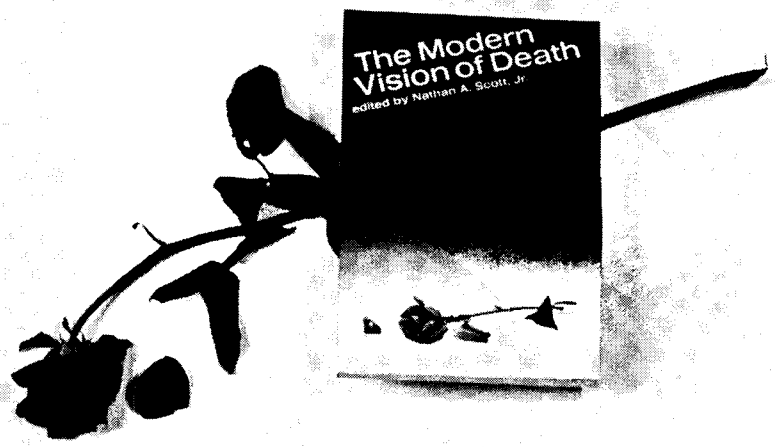

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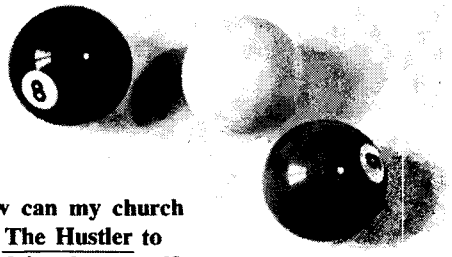

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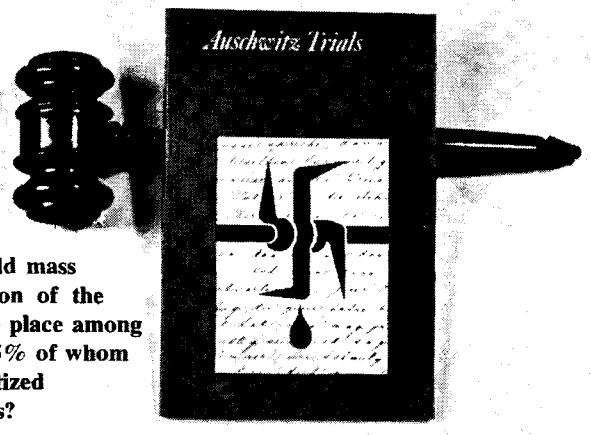

Q. **How could mass annihilation of the Jews take place among people 95% of whom were baptized Christians?**

A. "This very fact will not allow us ever to sit back and rest until we have found where and when the rails were shunted wrong," says Emmi Bonhoeffer. In letters to a U.S. friend she gives her impressions of the *Auschwitz Trials* and describes her experiences with some of the witnesses. pb $1.00

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SAVING THE JEWS

TEST OF A DEMOCRACY: THE RESCUE OF DANISH JEWRY IN WORLD WAR II (Hebrew). By LENI YAHIL. *The Magnes Press of the Hebrew University. 316 pp. I £15*

Reviewed by ELIEZER LIVNEH

To the memory of Lt. Yonathan Yahil, who fell in the Battle of Jerusalem, June 6, 1967.

OF ALL THE European countries occupied or dominated by the Nazi regime during World War II, only three—Finland, Bulgaria, and Denmark—succeeded in rescuing their Jews. Such exceptions do not lend themselves to explanation in terms of "objective" geographical, political, diplomatic, or economic causes. In Denmark, for instance, no "objective" factors facilitated the rescue operation. The border separating Denmark from the non-German world—Sweden—was the sea, which provided no special advantage, and was an exceptionally hazardous escape route. (Norway, separated from Sweden by a land-border thousands of kilometers long, saved only about half of its Jews.) It is true that from the time of the German conquest in April 1940 to the end of August 1943, the Danes enjoyed legitimate self-rule, and a considerable degree of internal autonomy. But in those years there were several such governments in Eastern, Southern and Western Europe which nevertheless joined the Germans in persecuting the Jews, paving the way for their deportation and final destruction, while the Danish government steadfastly protected them in spite of enormous pressure. Indeed, when the time for deportation came, in early October 1943, there was no longer even a Danish government in Denmark; but the Danes managed to avert the deportation and spirited virtually all their Jews overseas.

Of the nearly 8,000 Jews and half-Jews living in Denmark at the time of the German conquest, only a few hundred fell into Nazi hands. Most of these survived the war in Teresienstadt. While the other peoples of conquered Europe looked on as the Jews were annihilated, the Danes, encouraged by the German setbacks in Russia and the Western desert, went solidly underground to execute their rescue operation. This phenomenal exception to European indifference or complicity deserves careful scrutiny.

Part of the explanation, perhaps, lies in the nature of Danish democracy. Christmas John Moeller, the leader of the conservative party in Denmark, who became one of the heads of the anti-Nazi underground and later fled to England, used to explain that democracy was not a system adopted by the Danish people, but rather a constituent of Danish nationhood itself. Without liberty, without an active respect for human rights, Danish nationalism, he said, was meaningless. A Jew might speak in this way of the Sabbath, or of circumcision. Freedom, far from being libertine license, was rather a matter of personal obligation. "It is only the engagement of the active, healthy, moral energies of a people which can fill the concept 'democracy' with meaning in a progressive and highly organized society," wrote Erling Foss, a key figure in the Danish resistance.

The task of engaging the "moral energies" of the Danes was undertaken first of all by religious and spiritual leaders. As in other advanced Western democracies, the Danish intelligentsia had tended to stand aloof from politics. The spiritual leaders of the Danes acknowledged very early—at the time of the German conquest in the spring of 1940—the dangers implicit in such a situation. Before they began to plan specific modes of resistance to the Nazis—and before it occurred to them that they would some day have to concentrate on the rescue of the Jews—they called first of all for the politicalization of the younger generation and for a return of the intellectuals to the political arena: "The aim of the Union of Danish Youth," Hal Koch, a young theologian, declared in the autumn of 1940, "is to bring about the politicalization of the youth. . . . Thus far academic circles have tended to regard politics as a lesser form of activity, and have generally lacked interest in public affairs. If this continues, we are headed for mob rule, democratic or dictatorial."

Koch, who became the spiritual leader of the younger generation, did not at first encourage sabotage or active anti-German resistance. He sought, not the activism of a minority cut off from the nation as a whole, but rather the political and moral education of the Danish masses. To this end the Union of Danish Youth and the Council of Elders were established. The first was meant to mobilize the youth for volunteer activity; the second to implicate the professional intelligentsia in a potentially dangerous political activism. Within three years these organizations, together with the Council of Freedom, assumed the political leadership of the Danish people. From the summer of 1943 onward the Council of Freedom directed the country's affairs; it was they who executed the Jewish rescue operation in October of that year.

As should be clear by now, the Church in Denmark entertained a rather different outlook from that held by other European churches. We all know about the abdication of moral responsibility which characterized the Catholic church in Poland, the Calvinist clergy in Hungary, and the Lutheran church in Germany. Now, the Danish church was also Lutheran, but the disparity between it and its sister church in Germany was immense. About 90 per cent of the Lutheran clergy in Denmark joined the

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underground. Danish churches provided sanctuary for Jews and British parachutists. Sunday sermons were devoted to the defense of freedom, and decency—and the Jews. On Sunday, October 3, 1943, when the underground was mobilizing to rescue the Jews from the Gestapo and get them to Sweden, the sermons delivered from the pulpits of Copenhagen expounded the notion that "One must obey God rather than man."

Finally, in seeking explanations for the Danish behavior, one must also look to Denmark's educational system. Dr. Yahil justly begins her history of the rescue of Danish Jewry in Denmark with an account of the "Popular Education" movement founded by Nikolai Frederik Severin Grundtvig almost a hundred years earlier. This movement, which transformed Denmark's defeat in the Sleswig-Holstein war of 1864 into a pedagogic and spiritual triumph, was the source of much that took place in the autumn of 1943.

THE DANES rescued a little more than one per cent of all the Jews of Europe. But in doing so they saved the soul of their people. Although in some areas they made concessions to the German conqueror, in one area—the rights and safety of the Jews—they set an inviolable limit. The Jews became the testing-ground of Danish national integrity, the focal point of the Danish struggle with the German regime. When the German ambassador demanded the removal of Jews from key government positions, the Danish Minister of Foreign affairs, Eric Scavenius, replied: "The Danes would see in that a negation of their ideals." The Germans held their peace for a while. The leaders of the resistance-regeneration movement, Hal Koch and Frederick Torm, were ready to engage in various forms of cooperation with the Germans, out of expediency or political necessity. But the moment the Germans began to harass the Jews they proclaimed, "Here we must say no, absolutely."

It was undoubtedly because of this resistance that the Germans kept putting off the expulsion of the Danish Jews (and their imprisonment in concentration camps). When they finally decided to force the issue, while suspending the Danish civil government and, on August 29, 1943, declaring a state of emergency, they were met once again with an unexpected response. Without a government of their own, with their own army in concentration camps, and with German police scouring the country, the Danes rose in resistance to rescue their Jews—and with almost complete success. This peaceable, law-abiding people went underground overnight. "There was no argument as to the need, when the time came, to resist the Germans openly," a Dane writes.

Thus, when the moment arrived, the Danes were ready. They not only came to the aid of escaping Jews, but also sought them out to warn them of the danger. Schools, hospitals, churches, first-aid stations, fire-stations, gymnasiums—all served as hiding-places for Jews on their way to Sweden. At a given moment hospital directors were instructed by the underground to join in the operation with a view to making it clear that German counter-efforts would be futile: *everyone* would be hiding Jews! "When the manhunt began," writes Dr. Yahil, "the (Danish) police backed the underground." The Germans were shocked. In the words of a Danish author, "it took them a long time to grasp the fact that Danish policemen could violate the law and their instructions, and act on their own responsibility, guided only by their own values and attitudes."

It is clear that Denmark's German rulers could not understand what was going on. ". . . How could a German understand that this people had risked itself for several thousand Jews? How could he understand that in defending the Jews the 'foolish Danes' were fighting to save their own souls?"*

And yet—what is even more astonishing—the German rulers of Denmark themselves helped undermine the Nazi operation! Among such "collaborators" were the German ambassador, an SS man, Karl Rudolf Werner Best; the diplomats, Paul Ernst Kanstein and Paul Barandon; the non-Nazi counsellor at the Embassy, Georg Ferdinand Duckwitz; the director of military intelligence, Colonel Engelmann; the Commander of the Army, a fanatical Nazi, General Hermann von Hanneken; and even the Gestapo representative in Copenhagen, Dr. Rudolph Mildner. According to Dr. Yahil, the German high command in Copenhagen "did not include, apparently, a single individual who was prepared to carry out instructions." Eichmann's special representative, Rolf Gunther, who was responsible for carrying out the deportation order, operated in a vacuum. Some of the Germans helped to undermine the expulsion simply by remaining passive; others provided information to the Danes; while still others actively subverted the operation: "The German commander of the port of Copenhagen saw to it that the coast guard of the German navy should be in need of repairs at the crucial moment, so that its craft could not possibly be used to intercept the Danish refugee boats." Lesser German officials fell into the "mood emanating from the higher German authorities. . . . It was an open secret in those days that (the latter) were not interfering with the efforts to rescue the Jews."

SUCH A response among highly disciplined Nazis and procedure-ridden bureaucratic functionaries is truly remarkable. In the course of her treatment of various individuals, Dr. Yahil devotes dozens of pages to describing the maturation of the process by which the German occupation slowly became demoralized. As I cannot evoke the full fascination of her account, I will merely cite her summary and conclusion: "The Danish attitude left no room for doubt in the mind of every German in Denmark . . . that persecution of the Jews would meet the firm opposition of the entire Danish people. . . . It was the Danes who made it possible for the German moderates, and forced the German Nazis, to participate in the Jewish rescue operation." The

* One must cite one noble German exception: Helmut von Moltke, who, at great risk to himself, flew from Germany to Copenhagen to warn Danish friends of what was in store for the Jews of Denmark.

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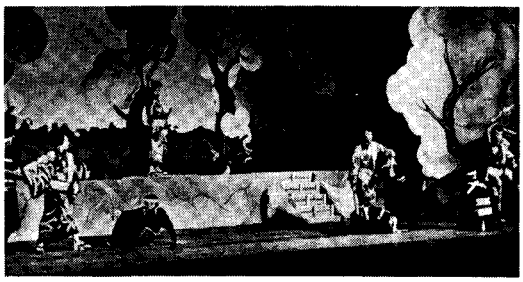

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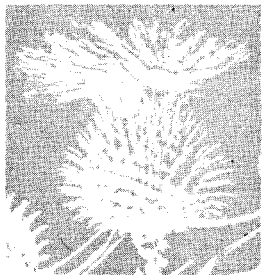

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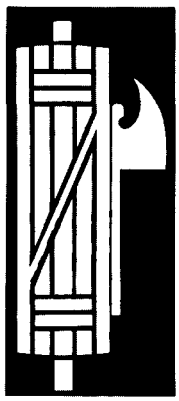

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German rulers of Denmark knew they had to choose between tacit approval and an opposition that would lead to volcanic eruption. They chose the first alternative, repeatedly defying orders from Hitler, Himmler, and Ribbentrop. What would have happened had other nations in occupied Europe behaved like the Danes? We cannot know; each followed its own spirit.

Not a single one of the Germans—army or police officers, diplomats, SS or Gestapo agents—who subverted orders from Hitler and Himmler was punished. The great majority of them pursued their ordinary careers until the end of the war. What if other Germans had behaved, between 1940 and 1945, like their comrades in Denmark? It seems they would not have risked very much personally.

FINALLY, one must say something about the attitude of the Danes themselves to their rescue activities. It is usual—among Jews and non-Jews alike—to regard the Danish rescue operation as a heroic exploit. Not so among the Danes. "The Danes," Dr. Yahil observes, "did not think they had done anything at all extraordinary, or worthy of special praise. In their view, they had done what was natural and necessary." But this is not to infer that they did not find gratification in what they undertook to do. "The help they extended to the Jews gave them deep satisfaction. . . . It was avowedly a sort of release, a strengthening of inner consciousness. . . ." As an ordinary Danish citizen put it, "In the midst of the tragic event . . . we had a great experience." Thus, the rescue of Danish Jewry, from the Danes' point of view, constituted what one might call a kind of national catharsis. One infers that human communities differ vastly. What is natural and self-evident to one is unnatural and even impossible for another. I cannot but share the author's conclusion: "There is a dreadful portent in this . . .: that a behavior which one civilized nation regards as natural and self-evident should have been thought of as so extraordinary by an entire generation, to the point where it had to make up myths to express its admiration."

EXPLAINING THE WORLD

A COMPREHENSIBLE WORLD: ON MODERN SCIENCE AND ITS ORIGINS. By JEREMY BERNSTEIN. *Random House. 269 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by MARTIN GARDNER

IT IS HARD to tell, looking through mass circulation magazines, whether the two-culture gap in the United States is widening or narrowing. *Harper's Bazaar, Town & Country, Cosmopolitan,* and *Ladies' Home Journal* now carry regular horoscope columns. On the other hand, perhaps more surprisingly, the *New Yorker* now has on its staff a professional physicist, Jeremy Bernstein, age thirty-eight, who teaches at New York University and has written more than thirty-seven technical papers.

In the introduction to his new book, *A Comprehensible World,* Bernstein tells how he got the job. He had just returned to his post at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Upton, Long Island, after a year in France on a National Science Foundation fellowship. Lacking anything better to do—he was a bachelor living in a quiet wooded area—an old ambition to be a journalist seized him. After typing out some sparkling recollections of his summer on the island of Corsica, where he had taught physics to French students, he sent the manuscript to the *New Yorker* and forgot about it. Several months later William Shawn, the magazine's editor, phoned to say he wanted to publish it. That was six years ago and Bernstein has been writing for the *New Yorker* ever since. His first two books, *The Analytical Engine,* about computers, and *Ascent,* about his hobby of mountain climbing, were based on *New Yorker* contributions. His third book, *A Comprehensible World,* is a collection of varied *New Yorker* articles and book reviews.

They are a delight to read or reread. Bernstein has an ability, uncommon among his peers, to write about difficult topics in a way that intelligent laymen can understand, and to write about them with wit and literary distinction. When mirror reflection symmetry, known to particle physicists as the law of

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parity conservation, was overthrown in 1957 most physicists despaired of explaining to any non-physicist what had happened. To oversimplify, the law of parity says that nature, in all her basic laws, shows no preference for left or right. If a motion picture is taken of any event, the film reversed, then projected on a screen, the mirror-reflected events look perfectly natural. This ambidexterity of the universe was shattered when it was discovered that there is, so to speak, a left-handed bias in all weak interactions of particles. If a film of such events could be shown in mirror-reversed form, it would depict events that cannot occur. Physicists are still struggling with the full, revolutionary implications of the discovery. Bernstein not only was capable of explaining it, he also was a friend of T. D. Lee and C. N. Yang, the two Chinese physicists who later shared a Nobel prize for their theoretical work that had led to the overthrow of parity. Bernstein had even collaborated with them on a technical paper. His long *New Yorker* article about them, which provides the second chapter of his book, is a masterpiece of science writing. It documents a major turning-point in the history of modern physics, draws a vivid picture of two remarkable scientists, and is a superb popular account of why physicists were so astonished and agitated when the news that parity was not conserved first flashed from laboratory to laboratory.

MOST OF THE other chapters are crisp, admirably written reviews of important books about science, illuminated by Bernstein's wide-ranging knowledge of literature and politics, and a philosophical attitude strongly influenced by his Harvard teacher, Philip Frank, to whose memory the book is dedicated. Among the books reviewed are Erwin Schrödinger's *My View of the World,* Barbara Cline's *The Questioners: Physicists and the Quantum Theory,* George Gamow's *A Planet Called Earth,* Stephen and Jane Toulmin's *The Discovery of Time,* Marie Boas's *The Scientific Renaissance,* Jacques Barzun's *Science: The Glorious Entertainment,* and Walter Sullivan's *We Are Not Alone.* There is also a short but generous tribute to Arthur Clarke, whom Bernstein rightly considers one of the best, perhaps the best, of living science-fiction authors, followed by a longer tribute to Stanley Kubrick, the filmmaker who directed *Lolita, Paths of Glory,* and *Dr. Strangelove.* Clarke recently collaborated with Kubrick on the screenplay for *2001: A Space Odyssey,* the motion picture on which Kubrick is still working. Through Clarke, Bernstein got to know Kubrick and to watch the filming of some of the movie's spectacular scenes.

"How About a Little Game?"—the title of the chapter on Kubrick—is so appropriately metaphorical that Random House could have used it for the title of the book. *"A Comprehensible World"* comes from a charmingly paradoxical statement by Einstein—"One may say the eternal mystery of the world is its comprehensibility"—which Bernstein puts at the front of his volume; but isolated from its context it strikes me as too ambiguous, too unpoetic. "How about a little game?" is the question Kubrick was always asking Bernstein. In his twenties Kubrick had been a chess hustler, earning a precarious living by playing for cash at those stone chess tables in the southwest corner of Greenwich Village's Washington Square Park. In a series of chess contests with Kubrick, Bernstein was inexplicably winning every fifth game until the twentieth, when he tentatively reached for one of Kubrick's knights. Kubrick pulled an old hustler's trick. He slapped his forehead as if in great pain. Bernstein immediately followed through with what he believed to be a clever coup, only to hear Kubrick cry out as he leaped to his feet and pounced on Bernstein's queen, "I knew you were a *potzer*!"

Potzer? It is a chess hustler's term. Bernstein defines the potzer as "a relatively weak player with an inflated ego." How about a little game? This is the ancient question that the Universe, or Something in back of the universe, began to ask those bewildered featherless bipeds who had started to proliferate on the sun's third planet, as soon as their apish brains could comprehend the science game. It is a curious game. There is no definitive

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rule book and part of the game is trying to find out what the basic rules are. They seem to be mathematically simple, beautiful, multivarious, arbitrary, and increasingly difficult to discover. The game has never been more exciting or dangerous than at present. No one is better than Bernstein at conveying this contemporary scientific mood of exhilaration—There's an exposed knight! Grab it!—but he is also wise enough to know that, even though the planet's players keep improving, they are all still potzers.

PHILOSOPHY & POETRY

SOCRATES AND ARISTOPHANES. By LEO STRAUSS. *Basic Books. 326 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by ARNALDO MOMIGLIANO

LEO STRAUSS is right in reminding us that we must not assume too easily that the philosophers started the war against poetry. To the best of our information, the first shot came from the other side. It was fired by Aristophanes against Socrates. Yet Aristophanes was a friend of Socrates. Plato's *Symposium* ends with Aristophanes and Agathon falling asleep in the late hours while Socrates is trying to convince them that the writer of tragedies is also the writer of comedies. There is no personal animosity against Socrates in Aristophanes's *Clouds*. Indeed, there is not even unambiguous evidence that Aristophanes condemns Socrates. It is only when we analyze Aristophanes's other comedies (as Leo Strauss would argue) that we are led to the conclusion that there is something radically incompatible between Socrates and Aristophanes. But even so, it is not a personal incompatibility. It is the incompatibility between political wisdom and philosophy in the way that Socrates practiced it—or Aristophanes thought he did. Political wisdom means that you accept reality as it is, and at the same time laugh at it: common sense is the sense of laughing at the absurdity of what exists. But Socrates—as painted by Aristophanes—tries to be better than reality. He is unpolitical and consequently unerotic and consequently unable to handle human beings.

Take the least inspired comedy by Aristophanes, the *Ploutos*. What is true of the *Ploutos* will *a fortiori* apply to the other comedies. Aristophanes seems to argue that all the troubles of Athens come from Ploutos's blindness. The god of wealth distributes his benefits blindly, and therefore wrongly. Give back his eyesight to Ploutos and all will be well. Many philosophers have more or less expressed the same idea and have disqualified themselves as utopists. Aristophanes is not open to this charge, because he knows that he is joking. His order is the perfect order because it is comic. Against the Platonist Burnet who claimed that "statements of fact are not funny," Leo Strauss simply remarks: "a premise that would be true only if there were never any funny facts."

Strauss takes the opposition between Aristophanes and Socrates as seriously as Nietzsche took that between Dionysus and Socrates, but he replaces Nietzsche's tragic understanding of the world by the "comic understanding" of the world. He does not allow irrelevant jokes in Aristophanes. Anything Aristophanes says must make sense in terms of Aristophanes's own assumptions. Take the *Ploutos* again. There Poverty, Penia, argues that we owe all the good things to her, because she makes people work. Chremylos, the champion of Wealth, throws her out without having produced any reasonable answer to her arguments. According to Strauss, Penia's "reasonable thesis is rendered manifestly absurd by the mere existence of Ploutos. . . . Chremylos's design implies that human life as it is now is very imperfect and therefore in need of a radical change; this imperfection is rendered manifest by the fact that there are gods." Any criticism of Penia, of poverty, is therefore a criticism of the divine order. The fact that the criticism is not realistic detracts nothing from its relevance.

If Aristophanes is correct in his representation of Socrates, comedy is an alternative to philosophy. As Socrates was the founder of political philosophy, the consequences for

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the Great Western Tradition would be alarming. Nietzsche would have been right in maintaining that Socrates had been shown up by Aristophanes. But Leo Strauss leaves it open whether Aristophanes gave a correct picture of the true Socrates. Judging from the inconclusive conclusion of this book, there is still hope for the Great Western Tradition of Political Theory.

IF WE NOW return to Leo Strauss's complementary book—*The City and Man*—which preceded *Socrates and Aristophanes* by only two years, we can assess the significance of this open verdict. In *The City and Man* Strauss states that in Plato "the impossible or a certain kind of the impossible—if treated as possible—is in the highest sense ridiculous or, as we are in the habit of saying, comical. The core of every Aristophanean comedy is something impossible of the kind indicated. The Platonic dialogue brings to its completion what could be thought to have been completed by Aristophanes." In other words, not only Aristophanes but Socrates and Plato underline the paradox, the mystery which is inherent in the first principles of political life. We now understand why Strauss has warned us so many times that classical political thought is essentially utopistic—wise because utopistic and therefore dependent on exceptional circumstances, almost on chance, to create the good State. ("Because they saw how limited man's power is," he wrote in *On Tyranny*, "they held that the actualization of the best regime depends on chance.") Whether in the jester's dress of Aristophanes or in the philosopher's mantle of Socrates, classical political thought can only indicate what is good against all the odds.

In his lifelong fight for classical political thought and natural law against Machiavelli, Hobbes, and their more modern followers—the historicists, the political scientists—Leo Strauss has never intended to provide an easy road to success: he has intended to warn us that the alternative to paradox is inhumanity. In modern conditions, "the more we cultivate reason, the more we cultivate nihilism" (*Natural Right and History*).

THERE IS A religious implication in this warning. Political philosophy—as Strauss states in the final words of his *The City and Man*—leads to the question *quid sit deus*. Even Thucydides could not quite escape the question when he brought Melians and Athenians face to face to discuss the legitimacy of annihilating the enemy. But Leo Strauss is no more prepared to give us an easy assurance about God than he is to give us an assurance about the best political constitution. To judge by his interpretation of the book to which he has returned again and again during the last thirty-five years with ever loving care—Maimonides's *Guide of the Perplexed*—there is no assurance that the question *quid est deus* can be answered by any philosopher in a satisfactory way: "It is therefore a question whether monotheism strictly understood is demonstrable." Have we simply to conclude that for Strauss being a believer and being a philosopher are two incompatible things—or more precisely have we to accept "the old Jewish premise that being a Jew and being a philosopher are two incompatible things"?

The first of many difficulties raised by this conclusion would be that Leo Strauss has never given up either the quality of being a philosopher or the quality of being a Jew.

I do not know whether Leo Strauss would still accept the theistic premises which seem to be at the basis of his two early books on Spinoza (1930) and Maimonides (1935); see especially the famous chapter of the later book on J. Guttmann's interpretation of Jewish philosophy. Strauss has repeatedly emphasized that there are three reasons why a philosopher may not make his inner thoughts explicit: he may be reticent because he lives in times of persecution, or because "there are basic truths which would not be pronounced in public by any decent man"; or because there is a religious duty not to reveal the truth. According to Ibn Ezra, in a passage known to Spinoza and quoted by Strauss, "he who understands should be silent." I can only register a personal impression if I say that Strauss's pres-

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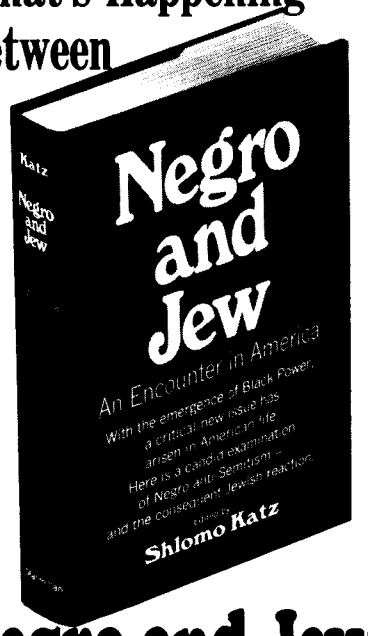
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ent position still seems to me akin to that of Maimonides who—in Strauss's words—"pursued the philosophic approach up to its end. . . . If he had not brought the greatest sacrifice, he could not have defended the Torah against the philosophers so admirably as he did in his Jewish books" *(What Is Political Philosophy?)*.

A MORAL MAN

THE ESSAYS OF A. J. MUSTE. By A. J. MUSTE. Edited by NAT HENTOFF. *Bobbs-Merrill. 513 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by GEORGE WOODCOCK

WHAT WAS intended by the editor and the publishers of *The Essays of A. J. Muste* as a retrospective tribute to a long and sustained life of radical activity became unintentionally a commemorative volume, for its publication coincided almost exactly with its author's death. The end of A. J. Muste's life was of a piece with the rest of it. He died shortly after returning, at the age of eighty-two, from a personal mission to Hanoi—made in defiance of the United States government to explore in North Vietnam the possibilities of peace. The mission failed, as Muste probably expected it to, but he believed that no effort which might bring peace or lead toward "the beloved community" of a pacifist revolution was wasted. He had an immense faith in the power of the individual, the moral man. In this sense he was an optimist, and perhaps his greatest justification was that, at the time of his death, he probably wielded more influence than at any other time in a long career as a voice of minorities. In his ninth decade he was one of the few people over thirty who retained the respect of the rebellious youth of the present generation.

In the conventional sense, Muste was never a political or a religious leader. Except for a brief, uncomfortable, and untypical period as a Trotskyist during the 1930's, he subscribed to none of the systematic ideologies. Tracing his life, one notices a pattern of action which crystallizes around specific episodes and situations, unconnected organizationally, yet belonging within the same moral continuum. Where his leadership was exerted, it was usually temporary and always immediate and personal. After a period of pastorship which ended with his conversion to pacifism during World War I, his public career began when he entered the labor movement—completely without past experience of such situations—to lead the 1919 textile workers' strike at Lawrence; it was a bitter struggle, but Muste and his associates fought it to a victorious end by the use of non-violent action in the face of extreme police brutality. Later, Muste helped to organize the unskilled weaving hands into the Amalgamated Textile Workers. But he was never even tempted to become a professional trade-union boss. For him the workers were always persons to be encountered at the point of direct action. He could never think of them as anonymous, manipulable masses. In any case, without being in any way an ascetic, he seems to have been genuinely uninterested in either the material rewards of office or the satisfactions of overt power.

MUSTE FUNCTIONED best and most happily in moments of creation and crisis. He worked energetically in the founding phase of the American Civil Liberties Union; gave an excellent libertarian direction to Brookwood Labor College from its foundation in 1921 up to 1933; helped to organize a number of crucial strikes during the 1920's; was in at the beginning of depression-born organizations like the Conference for Progressive Labor Action and the Unemployed Leagues; helped to establish the American Workers' Party in 1933; and in 1935 led the opposition to Cannon and Shachtman in the Workers' Party of the U.S.A., the Trotskyist organization of the period. The Workers' Party was split and destroyed when the majority decided to join the Socialist party and Muste and his small following elected to remain in the wilderness of small-party radicalism. In 1936 he came out on the other side of Marxist politics, still a revolutionary, but once again a pacifist and a Christian.

Afterwards, for more than thirty

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years, he exercised a pervading influence on American pacifism. Throughout World War II he was National Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and he took an active and leading part in The Committee for Nonviolent Action and other groups concerned mainly, or in some cases exclusively, with resistance to war. As a convert to Quakerism, he provided a link with the Peace Churches. Yet in shedding Trotskyism, he did not abandon radical politics, but pressed continually the point that pacifism and social revolution were virtually synonymous, that one could not defend the rights of conscientious objectors without defending the rights of every other oppressed or neglected minority. Thus, wherever there was an independent magazine of the Left, from *Liberation* to *Dissent*, his name was likely by the 1950's to be on its masthead and his articles to appear in its pages. Yet he was by no means all things to all men. He owed the wide respect he inspired to the much rarer achievement of being himself to all men. In all his writings, in all one hears said about him, the qualities that stand out are accessibility and transparency.

THROUGHOUT his career he made a habit of fitting action to the word. In his seventies he continued to demonstrate, to practice civil resistance, and to risk imprisonment as fearlessly as young radicals a quarter of his age. His fence-scaling at a Nebraska missile site at the age of seventy-five has become legendary. At eighty he addressed a meeting where young New Yorkers burnt their draft cards, and then made a dignified statement refusing to cooperate with the federal grand jury which was investigating the incident. To the end, as Irving Horowitz said of him, he sought "personal fulfillment through public commitment."

Muste's intent to carry on direct pacifist action as long as old age lasted is only one of the many ways in which he reminded one of Gandhi. Perhaps the closest resemblance between the two men lay in the way both of them could reconcile religious, political, and industrial action within the framework of a non-violent philosophy, so that, although their actions often seemed erratic and discontinuous, the final pattern was that of a surprisingly consistent life.

So far as Muste is concerned, the flavor of a great part of that life is condensed in the "Sketches for an Autobiography" which occupy more than a third of the *Essays*, and probably form its most interesting part. The period covered extends from Muste's birth in Holland in 1885 down to the point, fifty years later, when he was about to part company with Trotskyism, but the real scope of the "Autobiography" is wider, since these past events are linked by connecting recollections with the years between 1957 and 1960 when—in rare interludes of leisure—Muste wrote these memoirs.

ABRAHAM JOHANNES MUSTE left Holland with his parents when he was six years old; it was the start of a long life of searching which would often make him identify with his biblical namesake, the wandering Abraham. Most of his childhood was spent in the emigrant Dutch colony in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Though none of the Dutch there thought of themselves as anything but American, the cultural link with Holland survived among them, and later there was an interesting resemblance between the ideas of Muste, as he developed through Christianity toward revolutionary pacifism, and the libertarian pacifism preached somewhat earlier in Holland by Domela Nieuwenhuis, whose career as a former pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, converted to non-violent anarchism, strikingly anticipated that followed by Muste in the United States.

Yet this analogical relationship with a Dutch form of anarchism does not diminish the American quality of Muste's populist radicalism. In his boyhood, another sharing of names fascinated him. He became devoted to the legend of Abraham Lincoln, and even if the legend faded, enough remained of its essence to make Muste a permanent inhabitant of the "revolu-

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tionary" America of his youth:

> The United States in my youth was, of course, not a static society. We thought of ourselves as moving, progressive, in contrast to the old world. We were in a sense "revolutionaries." But this did not mean that there was a deep feeling of instability or insecurity. Our movement was no longer that of rebels or of the disinherited of Europe, coming over to found a new world and break with the old. We immigrants came into a society where the pattern was supposed to be fixed. The task was to extend it—extend the Union and industry, faith and culture of New England across the continent. The movement was like that of a great ship toward its destination. I think it is generally true to say that the agrarians and socialists of that era did not think of themselves as aliens seeking to found a new order, but as men who were going to translate the authentic American dream into reality.

The ideals of this age before the technological revolution remained with Muste throughout his career, infusing his Christianity with a perfectionism that later defied the pessimism of modern theology, and giving his socialism a populist rather than a statist inclination, which became acceptable again when the youth of the 1960's turned back toward libertarian and populist ideals.

As Muste tells the story of his life, as he argues his point of view in a series of essays that stretch over sixty years and form the latter two-thirds of the collection under review, he impresses one most of all by the naturalness of his voice and his presentation, a clarity in rendering thoughts and experiences that is only occasionally dulled by the archaic preacher's language into which he sometimes slips. Like most clear prose, it expresses an essential honesty which perhaps emerges in its most striking form when he discusses his lapse in Trotskyist company during the 1930's from pacifism into violent revolutionism, and his return, in 1936, to his earlier faith.

This experience Muste underwent earlier than most politically-minded pacifists, who tended to meet their dilemma between pacifist ideals and the demands of actual social struggle during the Spanish Civil War or even later, in World War II. In many men, such lapses produced traumatic guilts similar to those experienced by temporary Communists on returning, chastened, to their original folds. It gives the measure of Muste's built-in rationality that he should be able to discuss such a major shift in his life without the hysterical exhibitionism shown, for example, by his former friend Louis Budenz, about whom he incidentally writes with great understanding. The real crux of the matter is that Muste does not think of sincere changes of attitude in terms of betrayal; he thinks of them rather in terms of experience. And experience, if it brings one nearer to moral truth, cannot be rejected.

> I do not essentially regret that course I took (not that regret would do any good). But I put the theories of "lesser evil," of "realism," of the inescapability or necessity of violence, of revolutionary dictatorship, and so on, to the test of experience. I am not beguiled by contemporary expressions of them. I know in a far deeper sense than I did thirty years ago that you cannot overcome violence by violence or abolish dictatorship by dictatorship. I am sure my earlier experience has been helpful to me in my attempts to develop non-violent methods and a more revolutionary pacifist movement in later years. If people tell me that there is no clearly defined non-violent way to deal with a situation, then I answer that we have got to experiment and find one. God knows we have experimented long enough with other methods.

Saved by good sense from becoming a casualty of guilt, and by experience from the hypnotism of party loyalties and the cult of means which justify ends, Muste was able, after 1936, to remain an effective political free-lance, whose experimentalism sharpened his assessing eye, whether he looked at the strategy of pacifism, which he maintained from this time onward, or at the national or international political scene. Probably his central concern, like that of Tolstoy and Gandhi in their later years, was to vindicate the claims of pacifism to be a total way of life. The fight against war and the fight against poverty, the fight for civil rights and the fight for civil liberties, were to him one and the same campaign. The pacifist, he believed, far from immuring himself in a little community of like-minded individuals, should find his place in the world, and there speak clearly and act without fear.

One often wonders whether the clear-cut view of a total way of life, like Muste's or Gandhi's pacifism, does not tend to encourage a somewhat intolerant outlook. Orwell imagined that this was inevitable, and saw elements of totalitarianism in the pacifist outlook. Such an extreme view ignores the saving elements of personalism which enter into any belief whose basis, after all, is the individual's resistance to the collective which he believes has gone the wrong way. But there is often a disturbing moral rigor in the absolutist point of view, and some of this emerges in A. J. Muste's arguments. In his essay on "Holy Disobedience," for example, while criticizing those who enter into wars because they feel there is "no choice," he is really suggesting that for the man opposed to war there is also in effect no choice, no alternative but absolute defiance, the willingness to accept only prison as an alternative to acting according to one's own sense of vocation. One feels that the kind of resistance by evasion personified by the Good Soldier Schweik would have been much too devious for his tastes, yet on the historic occasions when the masses have virtually ended wars by showing their lack of interest in them, it has been by a Schweikian non-cooperation, ending by voting "with their feet," as did the Russian soldiers in 1917 and as many Vietnamese are doing on both sides of the battlefield at the present day. Possibly I am assuming from Muste's writings a vigor which he did not demonstrate in action; from all the accounts, in personal situations he showed remarkable understanding and compassion.

Yet a rectitude bordering on self-righteousness is one of the inevitable disadvantages of a perma-

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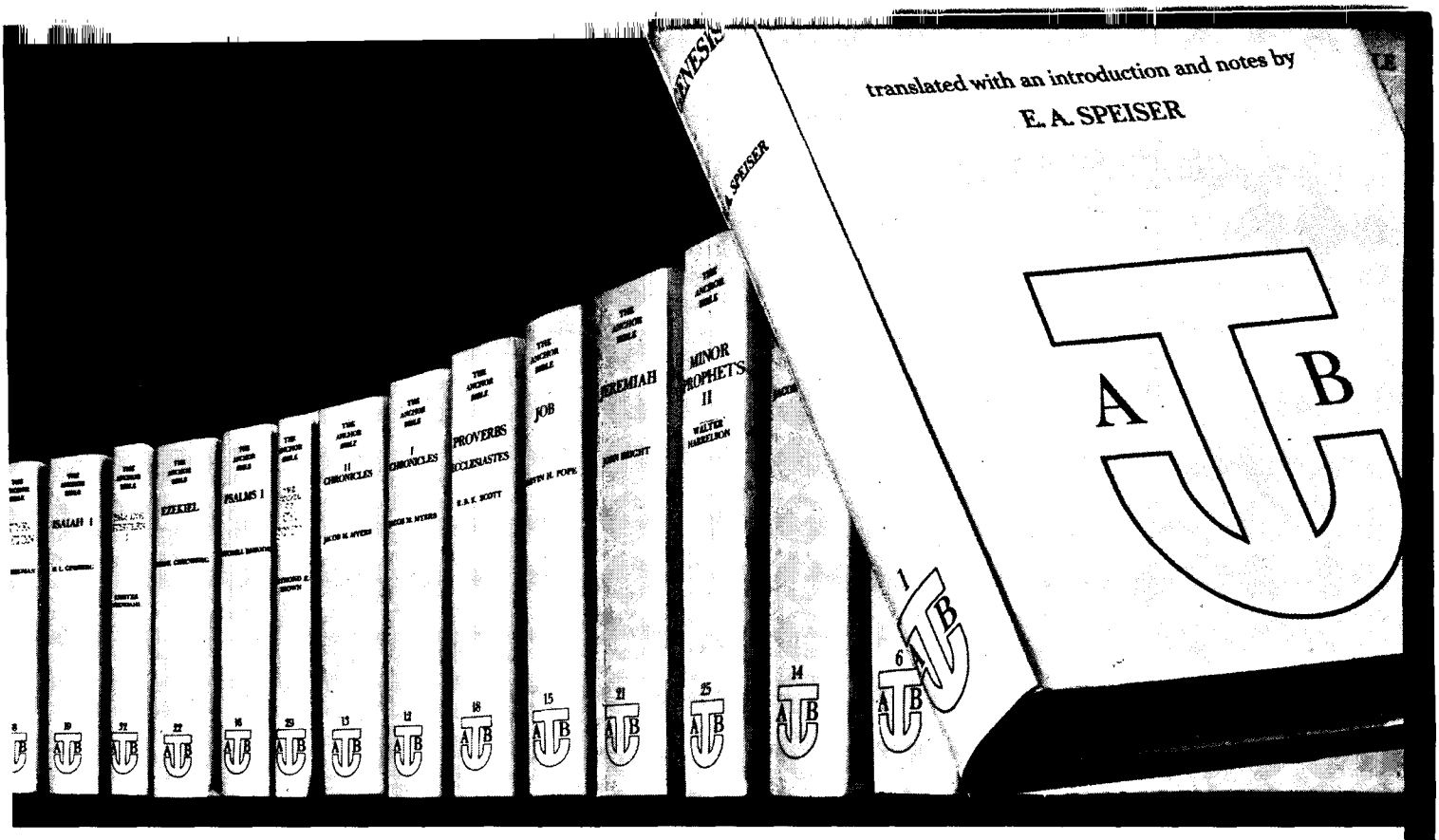

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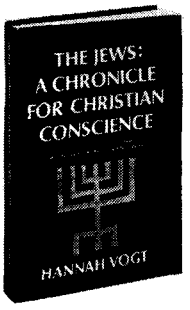

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nent minority outlook. It is the glory and the tragedy of pacifists and anarchists that they have clear-cut solutions which have never been put to the test. At the very least, they can say, as Muste does in his World War II essay, "Where are We Going?" " . . . our choice is between mass suicide if we cling to the method of war or being willing to risk something for an alternative that holds at least some promise." To the pacifist's opponent, who sees no alternative to war, he seems to be fiddling while the world burns; to himself he seems to be defending the great truth that has never been given a chance. This often results in a simplification of issues when it comes to proposals of what shall actually be done. Such simplification is evident when one reads Muste's essays written during World War II, when he sustained his pacifist position and was one of the sixteen leading members of the war-resistance movement who refused to register when the call went out to men over forty-five.

BASICALLY, WHAT Muste says is that war should not be entered upon, since the basic causes of the world's hostilities are envies and angers bred of nationalist competition, imperialist domination, and economic inequality. In 1941 he suggests as an alternative that the United States should offer its services and resources to promote racial and economic equality throughout the world. But he does not really grapple with the difficult question of how such a gesture could be transmitted to the German people through the walls of propaganda in such a way as to detach them from Hitler, nor does he really envisage clearly what would be the position of a pacifist in the event of a Nazi invasion. I am not suggesting that the pacifist is without recourse on such occasions—Norwegian schoolteachers put up a remarkably effective non-violent resistance to Nazi impositions—nor do I reject the basic pacifist position. But I do feel that many pacifists, including Muste in these essays, have not examined all their dilemmas. One of the special problems of non-violent action which Muste does not discuss at all thoroughly is the fact that it does not inevitably dissolve hatreds; sometimes it increases them. In some Southern towns, non-violent civil resistance tended to polarize attitudes and to make the enemies of civil rights more extreme, while the fact that on several occasions great outbursts of violence have followed long-sustained non-violent campaigns (the communal massacres in India on the morrow of Gandhi's victory, the race riots that followed the civil-rights campaigns in the United States) may not be mere coincidence; certainly it deserves intensive examination. It is, surely, linked to that aspect of Nazism which cannot be explained away by theories of economic frustration: the appearance among a civilized people of excesses of violence hardly surpassed by Timur the Lame.

On the other hand, if pacifists and anarchists tend to be vague at times in their views on what has to be done in the social and moral revolution they envisage—an honest and inevitable vagueness in view of the fact that the terrain is totally unexplored—they are often blessed, by their very non-involvement in the business of politics, with a sharp and detached view of world events. In this sense Muste was a good political analyst. Some of his essays on actual political situations—"Korea—Spark to Set a World Afire," "Mephistopheles and the Scientists," "The Movement to Stop the War in Vietnam," and so on—not only show a clear perception of what is really going on beneath the propaganda, but also a deep understanding of its larger implications. Even when, as in his article on Korea, his immediate prophecies turn out to be incorrect, he still produces an excellent analysis of the forces and issues at stake. Only very occasionally does his judgment of a political situation falter, e.g., in "Africa Against the Bomb," where he completely fails to notice the signs of the erosion of freedom in Nkrumah's Ghana.

When all is said, what a limpid life he led compared with most of the public figures of our day! Such men as Muste are perhaps most important for their exemplary na-

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tures. In the end his most valuable quality, the quality that kept his thought flexible and led him into indefinitely renewed action, was his refusal to accept any kind of fatalism. In reproaching Niebuhr and other negativist theologians of our day, he made the statement which most admirably characterized not only his moral stance, but also his way of life.

> The world does not have to go to war and commit suicide. . . . But it can escape that calamity only if there are those who do not believe that catastrophe is inevitable; who do not believe that you have to line up with one side or the other in the "cold" war; who are willing to pursue a course that will seem politically ineffective and foolish in the estimation of "the wise of this world"; who will not, indeed, ask for victims or executioners, in the name of any cause or theory, but who will be prepared to lay down their own lives if the call comes, since they have learned, from the most authoritative of all teachers, that most infallible and inexorable of all laws: unless the seed falls into the ground and dies, it bears no fruit; but if it die, it brings forth much fruit.

I believe that in this Muste was right. I think—though I never met him face to face—that he followed these precepts. And I hope that, now the seed has fallen into the ground, it will indeed bring forth the fruit which lives of integrity often produce long after they are ended.

AMBITIOUS SCHEME

A WORLD ELSEWHERE. By RICHARD POIRIER. *Oxford. 257 pp. $5.75.*

Reviewed by WARNER BERTHOFF

RICHARD POIRIER'S ambitious essay is another in the sequence of interpretive schematizations of American literary and cultural history appearing over the past fifteen years. These books—some now established as the common wisdom of academic criticism: Marius Bewley's *The Eccentric Design,* Charles Feidelson's *Symbolism and American Literature,* R.W.B. Lewis's *The American Adam,* Leslie A. Fiedler's *Love and Death in the American Novel,* Roy Pearce's *The Continuity of American Poetry,* Charles Sanford's *The Quest for Paradise,* Loren Baritz's *City on a Hill,* Leo Marx's *The Machine in the Garden,* Edwin Fussel's *Frontier*—present a phenomenon worth considering at large. They constitute a distinct class and contemporary symptom.

For one thing, they are the product of different circumstances from those supporting the comparable books of an earlier generation, like Van Wyck Brooks's *America's Coming-of-Age* (1915) or Constance Rourke's *American Humor* (1931). Then the determining impulse came from new movements in art and letters, during the *anni mirabiles* of high modernism, and from the related surge of progressivist hopefulness in politics and social action. The provenance of these more recent critical syntheses has been much more narrowly academic. What has brought them into being is, basically, a set of academic circumstances: first, the encouragement to a closer reading of individual works given by the so-called "new" criticism; second, and more important, the accidental separation in most universities of the study of American literature from the rest of the curriculum and the emergence of something called "American studies" or "American civilization" as a separate subject, creating courses of study, granting degrees, and defining a field for professional inquiry and advancement. And through the postwar spread of grants and fellowships this development has reached foreign universities, producing in the 1960's a second run of syntheses by English and Commonwealth scholars: D.E.S. Maxwell's *American Fiction,* Tony Tanner's *The Reign of Wonder,* A.N. Kaul's *The American Vision,* Douglas Grant's *Purpose and Place.*

The establishment of such a field should have been intellectually liberating. It suggests a positive will toward a wider critical truthfulness and the breaking down of artificial boundaries; and the potential virtue of the books issuing from it is precisely in their effort to see American literature in organic relation to American culture, as a body of expression in which the major forces and issues of the national experi-

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ence are imaginatively defined and dialectically probed.

Paradoxically, however, to judge by the books in question, this effort of scholarship has led to a blurring rather than a refinement of perceptions and distinctions. Perhaps it is because work by American scholars on American themes is more vulnerable to aberration and fantasy. Perhaps American literature is, very simply, *not* an organic or dialectical whole. In any case one feels that the grasp of these books has exceeded their argumentative discrimination. There is at once an inflation of the subject matter actually treated and a reductiveness in the hypotheses advanced. This is especially noticeable when we begin comparing. Nearly all, we observe, are about the same limited number of authors and titles—the contents of a year's course in the American classics—yet though each presentation aims at completeness, each seems indifferent to the others, if not positively denying the alternative syntheses they propose.

Each, moreover, in its major thesis, is haunted by its antitype, the sum of its exclusions. Reading *Frontier,* we are reminded in what degree American literature has always been a *city* literature, dominated by visions of the redeemed community, the reconstituted *polis. The American Adam* is shadowed by an unwritten but hardly less central work on the American Cain—and leaves unmentioned one literary Adam, the tragic exile of Coleridge's dream, whose relevance to American experience is arguably greater than those discussed ("Dec. 6. 1803—Adam traveling in his old age came to a set of the descendants of Cain, ignorant of the origins of the world; and treating him as a Madman killed him. A sort of dream, which I had this night"). *The Continuity of American Poetry* demonstrates nothing so clearly as discontinuity and fragmentation; *The Reign of Wonder,* the long nightmare of some perverse reign of torpor, exhaustion, spiritual deadness.

And so forth. All of these books, in short, are more or less anti-diagnostic and, in a methodological sense, anti-historical, collating symptoms rather than seeking out root causes. (To extend the metaphor, they are homeopathic rather than etiological.) By the very intensity of their concentration on their chosen evidence, they exaggerate its distinctiveness, yet evade some of the key questions it ought to raise. For all their breadth of purpose and intelligence of incidental comment, they suffer as a class from the same failings that have afflicted American politics, on all sides, for the past twenty years: the same inflation of limited evidence to the end of selling some comprehensive package-conception of the order of things, the same evasiveness as to real historical causes and parallels, the same well-meant but potentially blinding wishfulness of generalization. The question must be asked: have they really added much to our general understanding of our national literature? Would not a reader concerned to know how American books come into their imaginative life, and what relation they bear to common experience, still learn more from D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* of half a century ago? Would he not come away with a truer estimate of their actual weight and bearing?

A WORLD ELSEWHERE is characteristic of the class of books I have been describing—though it differs in approach from any of its predecessors and begins by implying a criticism of them all as too much concerned with substantive matters. Mr. Poirier's book is at once more minutely attentive to verbal particulars —its subtitle is "The Place of Style in American Literature"—and more wayward in general argument. "America" figures here as an almost completely unanalyzed historical integer, and American literary history floats in a strange isolated medium where only English is heard or spoken and, except for the odd preachment by Emerson or Whitman, only novels and stories are written.

Liberated from history, Mr. Poirier can arrange his materials very freely. He writes, "we can think of the sequence of American literature almost novelistically." Of course we can, and it makes for livelier surveys and more dramatic course syllabi. But argumentative convenience is no proof of truth.

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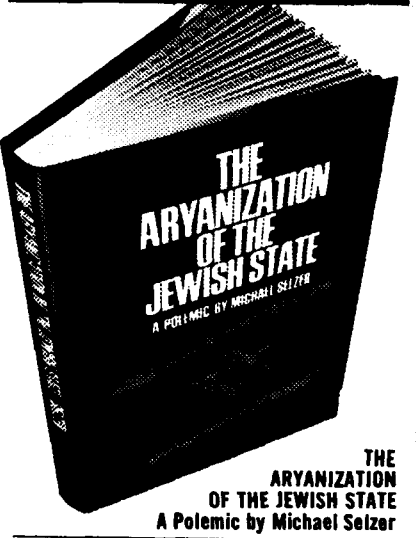

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PRAEGER

We have fair warning about this method from the start: "I shall treat books and paragraphs as scale models of America." What could such a statement possibly mean? And, to take a particular case, what way is there of understanding the claim that *Huckleberry Finn* is "a kind of history of American literature" or that "the raft is like America itself"? Of course *Huckleberry Finn* is full of events, and speaks with a voice, and moves (or lurches) to a narrative rhythm, that are all intimately expressive of American conditions. But Mr. Poirier's ways of saying so are exactly what one means by describing a critical method as at once inflationary and reductive. The actual relationships, the asserted significances, remain to be defined.

Mr. Poirier generalizes more easily by virtue of his disregard of European parallels. That what he sees may also characterize post-classical literature in general hardly crosses his mind. Take the metaphor of *building*, which is offered on the first page as a definitively American trope and from which the whole argument of the book develops. True enough, the familiar biblical metaphors of building, the house (whether or not made with hands), architecture, stewardship, are commonplace in American writing and have special importance in Cooper and Thoreau —though we might notice that Thoreau's concern is less with house-building than with housekeeping ("Economy").* But is this metaphor uniquely American? What about Bacon's *New Atlantis* or *The City of the Sun*, or Goethe's *Elective Affinities*? Mr. Poirier speaks at length of Jane Austen's *Emma:* why not also of *Mansfield Park*? Did Americans write *Howard's End* or *Castle Rackrent*, *Vathek* or "Kubla Khan" or *Jerusalem* or *The Master Builder, Bleak House, Heartbreak House, The House of Bernarda Alba*? "Build therefore your own world" is indeed an American commandment, but it is the simplicity of Emerson's optimism (later radically qualified) rather than the metaphor that is distinctive. "America" is not the only "world elsewhere" conceived by the Western imagination in recent centuries, in the era inaugurated by the double triumph of capitalism and the Reformation.

Two essential things are missing from Mr. Poirier's scheme. The first, obviously, is a sufficient concern for the historical matrix of the evidence presented. The sole causal factor admitted into this account of American literary "uniqueness" is "the prospects of a new continent," which is too vague. Even with regard to style it may be argued that the "American" solution to the development Mr. Poirier is concerned with—the creation of new expressive modes for rendering new "imaginative environments" and "expansions of consciousness"—was first worked out within the evangelical sects, which did not find their commitment to a new truth and a new civil domain in America but brought it with them, without tarrying for any. It may even be argued that the larger part of American literary tradition consists of parodies of sectarian forms of expression: Emily Dickinson's private hymns, Stephen Crane's little anti-sermons, Emerson's or Hawthorne's relation of "evidences," even James's obscure interrogations of cases of fine conscience, and all the prayerful or ironic confessions and testaments that continue to form the bulk of our literary production. (Small wonder that a passage from *Varieties of Religious Experience* serves so well in explaining the book's subject.) What the study of American literature needs is not another tabulation of symptoms but a historical analysis of modern sectarianism.

THE SECOND defect is methodological. Mr. Poirier's concern is "style," but he does not indicate what he means by this term, and does not seem to know. At one point, comparing Jane Austen and Mark

* We might also notice that no American writer makes more decisive use of symbolic houses and domains set apart than Poe, whom Mr. Poirier quite omits. Poe should have been proof positive of this book's thesis (that American writers create "an essentially imaginative environment" away from "the real world," occasioning in us "extraordinary dislocations of our fixed ideas of reality") except for one awkward fact: that Poe strikes out for his "world elsewhere" without benefit of any special new style. It is a good test of general theories of American literature whether they can find room for Poe.

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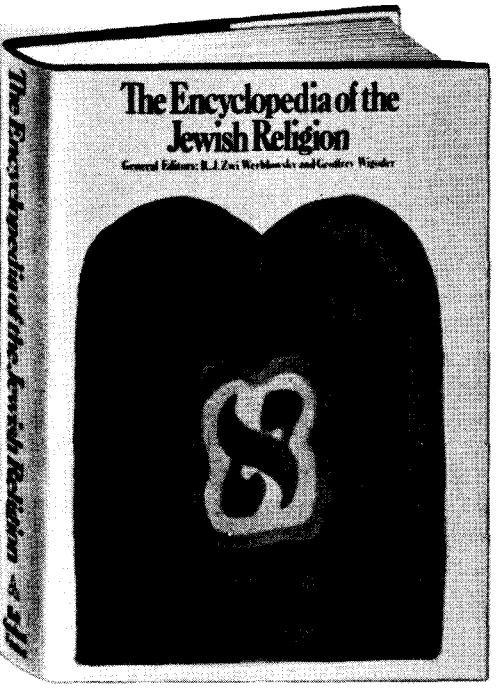
Did you know that the Bar Mitzvah ceremony is unknown in the Bible and Talmud? (see page 57) That Judaism frowns on celibacy? (see page 81) That the mystical Kabbalah has doctrines in common with Hinduism? (see page 389)



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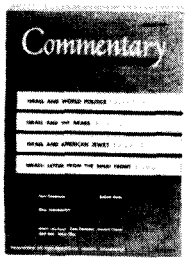

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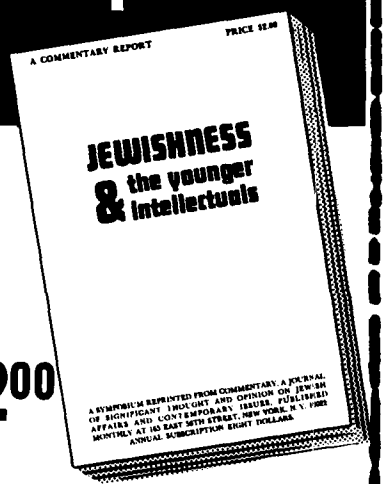

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Twain, he fixes attention on character relationships (i.e., the positioning of characters in each other's consciousness) and discusses these well, noting how each author thus presents a different vision of society. But what has this to do with "style"? Further on, he discusses "the very different values" Austen and Twain "give to the same words"—but it must be said that differences in *meaning* are not the same as differences in *style*; that is why there are the two words.

Mostly, style for Mr. Poirier is simply vocabulary. Or else it is voice, the dialogue-ventriloquism through which moral contrasts are established among characters speaking in a common social idiom. It is probably this reduction of "style" to rhetorical and vocal mannerism that underwrites the larger confusions of the book's argument. In any event the critical distinction between "imported literary styles" (morally bad) and "naturalness" (morally good) will not do, even for *Huckleberry Finn,* for nothing is more artfully "literary" and "imported" than the voice—the several voices, deriving from a variety of popular conventions—given to Huck himself. So too with the conception of certain transcendent narrative "moments" which "are, as it were, pure art in being freed from the pressure of any environment but that of the mind from which they issue": such a thing cannot be (though it is the great dream of Symbolism) so long as the writer uses language, which remains the most thoroughly collective and environmental pressure the creative mind knows.

We are driven to conclude that this critic lacks the equipment for the job he has taken on. And yet he is a good reader of individual books and authors. *A World Elsewhere* contains much accurate critical comment—on Thoreau, Emerson, Cooper, Fitzgerald, James, Faulkner, Edith Wharton. Best of all, I think, is the sustained passage on Dreiser closing the book; here the whole writer is brought into view and the real peculiarities of his literary character are placed and clarified—none of them more effectively, we are bound to note, than the puzzling matter of his essential stylelessness. It is when the ambitious scheme announced in the title must be served that Mr. Poirier goes astray. And it is in this respect that his case seems typical: a keen, sympathetic critical intelligence which in its larger undertakings appears poorly schooled, insufficiently counseled, and only fitfully governed, so that in the long pull its virtues are wasted. Typical, perhaps, not only of one branch and recent period of academic scholarship. Behind, I think, still stands the generic national case sorrowfully defined by Emerson a century and a quarter ago:

> It seems to me sometimes that we get our education ended a little too quick in this country. As soon as we have learned to read and write and cipher, we are dismissed from school and we set up for ourselves. We are writers and leaders of opinion and we write away without check of any kind, play whatsoever mad prank, indulge whatever spleen, or oddity, or obstinacy, comes into our dear head, and even feed our complacency thereon, and thus fine wits come to nothing, as good horses spoil themselves by running away and straining themselves.

THE BRUTAL SPORT

PAPER LION. By GEORGE PLIMPTON. *Harper & Row. 362 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by BRIAN GLANVILLE

THERE ARE WORSE ways of getting to know about a country than through its sports, and since America's two major national sports have been rejected by almost the whole of the rest of the world, they serve as an especially intriguing paradigm. The Japanese play baseball and play it badly, having produced just one major league player in sixty years—though on every other Tokyo street-corner, a baseball thuds monotonously into a baseball glove. Canada alone has taken to that strange amalgam of ritual and brutality which is American football. In writing about it from the inside, a literate and observant Walter Mitty, George Plimpton tells us much about the game, much about the United States, and a certain amount about himself.

Before exegesis, a confession is in

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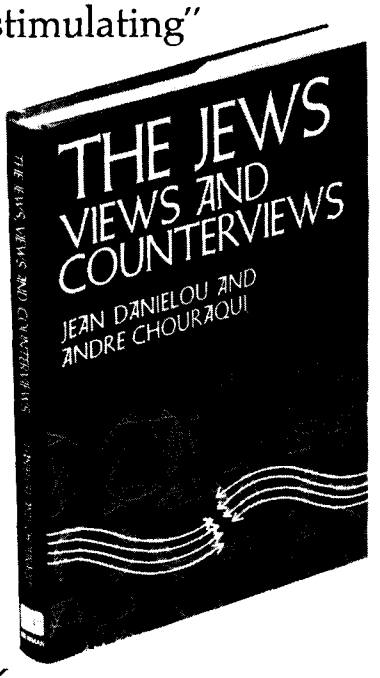

Knowing how the problem of anti-Semitism challenges the Christian conscience, this book takes bearings on the religious significance of Judaism, as well as on the inherent historic and human situation both for the Catholic and the Jew. While the authors go beyond the conciliar text on the Jewish problem, they limit themselves to the essentials of the dialogue, but are not silent on any difficult question. "As an exchange between two gifted and learned thinkers, the book is stimulating and, at times, dramatic." — *Kirkus Service.*

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order. I am an *appassionato* of soccer, who has always marveled at and deplored the fact that the United States has passed it by. I have never been drawn to rugby football, let alone to its robust child, American football, and though Mr. Plimpton is, at his best, a beguiling writer, he has not, in this book, even begun to convert me.

It has always seemed to me that the charm of soccer lies in two qualities which the American game does not and never will possess. First, it is physically democratic; the greatest footballer in the world, Pelé of Brazil, stands five feet eight inches, and weighs 150 pounds. Secondly, though it's a game of infinite complexity, soccer has a marvelous surface simplicity, resembling, in this sense, a great work of art. Mr. Plimpton presents us with a game which has very few of the attributes of a game—unless it be one of those with sinister, sadistic undertones, so often to be found in the works of Harold Pinter.

His footballers, with their ubiquitous playbooks—snatched away from them as soon as they are discarded by their clubs—their endless lectures, their infinitely complex and static strategies, seem to be preparing for war rather than for sport. We know, of course, that every game is a form of sublimated aggression, but in American football, the sublimation hardly seems to have taken place. Let me quote a passage or two from Mr. Plimpton's book:

> At the base of it was the urge, if you wanted to play football, to knock someone down, that was what the sport was all about, the will to win closely linked with contact. Wilson [the Detroit coach] told me that his teammate Jumbo Joe Stydahar once shouted at a losing team when he was a coach: "No wonder you guys get kicked around. Every one of you's still got his teeth."
>
> . . . On one of the teams, Green Bay, the same ritual took place between Dan Currie and Ray Nitschke, except that in their case, after the blows to the shoulder pads, they would give each other cuffing, open-palm slaps to the face, hard enough to twist the head abruptly. They would glare at each other, and then take the hate, which they had generated like clicking on a switch, out onto the field.

American football, then, is a game of violence and hatred; or so it appears in these pages. Nor, since Mr. Plimpton is an accurate reporter with an excellent ear for dialogue and a fine feel for a situation, does there seem the least reason to doubt him. Half the excitement of his Mitty-like participation in practice matches and the public "scrimmage" lies in the *frisson* of physical risk. By normal standards, he's a large enough man; by football standards, he is the merest sapling. When the 300-pounders come bearing down at him, it is like Chichester braving the towering waves in a sailing boat. Every moment, as Joyce once had it, might be his next.

At his best, there is no more satisfying sports writer in America than Mr. Plimpton, precisely because he is, first of all, a writer. Though American sports journalism has given us, in its time, Ring Lardner and Runyon, it is passing through a bankrupt era—the death of Liebling and John Lardner, the loss of a New York platform for Red Smith, has left it largely barren. There is, however, little in *Paper Lion* to compare with Mr. Plimpton's bravura piece, published in *Sports Illustrated,* about the attempt of Cassius Clay and his trainer-acolyte, Bundini, to find restaurant service on a highway in the South. This is, I think, because the very nature of his enterprise implies a dichotomy; a need to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

It is certainly to Mr. Plimpton's credit that he should have undertaken his task without a vestige of patronage, as "one of the boys"; so much so that the footballers came gladly to accept him as one of themselves, wanted him to play in the public exhibition match against the Cleveland Browns, despite the management; repeatedly ask him back to training camp, even use him to represent them at player-drafts.

But Mr. Plimpton is *not* one of the boys, otherwise he would not have been able to write this book. He is a sophisticated literary gentleman with a boyish passion for sport, and the two qualities are constantly, in this book, pulling

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him in two different directions. Thus, there are tantalizing passages when he abandons his crisp, journalistic style of short, functional sentences, and takes wing. A passage toward the end evokes the scene out at the training camp as he leaves for home, passing two girls, youthful and pretty on the tennis court, while the sad, despairing cry of the Lions players wafts over the trees.

This is fine, and this is literature. But when Mr. Plimpton is exchanging wisecracks with the players, coming down—without condescension, it is true—to their jocular, jockstrap level—then he is inevitably diminished.

THE BOOK IS loose and long, bearing the signs of its origin as a series of magazine articles, so that its more distinguished passages tend to get buried in straightforward reportage. But the picture of a professional footballer's world, however unsympathetic, comes out four square and three dimensional. Not that Mr. Plimpton means, for a moment, to be unsympathetic; he clearly likes most of what he sees. But the persisting adolescence, the hazing and the hierarchy of it all, are reminiscent of the nasty army world with which we have been familiarized by James Jones.

Much of this is attributable to the pernicious system of the draft, the annual influx of rookies. At the beginning of each season, every club brings in a troop of college footballers, who might laughingly be called amateurs. The veterans are thus immediately confronted by a series of challengers for their positions—and react accordingly. Mr. Plimpton shows us how they not only behave to the unfortunate rookies like bullies at an English public school, but studiously withhold the benefit of their experience, enjoying rather than correcting the newcomers' mistakes. It is, as I have said, the system which produces the situation, but systems do not happen by accident; they grow out of a country's character, its unconscious demands and aspirations.

I found myself comparing this unhealthy scene with the world of English soccer, where players are transferred, not *en masse,* but one or two at a time, where it is customary for gifted boys to join the so-called "ground staff" of a club as apprentice professionals, straight after leaving school, at the age of fifteen. I remembered, in particular, the story of Tommy Lawton's arrival at Everton, an infant prodigy of a center-forward, still barely seventeen. There he was greeted by the burly and formidable Dixie Dean, the Babe Ruth of his era, a prolific goal scorer. Dean went up to him, shook him by the hand, and said, "You've come to take my place, son. Good luck."

Of course there are rivalries, jealousies, and every sort of swinishness in the soccer world; soccer players, too, are human beings. But the built-in resentment and suspicion, the endemic competitiveness, are something that one does not find. Again and again, one meets younger players who pay grateful tribute to the older players who helped them.

AMERICAN football seems, like so many American folk-phenomena, hung-up on violence and a doubtful concept of masculinity. It was Christopher Isherwood who wrote, in *Lions and Shadows,* that for the genuinely strong man, there is no test; he merely sits at home while the weak man makes his moral way round by the killing Northwest Passage. All this Mr. Plimpton shows us with great clarity, though without manifest intention.

He also shows us much which interests and even delights, presenting us with a wonderful gallery of grotesques, a glorious catalogue of hangers-on, exotically superstitious players, eccentric managers, peculiar fans. In Alex Karras, he gives us what must surely be one of the most extraordinary athletes in the world, a superbly bizarre figure with his fantasies of other incarnations, his self-disgust, his tearful love of the game. Followers of other professional sports will be familiar with the fan who dutifully and obsessively eats unpalatable meatball sandwiches, dresses in the same worn clothes, follows the same compulsive route to the same compulsive seat, in order to make his team "win." But few other countries, few other sports, could produce such rich grotesques as Mr. Plimpton's dotty hanger-on in his broken-down car, his strange photographer who persuades the players into poses that never were, neither on land nor on sea.

Mr. Plimpton's book deserves its popularity, satisfying as it does the fantasies of a million men in the stands, in prose and with an eye and ear which none of them could match. For the literary, it must be a tantalizing book, giving, as it does, so many evocative glimpses of how well Mr. Plimpton can write, how impressively he uses simile and metaphor, especially in passages like the one which describes the crowd's invasion of the field at Yankee Stadium.

He is a good writer; too good, one feels, for so antipathetic a game. May its life be nasty, brutish . . . and short.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ELIEZER LIVNEH *is the well-known Israeli journalist.*

MARTIN GARDNER, *a new contributor, is the author of a number of books on science.*

ARNALDO MOMIGLIANO *is professor of ancient history at the University of London and the author of* Studies in Historiography.

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WARNER BERTHOFF *teaches at Harvard and is the author of* The Ferment of Realism: American Literature 1884-1919.

BRIAN GLANVILLE *is a young British writer whose most recent novel is* A Roman Marriage.

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AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
J. ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

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